PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1993 • $4.95

SPRING CAMPUS BASH!

GREAT COLLEGE GIRLS

ASTONISHING CAMPUS FACTS

PLUS

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS MUSIC LEGEND FRANK ZAPPA

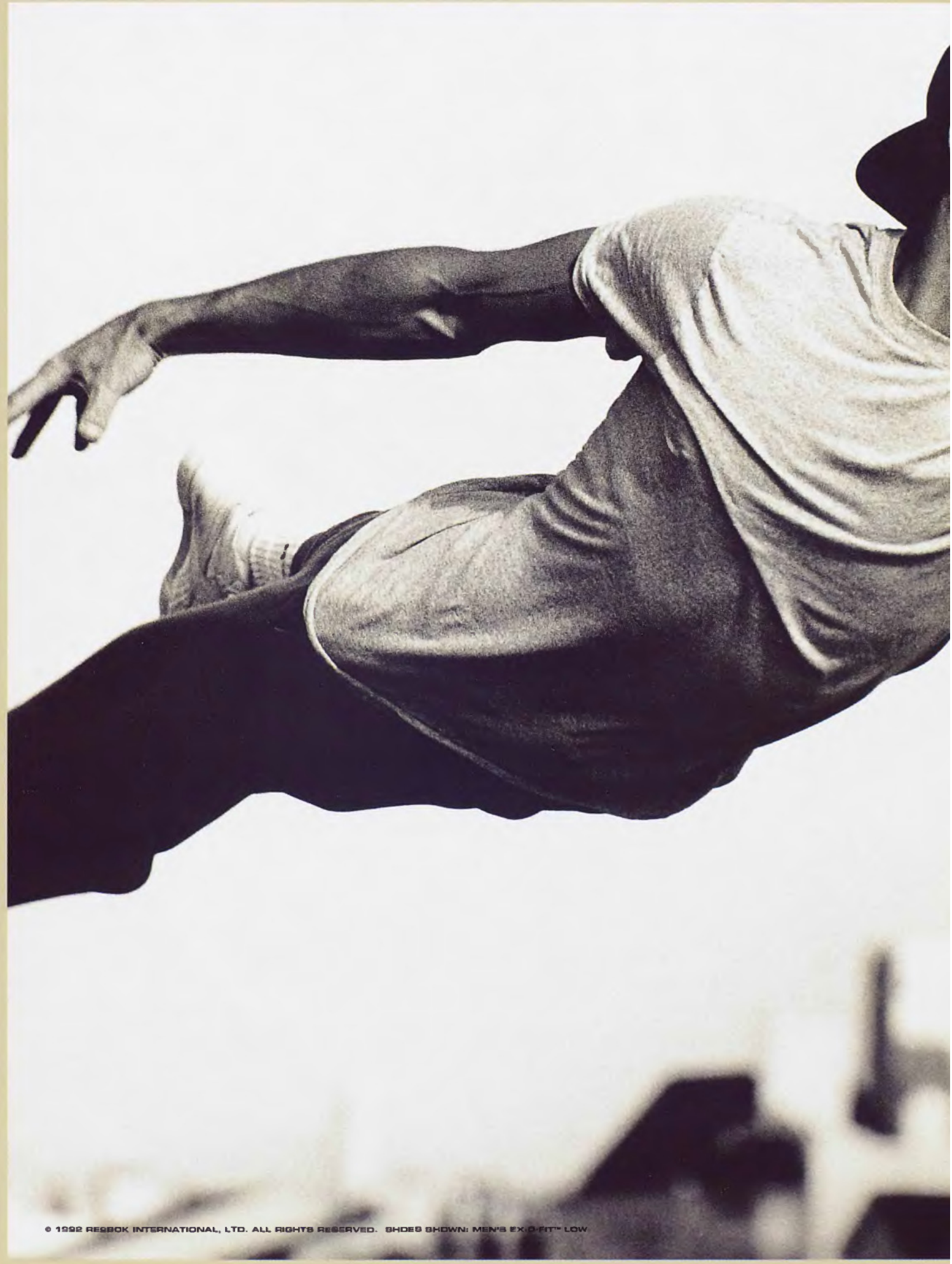
AT THE FRONT WITH THE GREEN COMMANDOS

CONFESSIONS OF A PRIVACY THIEF

YOU PICKED 'EM, THE 1993 MUSIC POLL WINNERS

CINDY CRAWFORD ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS

04
35270
0 300955 0



© 1992 REEBOK INTERNATIONAL, LTD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. SHOES SHOWN: MEN'S EX-O-FIT™ LOW

Joel Bizal

Somewhere along the
way he lost

his baseball
card collection.

He misplaced his letter sweater.

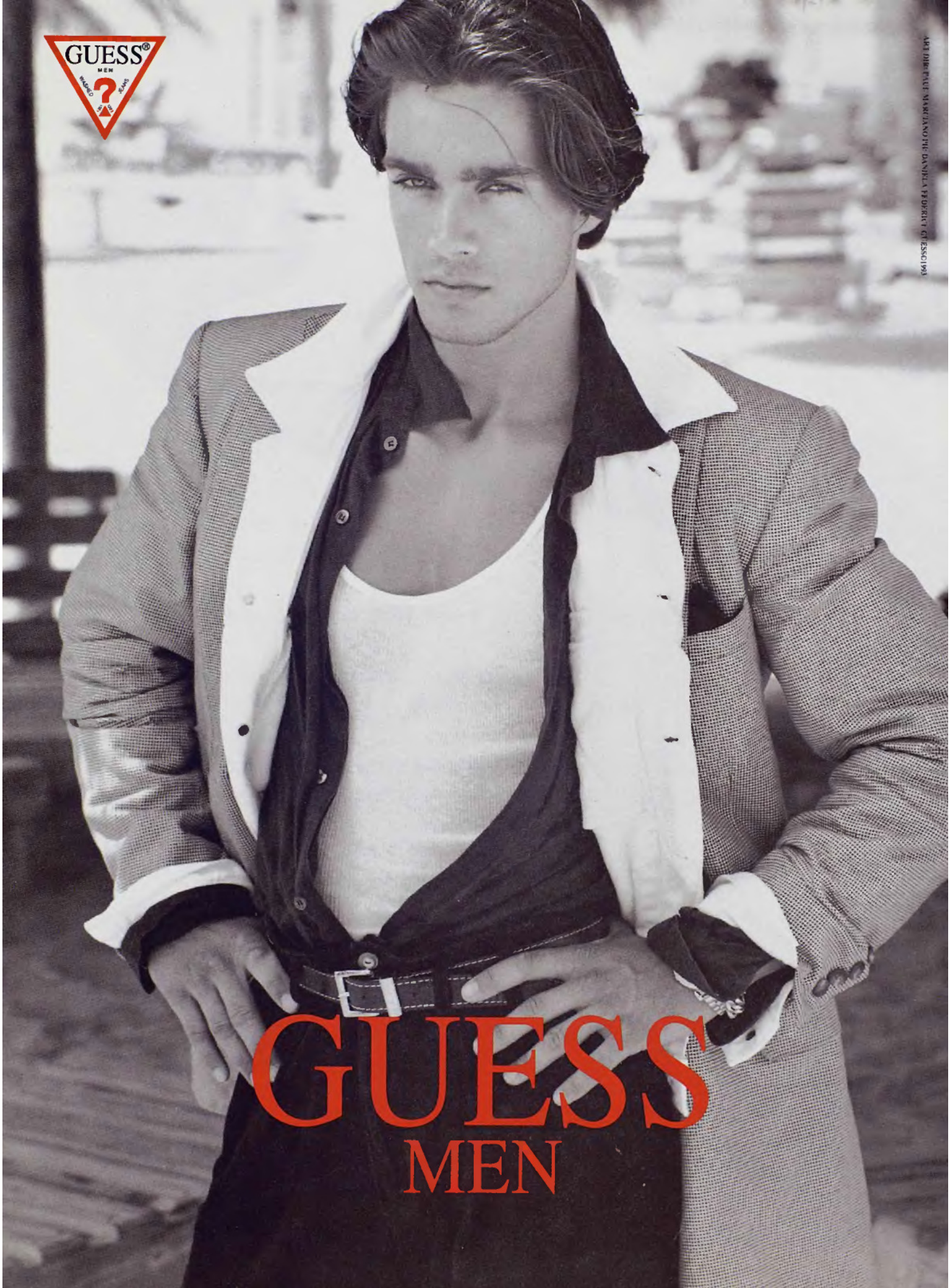
And he forgot to pack
the trophies.

But he always remembered
his sneakers.

Reebok Classic. Never gets old.

Reebok

CLASSIC


GUESS
MEN
GUESS
MEN
ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO/DANIELA FEDERICI GUESS©1993

PLAYBILL

HE HAS OUTRAGED more people than probably any other rock musician, and his admirers are as diverse as *The Simpsons* creator Matt Groening and Czech President Václav Havel: **Frank Zappa,** the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview* conducted by Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** has lost none of his feistiness despite his battle with cancer. Zappa is one of rock and roll's most experimental figures, and this month he becomes the 43rd inductee into the Playboy Music Hall of Fame.

April also sees PLAYBOY returning to college campuses to sample the state of the student union. Not everything's rosy: Tuition's up, the economy's down, the quad's not the paradise it once was. But there's plenty to rave about, and **Wayne Duvall,** with help from PLAYBOY's **Mark Healy** and **Bruce Kluger,** compiled some astounding facts and phenomena from *The Class of '93*. You will find the astounding coeds in *Student Bodies*. Contributing Photographers **David Chan** and **David Mecey** underwent serious hardship to bring you the feature. Really.

If there's an enduring figure on campus, it's the hip professor who seduces willing coeds. Murtaugh, *The Visiting Poet* of **Mark Winegardner's** fiction story, is just such a rogue.

Far from the madding quiet of the college quad, bands of radicals chain themselves to bulldozers, ram tuna ships and torch fur farms—all in the name of Mother Nature. It's our last chance to save the planet, warn these eco-Cassandras. Whether or not you share their grim view or agree with their tactics, you'll find **Dean Kuipers'** report *Eco Warriors* a compelling read. The sculpture is by **Parviz Sadighian.**

Of growing alarm these days is the assault on privacy. Al Schweitzer, information broker (he's the guy the *National Enquirer* called to get instant stuff on Jeffrey Dahmer), snoops into the affairs of public figures and private citizens. What he finds, and how easily he finds it, will startle you. His story is told in *No Place to Hide*, by ex–CIA snoop-turned-journalist **Frank Snepp,** and is illustrated by **Andrzej Pagowski** (art director of PLAYBOY's new Polish edition).

There's nothing private about *Playboy Music 1993*. We asked you, our readers, to tell us who knocked you out—and you did. Naturally, we added our own two cents. There's more interaction in this issue—from the *Mantrack* Survey Line. In this feature, Playmates help you register your views on everything from dating feminists to TV anchors to fidelity. Also in *Mantrack*, **Pete Hamill** has some provocative thoughts about that most unprovocative girl, Madonna.

Who says a supermodel can't be super smart? **Cindy Crawford** winged through school with A's, nabbed glamourpuss **Richard Gere** (or he nabbed her) and has her own cable show. She sat down with *20 Questions* maven **David Rensin** and told him what she will and won't do in front of a camera and what is the only way to eat corn on the cob. Ears looking at you, Cindy.

Meeting Cindy Crawford is one of April Playmate **Nicole Wood's** dreams—she says she wants to know "how the real Cindy is inside." Outside, the rest of us can thank Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne,** whose *Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast* has tons of useful tips, plus a chat with **Joseph Abboud** on linen. Photography is by **Gregory Hinsdale.**

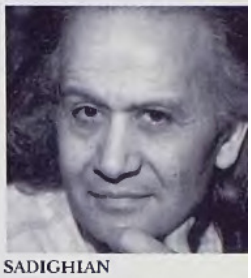
If wearing less is more inviting, consider our pictorial *Tattoo You*. It's all about the skin as erotic canvas. **Craig Vetter** explains what the fuss is all about. The photos are by **Stephen Wayda.** If approaching a tattooed lady, or any lady of the Nineties, seems daunting, then read **Glenn O'Brien's** *Flirting with Feminists*. It's the essential manual on how to pick up the enlightened woman. And don't miss our *Automotive Report*: sneak peeks at tomorrow's cars. Now you know everything.

SHEFF

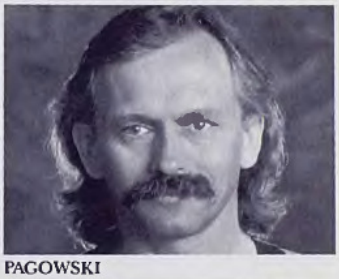
DUVALL

WINEGARDNER

KUIPERS


SADIGHIAN

SNEPP

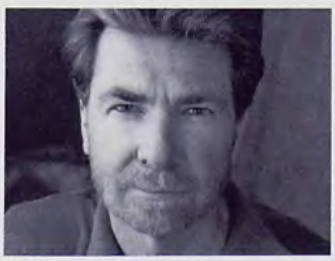

PAGOWSKI

HAMILL

RENSIN

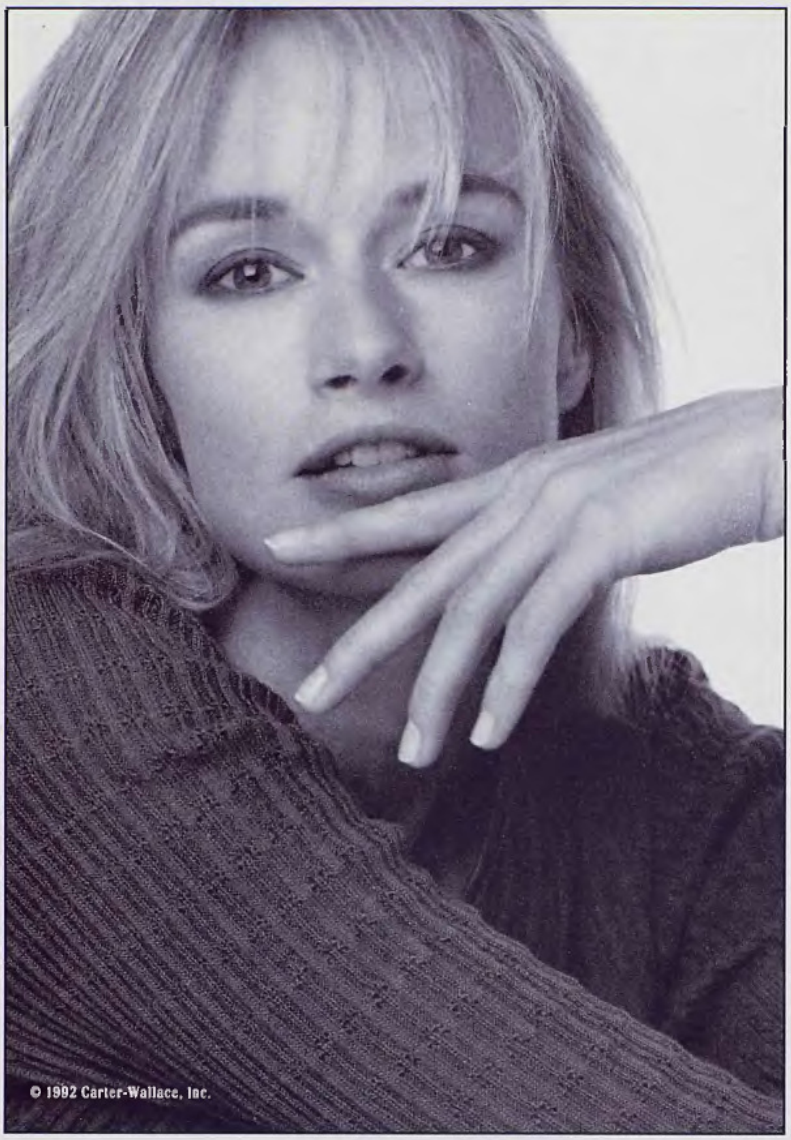
WAYNE

HINSDALE


WAYDA

O'BRIEN

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), April 1993, volume 40, number 4. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.



"WHEN
I'M
CLOSE
TO A
GUY,
THE WAY
HE
SMELLS
IS
IMPORTANT.
IT
REALLY
IS."

GET XTRA XTRA PROTECTION AGAINST ODOR
WITH NEW ARRID XX CLEAR DEODORANT.
GET A LITTLE CLOSER™

PLAYBOY®

vol. 40, no. 4—april 1993

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
MANTRACK		29
SEX IN THE AGE OF ILLUSION—guest opinion	PETE HAMILL	32
MEN	ASA BABER	34
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: STARS ARE PEOPLE, TOO—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FRANK ZAPPA—candid conversation		55
ECO WARRIORS—article	DEAN KUIPERS	74
TATTOO YOU—pictorial	text by CRAIG VETTER	78
FLIRTING WITH FEMINISTS—article	GLENN O'BRIEN	86
THE CLASS OF '93—article		90
THE VISITING POET—fiction	MARK WINEGARDNER	94
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living		96
KNOCK WOOD—playboy's playmate of the month		102
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		114
THE CAR SPY GAME—automotive report	KEN GROSS	116
THE CLINTON IMPACT ON CARS		120
PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST	HOLLIS WAYNE	123
JOSEPH ABBOUD: ALL ABOUT LINEN		132
NO PLACE TO HIDE—article	FRANK SNEPP	134
KEEPING THE PRIVACY PIRATES AT BAY		164
PLAYBOY MUSIC 1993—survey		136
STUDENT BODIES—pictorial		144
20 QUESTIONS: CINDY CRAWFORD		154
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		177

Student Bodies P. 144

PC Flirting P. 86

Knock Wood P. 102

Auto Peeks P. 116

COVER STORY

November 1991 Playmate Tonja Christensen graces our cover, which was produced by Senior Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivon, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Tonja's hair was styled by Vidal Rodriquez for david and lee. Thonks to Kim Montenegro for Tonja's suit, J.J. Hat Center, Inc. for her hat and Pot Tomlinson for her makeup. Is Tonja wearing her heart an her sleeve or is that our Robbit?

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: FEBRUARY 1993. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1993 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. **CREDITS:** PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 PATTY BEAUDET, BENNO FRIEDMAN, ELIZABETH GLASGOW, ANDREW GOLDMAN, SUZANNE KEATING, ANNE LEHMAN, JOSEPH C. LEVACK, RON MESAROS, ZOFIA NASIEROWSKA, LONI SPECTER; P. 10 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 17 DERRICK SANTINI; P. 18 PAUL DRINKWATER; P. 25 A. BERNSTEIN © 1992 L.A. DODGERS, STEVE CONWAY; P. 32 STEVEN MEISEL; P. 50 CONWAY, MEISEL; P. 51 MEISEL (2); PP. 74-75 RICHARD IZUI; P. 83 FREYTAG; P. 138 LONDON FEATURES, PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC., RETNA; P. 139 SEYMOUR MEDNICK, RETNA, KEN SETTLE; P. 180 CONWAY (2); P. 181 MARY SLATER/THE VANBLARICUM COLLECTION, P. 182 FREYTAG, JAMES IMBROGNO, STEPHEN WAYDA. P. 98 BACKDROP BY WILLIAM-ROGERS, NEW YORK. P. 137 WARDROBE FROM FLASHY TRASH, CHICAGO. FLORAL UNDERDRESS FROM SUSANN CRAIG SHOWROOM, CHICAGO. MAN'S BOOTS AND MAN'S AND WOMAN'S RINGS FROM THE ALLEY, CHICAGO. ALL NOSE RINGS AND EARRINGS FROM 99TH FLOOR, CHICAGO. P. 148 SHANNON FRANTZ AND AYANNA SMITH SHOT AT TOM RUTTER RESIDENCE, DESIGNED BY FRED E. REESE/WILLOW INTERIORS. P. 150 COLLEEN ROBERTS SHOT AT "FUTURE FIRM" AUSTIN ENERGY SOURCE. P. 151 NATASHA ALBERICO SHOT AT CENTERVILLE ESTATES; LINGERIE PROVIDED BY ON GOSSAMER, MIAMI. PP. 152-153 CEE CEE LAYTON AND STACIE SMITH SHOT AT CENTERVILLE ESTATES. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 182 KENT WILLIAMS. MAKEUP FOR THE FEBRUARY 1993 PLAYBOY COVER WAS DONE BY FRAN COOPER FOR PIERRE MICHEL, NEW YORK. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 IN CANADA NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES AND IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CBS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17, BMG INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 AND WINSTON CARD BETWEEN PAGES 68-69 IN ALL DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. SALEM INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 162-163 IN OHIO NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

EVERY PLEASURE IN PARADISE FOR ONE SINGLE PRICE.
If it
feels good. tastes good.
is sensual,
uninhibited. stimulating.
a little wicked,
may shock your mother.
involves a trapeze,
can be done in the ocean.
is healthy, fit, relaxing,
or requires a blender.
...it's included.
HEDONISM II®
A Lush Garden of Pure Pleasure.
SuperClubs™
The Caribbean's Only Super-Inclusive™ Resorts.
For a complete brochure or more information, call your travel agent or SuperClubs toll-free at 1-800-859-SUPER/Ext. 112.

sheer pleasure
Romance can be chilled champagne in the bedroom or cappuccino in the kitchen. It's the intimacy that counts and intimate wear is a perfect complement to the mood. Seize the moment for yourself. Get the new edition of Playboy's Book of Lingerie. On sale now.
OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #NAFT9303. (Source Code 39505)
ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #NAFT9303. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39505, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.
Now you can subscribe to Playboy's Book of Lingerie. For just $35.70 ($44.62 in Canada), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive Playboy's Playmate Spectacular video free with your paid subscription. ORDER BY PHONE: Call 1-800-628-3311 and use your credit card. ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order to Playboy's Book of Lingerie, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HHD7).
PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF
LINGERIE
ROMANCE IS IN THE AIR
AT NEWSSTANDS NOW
© 1993, Playboy

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor;* PETER MOORE *senior editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* MATTHEW CHILDS *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* ED WALKER *associate editor;* BETH TOMKIW *assistant editor;* **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *assistant editor;* JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator;* DOROTHY ATCHESON *publishing liaison;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* VIVIAN COLON *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* MARY ZION *lead researcher;* CAROLYN BROWNE *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, JACKIE CAREY, REMA SMITH *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS (*automotive*), CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WARREN KALBACKER, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* KELLY KORJENEK *assistant director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/paste-up;* PAUL CHAN, JOHN HOCH, RICKIE THOMAS *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* LINDA KENNEY, JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor/entertainment;* STEVE CONWAY *associate photographer;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *librarian;* ROBERT CAIRNS *manager, studio/lab;* LOTTIE FLORES *business manager, studio west*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*
JAMES SPANFELLER *associate publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, CARRIE LARUE HOCKNEY, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

PAUL TURCOTTE *national sales director;* SALES DIRECTORS: DON SCHULZ *detroit,* WENDY LEVY, STEVE MEISNER *midwest,* JAY BECKLEY *new york,* WILLIAM M. HILTON, JR. *northwest,* STEVE THOMPSON *southwest*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

ERIC SHROPSHIRE *computer graphics systems director;* EILEEN KENT *editorial services manager;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

AUTHENTIC AMERICAN

A powerful man's medallion in genuine turquoise and solid sterling silver.

It is the soaring spirit of our heritage...the American eagle. Now portrayed in a bold arrowhead medallion by Ben Nighthorse, award-winning designer of Native American jewelry. Superbly sculptured in the richness of solid sterling silver. Ablaze with the fire of a genuine cobochon turquoise. Suspended from o matching 22" neckchoin of solid sterling silver. Experience the power of *Winged Guardian* by Ben Nighthorse. Just $195, payable in convenient monthly installments.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you moy do so within 30 days of your receipt of thot purchose for replocement, credit or refund.

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM THE FRANKLIN MINT

Pleose moil by April 30, 1993.

The Franklin Mint
Special Order Deportment • Fronklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Yes! Please send me Winged Guardian, o mon's medallion by Ben Nighthorse. Crafted of solid sterling silver ond genuine turquoise.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed for o deposit of $39.* prior to shipment of my medallion ond for the bolonce, ofter shipment, in four monthly instollments of $39.* eoch.

**Plus my state sales tox and a one-time charge of $3. for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

© 1993 FM

14518-6UUE-4

The Search for the 40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE Continues . . .

Do you know someone who should be Playboy's 40th Anniversary Ploymote? She must be bright and beoutiful and at least 18 years of age. If selected, she'll earn a modeling fee of $40,000, oppeor as the Ploymote in our Jonuory 1994 Anniversary Issue and represent Playboy throughout our 40th-yeor celebration. And you con earn $2500 for being the lucky reoder who brings her to Ployboy's ottention.

To give more women the opportunity to be this speciol Playmate, representatives from Playboy mogazine will be interviewing candidates oll across the nation. The cities and dotes for these interviews are listed in the box below.

For the exoct location of the interviews in your town, check your local newspoper or call 800-551-4293 ond punch the number for your city. To quolify for an interview, a candidate must be at leost 18 yeors of oge ond have the appropriate identificotion to prove it.

Submissions for the 40th Anniversary Playmate can olso be sent directly to Playboy. Simply submit two recent color snopshots (one foce and one full-figure) and a short letter detoiling vital statistics: name, address, phone number, height, weight, measurements, occupation, date of birth and any interesting information obout the candidate. Send the letter ond photos (not returnable) to: 40th Anniversory Ploymote Search, Playboy Magazine, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE INTERVIEWS
CITY LOCATION AND DATE INFORMATION
Call 800-551-4293, and punch the number next to your city.

1.	Los Angeles, CA	March 10-12	13.	Nashville, TN	April 23-25
2.	Phoenix, AZ	March 17-19	14.	Atlanta, GA	April 28-30
3.	Las Vegas, NV	March 22-24	15.	New York, NY	May 3-5
4.	San Francisco, CA	March 24-26	16.	St. Louis, MO	May 3-5
5.	Miami, FL	March 29-31	17.	Kansas City, KS	May 7-9
6.	Houston, TX	March 31-April 2	18.	Dayton, OH	May 10-12
7.	Orlando, FL	April 2-4	19.	Oes Moines, IA	May 12-14
8.	Oallas, TX	April 5-7	20.	Cleveland, OH	May 14-16
9.	New Orleans, LA	April 12-14	21.	Chicago, IL	May 17-19
10.	Seattle, WA	April 12-14	22.	Washingtan, OC	May 24-26
11.	Vancouver, BC	April 16-18	23.	Denver, CO	May 24-26
12.	Memphis, TN	April 19-21	24.	Philadelphia, PA	June 1-3
			25.	Toronto, ON	June 7-9

To make your entry a snap, there's still plenty of time to order the Official Playmate Camera. Get a Fuji QuickSnap Flash Camera, a 40th Anniversary Playmate Entry Form and Photo Tips from the pros at Playboy all for $14.95 postpaid (2 cameras for $26.00). To order, call 800-423-9494 and ask for item PA4072 (1 camera) or item PA4077 (2 cameras).

©1993 Playboy.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
OR FAX 312-440-5454

STEVE MARTIN

Thank you for the January *Playboy Interview* with comedian-actor-singer-dancer-magician Steve Martin, one of today's truly creative talents. It seems paradoxical that a man who made himself famous by faking an arrow through his head comes off in the interview as dignified, serious and humble without being pretentious or falsely self-effacing.

There is, of course, a long history of comics' being very serious offstage, with personalities ranging from tortured to just plain jerks. But having already been pompous, self-centered, oversensitive, falsely modest and obnoxious in his comedy routines, Martin has freed himself to be the opposite of all those qualities.

Tom Howard
Phoenix, Arizona

Steve Martin can tap-dance, juggle, recite, act and write a movie concurrently, which puts him head and shoulders above the rest of what passes for talent in Hollywood.

Keep your feet and mind tapping, Steve. What you have and where you are have been well earned.

Dorman Nelson
Granada Hills, California

NUKE THE PENTAGON

I'd like to see Colonel David Hackworth as our next Secretary of Defense. I've read his book *About Face* and some of his reports in *Newsweek*, but his article *Nuke the Pentagon* (PLAYBOY, January) convinced me that he is the best candidate for Defense Secretary.

William H. K. Chu
Lake Orion, Michigan

I agree wholeheartedly with Colonel David Hackworth. The corrupt Pentagon should be blown away. Or, more practically, we should run those paper renegades out of town into the Virginia hills and renovate the building to house the area's homeless.

During my military career on staff and R&D assignments, the rule of thumb was: If it's practical, don't do it. Regulations, by and large, are written to create jobs and confusion.

As an ex–Army aviator (both fixed and rotary wing), I wouldn't fly that Osprey contraption for a million dollars. In certain flight modes it has a "dead man's curve," and, so far, it has been a $2 billion disaster. The need for the B-1 and B-2 bombers is a joke. Viva Hackworth for having the guts to tell it like it is.

Tony Lenic
Lieutenant Colonel (Ret.)
Stockbridge, Georgia

As a PLAYBOY subscriber from issue one and a Vietnam vet (1964–1966, 173rd Airborne Brigade), I believe that David Hackworth's *Nuke the Pentagon* is the most important writing to appear in your magazine since *The Playboy Philosophy*. In his book *About Face*, Hack is very critical of my old outfit—and right on target. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of Vietnam was the arrogant stupidity of our leadership. A military composed of officers like Hack would have won that war; a government led by men like him would never have entered it.

The time has come to make the changes to ensure that there will be no more senseless sacrifice of American lives in poorly led military adventures.

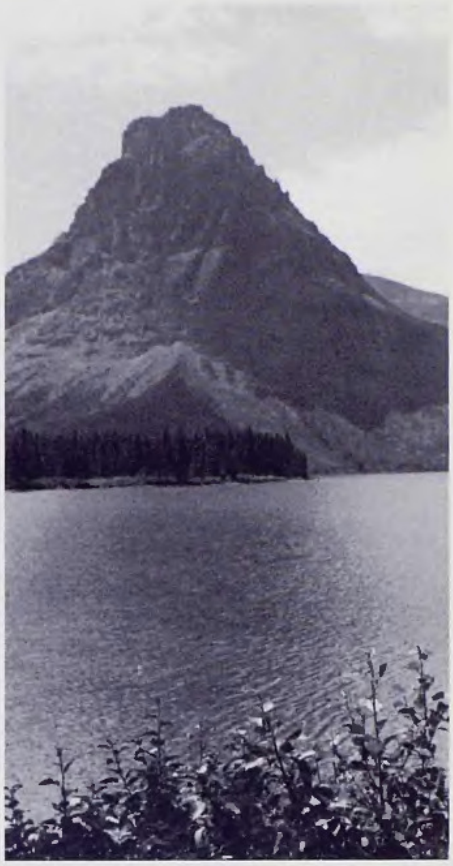
My brothers on the Wall deserve nothing less.

Larry Heer
Carnelian Bay, California

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A PROBLEM?

Although my wife and I have always encouraged our children (both girls) to view all people as individuals rather than as stereotypes, I have to admit that it has bothered me lately that our oldest (age 15) has seemed inordinately attracted to black rap music and rappers. I've tried to be open-minded about it, but I think

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), APRIL, 1993, VOLUME 40, NUMBER 4, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51637-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 8560 SUNSET BOULEVARD, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90069; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2500 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.



Saving the best of America.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Arctic to the Gulf, our land is constantly under attack from the polluters and despoilers.

That's why Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund attorneys are pursuing dozens of cases nationwide in defense of wildlife, rare habitats, the air we breathe and the water we drink.

Most of our support comes from individual contributors like you. Please help us win. Because we're saving the best of America.

Earth Share

Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund
180 Montgomery St., Suite 1400
San Francisco, CA 94104

my irritation has shone through.

Thanks to Trey Ellis' guest opinion in PLAYBOY in the January *Mantrack* ("How Does It Feel to Be a Problem?"), I now have a better idea why my daughter is drawn to a kind of musical culture that, so far as her actual experience goes, is totally alien. As Ellis writes, from a black man's perspective, "Finally, and curiously, some of the stereotypes that make us seem the least human—and the most animalistic—also make us seem the most male. We are famous around the world for our physical and sexual potency. Although we hate being America's villains, it's not all bad. In America, villains have always been perversely revered."

The implications of that statement stay with me as I listen to my daughter's stereo blaring Ice Cube. I guess if my wife and I actually hung out with people like Ice Cube, Ice-T and other seemingly dangerous, frozen African-American concoctions, they wouldn't seem so dangerous and thus appealing to girls like my daughter.

Fred Carlisle
Park Ridge, Illinois

WOMAN ON THE VERGE

Thanks to Pete Hamill for his thorough, thought-provoking exposé of Catharine MacKinnon and her equally wacko friend, Andrea Dworkin (*Woman on the Verge of a Legal Breakdown*, PLAYBOY, January).

These sick individuals should be put in their place: an insane asylum. As Hamill so eloquently pointed out, we don't need another authoritarian government telling us what we can and cannot do. It frightens me to know that people like MacKinnon and Dworkin exist in modern civilization.

Warren H. Radtke
Bensenville, Illinois

Pete Hamill's profile of Catharine MacKinnon provides strong arguments against the New Victorians, who include feminists and the religious right. They espouse legal suppression of all pornography, as defined extensively in a pamphlet written by MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin.

But while Hamill writes that their agenda has several major flaws, from this male's perspective, so do Hamill's arguments when he seems to overlook that women have lacked the power in America to determine their rights and opportunities in social, economic and political spheres. More problems arise when Hamill uses phrases such as "common sense tells us." The term common sense is no solid ground for an argument because all people (especially in America) do not share an understanding of it. Hamill goes further to refer to a universal instinct to dominate, an arguable assumption at best.

Although I agree with many of Hamill's oppositions to First Amendment infringement, I think he should have used fewer assumptions and speculations to support his views.

Gabriel Mendes
Brooklyn, New York

AN ECHO OF BEAUTY

It's amazing that in the same issue of PLAYBOY (January) you have Pete Hamill's article about Catharine MacKinnon as well as January Playmate

Echo Leta Johnson (*Shout Echo!*), with her relaxed sexuality. I hope that one day beautiful women like Echo will find the voices to tell MacKinnon and Dworkin that they are preposterous.

Rich Weinstein
Altamonte Springs, Florida

BARBI TWINS ENCORE

Your second pictorial of the sensational Barbi twins (*Twice More, with Feeling*, PLAYBOY, January) is the most sensual and erotic feature I've ever seen in your magazine. In addition to being incredibly beautiful, Shane and Sia possess flawless bodies. It's hard to believe that there are two such identically heavenly creatures on the face of this earth.

Roger A. Wright
Annandale, Virginia

I just finished the January issue and am blown away by the beauty of the Barbi twins. Shane and Sia are gorgeous! Theirs is one of the best pictorials I've seen in a long time.

Dan Ingald
Colorado Springs, Colorado

When Hugh Hefner started PLAYBOY, his idea was to feature women who are wholesome, natural and pretty in the mode of "the girl next door." Well, you've missed that boat badly with the Barbi twins, whose claim to fame is oversized, unattractive breasts. They are nothing like "the girl next door."

Howard Stiles
San Gabriel, California

BABER'S PRUDES AT SEA

Contributing Editor Asa Baber is way off base with his diatribe "Prudes at Sea" (*Men*, PLAYBOY, January) concerning that off-color remark by Howie Mandel in his concert at the Naval Academy.

In inviting female midshipmen onstage to perform a blow job, Mandel was showing contempt for any good manners midshipmen might have. His remark was in bad taste, vulgar, unforgivable and certainly not funny.

If Baber thinks the remark is funny, he's a throwback to his preschool days.

Kenneth J. Kehoe
Chicago, Illinois

So Asa Baber didn't find anything offensive in Howie Mandel's invitation to the female midshipmen at Annapolis to join him onstage and perform oral sex? What if Mandel had made the same suggestion to the male members of the audience? Would that have qualified as "male humor"?

Thinking like this is what made the good old boys at the Tailhook Association think it was great fun to grab and grope their female counterparts. Yet these same guys recoil in horror at the thought of gays' being allowed in the military, perhaps because some "sex-crazed" homosexuals might think it was OK to grab and grope the men. After all, heterosexuals have already set the precedent.

Fantasizing about blow jobs isn't the issue. The issue is singling out one sex as the butt of offensive humor. Baber's definition of male humor seems to mean it is OK to demean females so the boys can have a laugh. That's not just juvenile, it's sick.

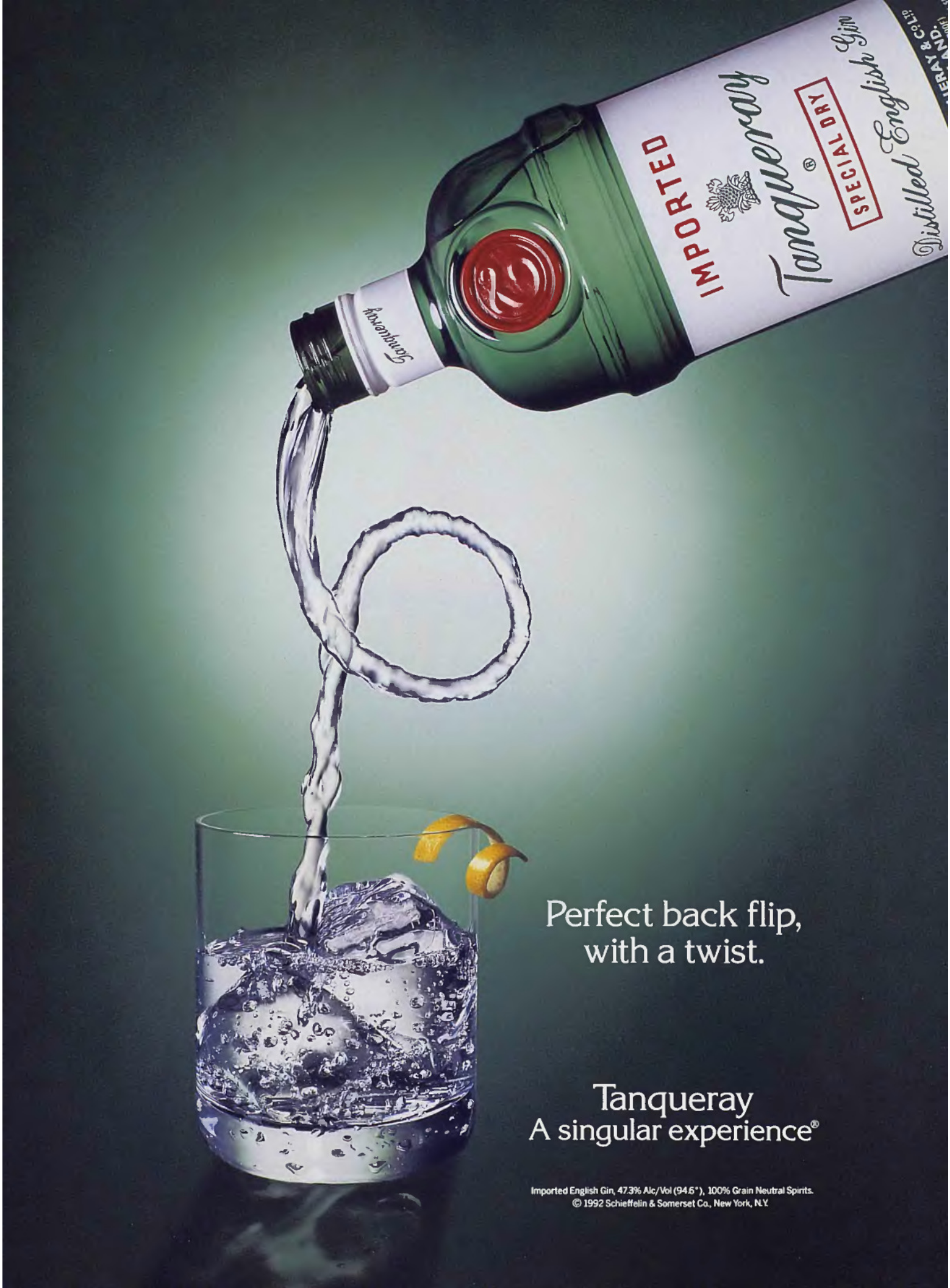
As a former Navy man, I am well aware of the kind of juvenile sexist attitudes prevalent among military men. I am surprised to find them so blatantly displayed in what is supposed to be an urbane men's magazine that professes to hold women in high regard.

Homer T. Meaders
Palo Alto, California

BONEHEAD QUOTES

In *Bonehead Quotes of the Year* (PLAYBOY, January), author Larry Engelmann omits the biggest bonehead remark of all, Bill "Slick Willie" Clinton's "I didn't inhale." Your magazine rips the hell out of conservatives but lets leftist and radical Democrats off scot-free.

Harry Britt
San Francisco, California


IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
Tanqueray
Perfect back flip,
with a twist.
Tanqueray
A singular experience®
Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.
© 1992 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

There's one big difference between Viceroy and the others. The price.

Viceroy is always priced lower than Marlboro and Winston.
About $4.00 a carton lower.*

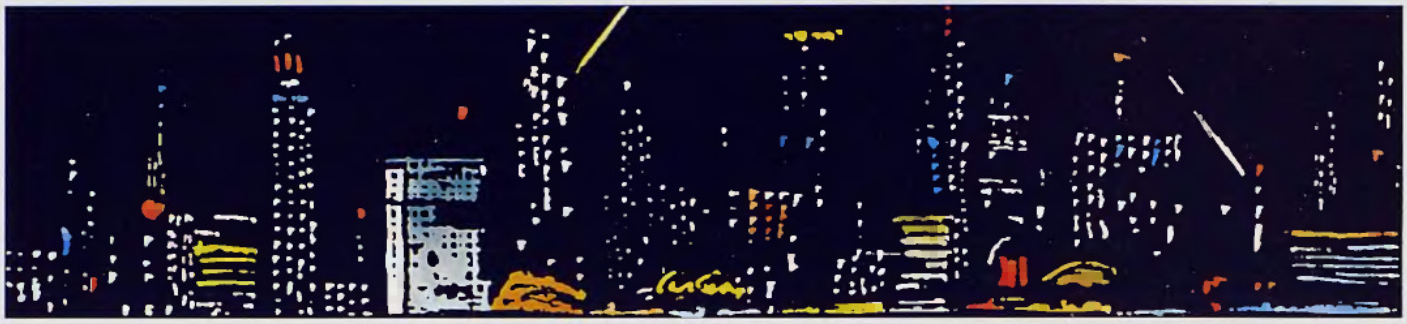
Viceroy. The Red Pack at the Right Price.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

*Based on manufacturers' list prices, exclusive of coupons and special promotions. Prices optional with retailers.

Viceroy Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. © 1993 B&W T Co.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CROSS-YOUR-HEART HOLSTERS

When she put it in her pants and got into her car, it jammed her in the ribs. It made her formfitting jacket bulge when she put it under her arm. She sought professional help, but none was forthcoming. What's a gal to do? Linda Mutchnick, a paralegal in Pennsylvania, took matters into her own hands and founded a line of clothes called Pistol-ERA "for the armed woman." Her aim, alliteratively described in her catalog, is to provide "firearm-capable women's apparel that is functional, formfitting and fashionable." The line features clothes that accommodate, for example, that pesky accessory, the shoulder holster.

Mutchnick is part of a growing trend of gun and equipment manufacturers that have taken notice of the more than 15 million women who own firearms. Handguns are now being made with smaller grips for feminine hands; holster-equipped fanny packs for joggers are also fast-selling items. Other innovations include bra holsters, pelvis holsters—even spandex holsters that fit in the waist of skirts and slacks.

Mutchnick—who'd rather use a gun with a trigger guard large enough to accommodate her long red fingernails than cut them—sees her business as a natural extension of women's liberation. "Women aren't taken seriously as gun owners. We're stereotyped as argumentative, aggressive and perhaps unfeminine." When a photographer sent to take her picture suggested she soften her expression, she replied, "A woman with a gun in her hand shouldn't be smiling." And we, perhaps, shouldn't be so quick to point out peculiar bulges in her clothing.

DON'T KID YOURSELF

A hot book on the self-help shelf these days is *Your Body Believes Every Word You Say* (Aslan Publishing), by Barbara Levine. Levine contends that phrases such as "give me a break" ultimately contribute to broken bones, and that positive clichés—"it does my heart good"—should be used instead. In that spirit, we've come up with a list of clichés to avoid and their appropriate alternatives:

You're busting my balls: "You're caressing my testicles."

I'm such a dumb shit: "I'm a regular guy."

Got my head up my ass: "Searching inside for new ideas."

You're messing with my head: "Please sit on my face."

Blow me: "Blow me. Please."

AN EMIR RATES

The Kuwaiti Olympic Association wanted to find a way to honor Sheikh Fahad al-Ahmed al-Sabah—the only member of the Kuwaiti royal family to lose his life during the Gulf war. So, as a memorial, the association painted the sheikh's Lincoln Town Car gold, mounted it on a marble stand, installed a sculpted fist smashing through its roof and bathed the whole thing in floodlights.

TYRANNOSAURUS R.I.P.

Guess they'll have to wait for Jurassic Park to open. The Memphis Zoo opened an exhibit, "Dinosaurs Live," featuring computerized replicas of our large prehistoric friends. At last report, six people had asked for refunds of the $2.50 admission price when they learned that the exhibit did not have actual living dinosaurs.

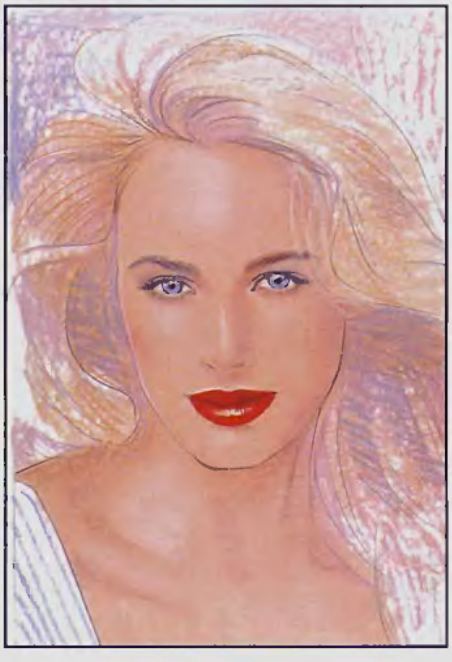


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

99 BOTTLES OF BEER

And now, *99 Ways to Open a Beer Bottle Without a Bottle Opener*. In a book not destined to be included in the Modern Library series, author Brett Stern uses photographs to demonstrate basic thirst-relieving maneuvers of opening beer bottles on lawn mowers, fire hydrants, public phones—even the trunk of a police car. Conspicuously absent is the method for doing so while handcuffed.

MAKING MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

When J. S. G. Boggs comes up short of cash, he simply draws more. Using colored inks, he renders freehand reproductions of American currency, then barters them—as art, not funny money—for goods and services. However, the U.S. Secret Service wants to nail him for counterfeiting. It's wasting its time: Boggs always embellishes his bills with such obvious play-money touches as "The Unit of State of Bohemia" and his own signature. And finally, unlike U.S. currency, Boggs' money tends to increase in value over time.

•

Grunge chic: Rusk, a company based in Los Angeles, introduced a product that gives clean hair the look and feel of hair "that hasn't been washed in three days."

THE MODEL SOLDIER

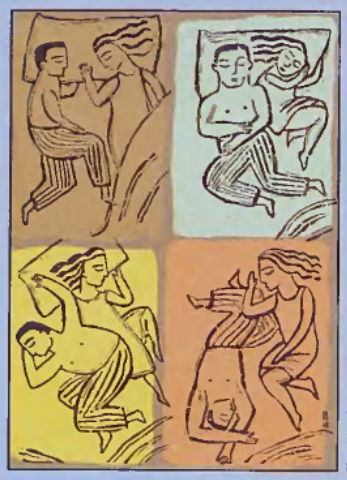
Many of us like to play dress-up, but only renegade commando Oliver North can build a mail-order business around it. North can be seen sporting his new line of bulletproof vests on the back cover of the 1993 U.S. Cavalry, a catalog featuring the "world's finest military

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the Better Sleep Council, each time a member of a couple moves in his sleep, his sleeping partner will also move within 20 seconds. Couples move up to 60 times a night.



QUOTE

"Most successful female candidates have been involved in politics even while they were still menstruating."—STEPHANIE RIGER, PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT CHICAGO

BAILED OUT BY THE BANK

Number of sperm banks in the U.S. whose directors belong to the American Association of Tissue Banks, according to the chairman of its Reproductive Council: 46.

•

Average number of menstrual cycles it takes for a woman to become impregnated artificially: 5; number of inseminations per cycle: 2.

•

Approximate number of births in the U.S. each year that can be attributed to artificial inseminations (mostly from frozen semen): 75,000 to 100,000.

LEARNING TO CHEAT

In a nationwide survey of 6873 students by the Josephson Institute for Ethics, percentage of high schoolers who admitted to shoplifting within 12 months of being surveyed: 33. Percentage of collegians who shoplifted: 16.

•

Ratio of all students who would lie to get a job: 1 in 3.

Percentage of college students who said their second most important goal in life (after getting a job they enjoy) is teaching firm ethical values to their children: 71.

•

Percentage of high school students who admitted to lying on the survey: 40; percentage of college students who lied: 30.

SLINGS AND BANDS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

Maximum fine at the Pacific Stock Exchange for traders who shoot rubber bands or spitballs: $5000; fine for first-time offenders: $1000.

•

Fine for throwing a punch on the trading floor at the Philadelphia exchange: $1000.

•

Fine for first-time practical jokers at the New York Stock Exchange: $250.

SEEDED GRAPES

According to *The Wine Spectator*, the price of 1992's best wine, Château Longueville au Baron de Pichon-Longueville Pauillac 1989: $45. Price of the only U.S. wine in the top ten, Washington State's 1989 Leonetti Cabernet Sauvignon: $25. Best deal in the top ten, Australia's 1990 Rosemount Shiraz: $8.50.

KING OF ALL CAREER MOVES

Value of Elvis Presley's estate at the time of his death in 1974: $8 million. Estimated amount his estate has earned since his death: $200 million.

FAXED OUT

Estimated number of bicycle messengers in New York City in 1987: 5000; in 1992: 1500. —BETTY SCHAAL

and adventure equipment." In the ad's accompanying blurb, North—appearing as sincere and heartfelt as when he faced Congress—says, "I needed to save my life. That's why I founded Guardian Technologies International—the life-saving company."

FINANCIALLY GIFTED, CLEANING IMPAIRED

Donna Goldberg of New York City has opened Organized Student, a consulting service that—for $85 to $125 per hour—advises kids on how to clean up their rooms. *The New York Times* quoted a ninth-grade patron who confessed, "I try to keep going by myself, but I can't do it." Try paying Goldberg's bill on your own, kid, and we have a feeling your room will clean itself.

C.R.U.D.

Maintenance workers in Alexandria, Indiana solved a street-flooding problem when they yanked out a 200-pound hair ball from a manhole. One of the men said, "We thought we had a goat."

C.R.U.D.: THE SEQUEL

Biologists in China found a 77-pound slime ball floating on a river in Shansi province. The pure-white fungus gained 22 pounds in the first three days it was observed, and scientists were surprised to learn that it has the ability to move across the ground on its own.

MUPPET LOVE

In December 1992, Colorado State University student Heath Johnson was pressured to remove his painting from display at the Lory Student Center. Titled *Sesame's Treat*, Heath's canvas shows Muppet characters Bert and Ernie in an intimate position while Big Bird peeps in through the window. Children's Television Workshop, crying copyright infringement, threatened the college with legal action unless the painting was destroyed. To its credit, CSU left the decision to display the painting up to Johnson, who removed it voluntarily. He plans to replace it with an enlarged copy of the letter censuring the painting.

•

Italy's Health Minister, Francesco de Lorenzo, recently informed his country that the smallest condom sold in Italy was larger than those available in the rest of Europe. "At least Italy is maxi in something," proclaimed the newspaper *Il Giornale*. The mouthpiece of the former Communist Party, *L'Unitá*, even advised foreign tourists to bring condoms from home. The enthusiasm was short-lived, however, when the claim was proved false and De Lorenzo retracted his statement.

PH OLIVIERO TOSCANI
Colors
DE BENETTON
M A N
50ML e 1.7FL.OZ. EAU DE TOILETTE NATURAL SPRAY
UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.
Fragrance
UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE BIOGRAPHY of an author who grew up angry in the Pacific Northwest is filmed as a jarring family feud in ***This Boy's Life*** (Warner). Based on the book by Tobias Wolff, with a humane and sympathetic screenplay, the movie is heightened by several compelling performances. Opposite teenage newcomer Leonardo DiCaprio, who plays young Toby in the Fifties as a sullen but feisty rebel, Robert De Niro goes for broke as the boy's abusive stepfather, a lout named Dwight. When he's not being aggressively buoyant, Dwight beats down Toby both physically and emotionally—all justified by the bully's usual boast that he will make a man of the kid or kill him. Ellen Barkin plays the mother, a well-meaning woman so bruised by the men she has known that she can't bring herself to referee the conflict between her son and a demanding new husband. Directed by Britain's Michael Caton-Jones, *This Boy's Life* depicts a mean streak all too familiar in parent-child relationships. But the film manages to keep depression at bay with regard for the indomitable spirit of youth that survives and even thrives in adversity. ¥¥¥½

•

Blood, guts, slime and gaping wounds are all over the place in ***Dead/Alive*** (Trimark), a comedy of unspeakable horror pieced together by New Zealand director Peter Jackson. The movie's two monsters ex machina are a loathsome Sumatran rat-monkey and the possessive mom of a shy young nerd named Lionel (Tim Balme). About the same time Lionel gets bitten by the love bug, Mom (Elizabeth Moody) gets bitten by the monkey and is soon transformed into a clawing, pop-eyed fiend from hell. Director Jackson wallows in gore and goes back for more. New Zealanders find all this a scream; maybe you will, too, if you are hopelessly addicted to wretched excess. Take along a barf bag. ¥

•

Something must be said for the visual sweep of a romantic drama highlighted by a nude couple making out on top of an inflated balloon in mid-air. The time is World War Two, but ***Map of the Human Heart*** (Miramax) covers decades of chance encounters and roads not taken by a Canadian Arctic native named Avik (played as an adult by Jason Scott Lee) and his beloved Albertine (Anne Parillaud, the charismatic French star of *La Femme Nikita*). She, too, is a native who can pass for white, and she has no intention of settling down with Avik as a half-breed. They meet first as waifs in the children's wing of a Montreal hospital, but she grows up to be a singer, then a wartime volunteer, and marries an Air Force officer (Patrick Bergin). Avik winds up in England as a bombardier. The balloon business aside, co-author and director Vincent Ward, another New Zealander, who previously won plaudits for a cultish fantasy called *The Navigator*, has a flair for the unexpected. In his hands, even the most traditional story of star-crossed love becomes a distinctively stylish snow job. ¥¥½

Barkin, DiCaprio, De Niro get a *Life*.

News from home,
dispatches from
other troubled parts.

•

The fictionalized ***Extreme Justice*** (Trimark) purports to tell the whole dirty truth about a secret Los Angeles Police Department death squad, known to insiders as SIS (for Special Investigation Section). It tracks down and kills thieves, drug dealers and rapists without the formality of an arrest or jury trial. As depicted here, this is a nasty business, with Scott Glenn (as the hardened SIS veteran who'd rather shoot a suspect than handcuff him) pitted against Lou Diamond Phillips (as the seemingly tough recruit who quails at such vigilante tactics). Yaphet Kotto stands out as another colleague on the squad, with Chelsea Field adding sex appeal in an unlikely role as a winsome police reporter who lives with Lou. That's a plot point hard to swallow, and *Extreme Justice* often plays like a TV crime show, yet the gist of it is realistically raw and disturbing. ¥¥

•

Canadian writer-director Jean-Claude Lauzon transforms "such stuff as dreams are made on" into an earthy, outrageous collage of the sexual fantasies exciting the senses of a pubescent 12-year-old named ***Léolo*** (Fine Line). The boy (played by Maxime Collin) is coming of age with a vengeance—masturbating into fresh meat meant for the family table, plotting to kill his grandfather (whose vixenish neighbor sucks the naked old man's bare toes) and watching in mute fascination while one of his chums has sex with a declawed cat. Léolo firmly believes that he was born to be Italian because his mother (Ginette Reno) fell into a fruit vendor's bin and was impregnated by a sperm-spattered Sicilian tomato. In an environment as eccentric as his heredity, he somehow flourishes amid a lunatic Quebecois family. Does the movie make sense? Yes, in a way—as a vivid, freewheeling essay on adolescence that intrigued audiences at last year's Cannes Festival. Here, it should attract viewers seeking the wild and off beat. ¥¥

•

Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at Cannes in 1992 and a box-office bonanza showered with awards in its native Italy, director Gianni Amelio's ***Stolen Children*** (Goldwyn) earns its applause. Remarkably well-played by the young actors portraying 11-year-old Rosetta (Valentina Scalici) and her little brother (Giuseppe Ieracitano)—with a virtuoso performance by Enrico Lo Verso as Antonio, the soldier escorting them cross-country to a children's home—the movie is an emotional trip about love, trust and the loss of innocence. The kids have become public wards after their mother's arrest for selling the girl into prostitution. They are remote, detached, suspicious—and the sympathetic officer can't bring himself to deliver them over to indifferent officialdom. Instead, he takes them to visit his family, pauses to swim and picnic at a beach and picks up a pair of pretty French hitchhikers before *Stolen Children*'s odyssey is stopped short by red tape. Try not to melt in the grip of a perceptively understated story, rich in compassion and warmth. ¥¥¥½

•

The lowlife in and around a high-rise construction site is the sole concern of ***Riff-Raff*** (Fine Line). Set in London and directed by Ken Loach, the movie, which features some actual construction workers in the cast, is so British that it

Howards' Emma, *Unforgiven* Clint.

BRUCE'S TEN BEST LIST

While they count Oscar votes, here are our own winners and losers—in alphabetical order.

Brother's Keeper: Human values renewed in a rare documentary.

The Crying Game: An Irish terrorist takes time out for love, intrigue and a bagful of dandy surprises.

Damage: A devastating saga of passion and betrayal.

A Few Good Men: Courtroom drama with Cruise and Nicholson.

Howards End: A glorious, literate filming of the E. M. Forster novel; Emma Thompson is tops.

Husbands and Wives: Deft comedy has Woody Allen in top form.

Intervista: More magic from Fellini.

The Player: Hollywood skewed by Robert Altman.

A River Runs Through It: Fly-fishing in Montana from Robert Redford.

Unforgiven: Eastwood revives the Western with style and substance.

TEN WORST LIST

Death Becomes Her: Meryl Streep and Goldie Hawn make plastic surgery as funny as scar tissue.

1492: Conquest of Paradise: Depardieu sinks as Columbus.

Frozen Assets: Infertile comedy has Shelley Long in a sperm bank.

Hoffa: Despite Jack Nicholson, a dull ode to disorganized labor.

Housesitter: Again, Goldie pushes too hard to charm Steve Martin.

Man Trouble: Nicholson and Barkin can't curb this dog.

Mr. Baseball: Selleck strikes out.

Scent of a Woman: Overwrought and recklessly overacted by Al Pacino.

Shadows and Fog: Woody Allen can't win 'em all.

Toys: Wound too tight, even with Robin Williams.

carries subtitles to translate the thick regional accents. In any language, it's fairly rude and raunchy, with a story line about a skinny Glasgow guy named Stevie (Robert Carlyle) and his brief encounters with Susan (Emer McCourt), a helpless waif addicted to drugs and pipe dreams about a future in showbiz. From the dirty-fingernails school of cinema, Loach's gritty slice of life paints a vibrant picture of urban angst. ¥¥½

•

The young black heroine of ***Just Another Girl on the IRT*** (Miramax) is fly, flip and reeking attitude. Writer-producer-director Leslie Harris, an African-American woman, has an undeniable soft spot for the trendy teenager played to the hilt by Ariyan Johnson. In fact, Johnson's sassy presence as the titular Chantel almost makes up for the film's touches of earnest amateurism. Still, her charm can't salvage a grisly scene in which Chantel gives birth to a premature baby and wants to get rid of it—after spending the abortion money provided by her beau, Tyrone (Kevin Thigpen). Failing as an argument for planned parenthood, *Just Another Girl* nevertheless wins points for promising efforts by director Harris and newcomer Johnson. ¥¥

•

A nine-year-old lad mysteriously vanishes in a small French town, and six years later a teenage delinquent from Paris suddenly appears, professing to be the lost boy. That's the plot, anyway, of writer-director Agnieska Holland's provocative ***Olivier Olivier*** (Sony Classics). Inspired by a true story, with Grégoire Colin as the older, streetwise Olivier, the movie is open to interpretation. Is it a mystery, a con artist's trip, a psychological study of a mother (Brigitte Rouan) or merely a comment on French family life? Holland's almost casual approach to such topics as voyeurism, incest, child abuse and murder make *Olivier Olivier* a cool cinematic riddle. ¥¥¥

•

An inside look at being a New York agent in big-time show business is the essence of ***Joey Breaker*** (Skouras), with Richard Edson making the title role a believable blend of hustler, homophobe and shark. Under it all, he has a heart of gold and begins to find out about himself through dealing with an AIDS victim, a gay black comedian and a Jamaican waitress (nicely played by Cedella Marley, daughter of Bob Marley). Breaker's evolution from macho agent to swell guy seems a bit pat, but fledgling writer-director Steven Starr, himself a former ten-percenter at the William Morris Agency, knows what makes Joey run—which sharpens his view from a room at the top. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Body of Evidence (Reviewed 3/93) And the liveliest body is Madonna's. ¥¥¥

Chaplin (3/93) Robert Downey, Jr., as the Tramp upstages the rest. ¥¥

The Crying Game (1/93) A blend of terrorism and sex. Upgraded. ¥¥¥¥

Damage (1/93) Father, son and a woman share a dangerous liaison, with Irons at his tortured best. ¥¥¥¥

Dead/Alive (See review) Sheer horror, with gore and grisliness to spare. ¥

Ethan Frome (12/92) Liam Neeson is aces as the downhill seducer. ¥¥¥

Extreme Justice (See review) More on authorized violence in L.A. ¥¥

Falling Down (3/93) That's Michael Douglas going quietly berserk. ¥¥¥½

A Few Good Men (2/93) Marine Corps murder trial played in style. ¥¥¥¥

Intervista (12/92) Fellini recalls the dear old days of *La Dolce Vita*. ¥¥¥¥

Joey Breaker (See review) A showbiz agent and how he grew. ¥¥½

Just Another Girl on the IRT (See review) Teenaged angst not to be ignored. ¥¥

The Last Days of Chez Nous (3/93) Australian women under stress. ¥¥¥

Léolo (See review) Weird study of a boy begot by a tomato. ¥¥

Like Water for Chocolate (3/93) Food and sex in sync down Mexico way. ¥¥¥

Lorenzo's Oil (3/93) Sarandon excels with Nolte in poignant drama about loyal parents and ailing son. ¥¥¥

Love Field (3/93) Pfeiffer in top form as a Kennedy fan—after Dallas. ¥¥¥

Mac (2/93) Acting and directing, John Turturro dotes on family matters. ¥¥¥

Malcolm X (2/93) Way too long—but Denzel Washington's on a roll. ¥¥¥

Map of the Human Heart (See review) If this isn't love, then what is it? ¥¥½

Olivier Olivier (See review) A French take on a real identity crisis. ¥¥¥

Passion Fish (3/93) Friendship between two women on the bayou. ¥¥¥

Riff-Raff (See review) A London high rise full of lowbrow builders. ¥¥½

Stolen Children (See review) Abused youngsters enjoy a holiday. ¥¥¥½

Strictly Ballroom (2/93) All dancing and fine fun in spite of itself. ¥¥

This Boy's Life (See review) De Niro plays a stepdad to remember. ¥¥¥½

Watch It (3/93) Boys meet girls in an agreeable romantic comedy. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

The last thing singer **Patti LaBelle** wants from video is more of what she does for a living. "I don't like comedies," says the star of TV's *Out All Night*, "and I can't take most musicals, either." So what's on the VCR? "Tearjerkers and dramas. Like *Imitation of Life* with Lana Turner. That's my all-time favorite. Then comes *Cabin in the Sky* and Bette Davis in *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte* and *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*" Which brings us to Patti's other passion—namely, "suspense and gore and blood. Like *Silence of the Lambs*. I like stuff like that. I am the bloody type. Very, very bloody." Yikes. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: spring fever

Springtime in the Rockies: Swing into spring with this lavish musical romance starring Betty Grable, Cesar Romero and Carmen Miranda (1942).

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone: In her penultimate film, ageless beauty Vivian Leigh is a 40ish actress romanced by young gigolo Warren Beatty.

Spring Break: Bikinis, wet T-shirts and banana-eating contests dominate this 1983 B flick. Mindless T and A? Sure, but great mindless T and A.

The Virgin Spring: Bergman's 1959 Oscar-winning medieval drama—the perfect cold-shower antidote to spring fever.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being: Prague Spring blooms in Philip Kaufman's 1988 erotic spin on the Milan Kundera novel.

Spring Cleaning the House and Chimney: If you need a how-to video, the place must really be a mess. —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDS IN SPACE

The final frontier is closer than we think. *Star Trek*'s Patrick Stewart pilots us through *Space Age*, Public Media's six-part documentary on the real stars.

Quest for Planet Mars: The red planet gets a shot at the big time in this tell-all shuttle trip to the 21st century.

Celestial Sentinels: From Sputnik to Desert Storm, satellites link millions of eyes—and ears. The kicker: CIA spooks monitor your calls.

The Unexpected Universe: Exploding galaxies, the big bang, dying stars—it's a violent place way out there.

To the Moon and Beyond: Moonburgers? Kentucky Fried Craters? Space station drive-throughs? Near space may be the next victim of urban sprawl.

The series also includes ***Mission to Planet Earth*** and ***What's a Heaven For?***

—ELIZABETH O'KEEFE

(All tapes $24.95, $99.95 for the boxed set; to order, 800-262-8600.)

VIDEO WEIRDO

Cult films live on. From Seattle comes Mike Vraney's **Something Weird Video,** a mail-order outfit specializing in the exploitation "nudies" and "roughies" that flickered across drive-in screens in the Fifties and Sixties. Vraney's catalog offers hundreds of them—from trailers to loops to features—in all their "unabashed, unaltered, untamed" glory.

Far from tasteful, the tapes feature mild nudity (hard-core fans look elsewhere), occasional violence (usually punished) and laughable dialog (in *The Defilers*, two buddies kidnap a country girl for "the one thing in this whole crummy, square-infested life that counts: kicks. You dig me?").

Some curious titles: *The Spy Who Came, Beast of Yucca Flats, Thar She Blows, The Long, Swift Sword of Siegfried, Wham, Bang, Thank You Spaceman, She Came on the Bus* and *Scarf of Mist, Thigh of Satin*.

For the Something Weird catalog, send $3 to Department FUN, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, Washington 98133. Requests must include a signed statement that you are 18 years of age or older.

—DAVID LEFKOWITZ

VIDEO VINE

Tarzan swings—and MGM/UA has him in six tapes (three making debuts) starring tree-hugger Johnny Weissmuller.

Tarzan, the Ape Man: Maureen O'Sullivan flees urban coop to live like the Flintstones with her lord of the jungle and his chimp, Cheetah. Sort of like *Green Acres*.

Tarzan and His Mate: Me Tarzan, you Jane. Jane, you naked. Yep, vid restores Jane's swim in the nude, censored when the Production Code cracked down. The scene is brief but, hey, vital to the plot.

Tarzan Finds a Son: Tarzan finds Boy. Tarzan loses Boy. Tarzan and Jane fight for custody. A leafy *L.A. Law*.

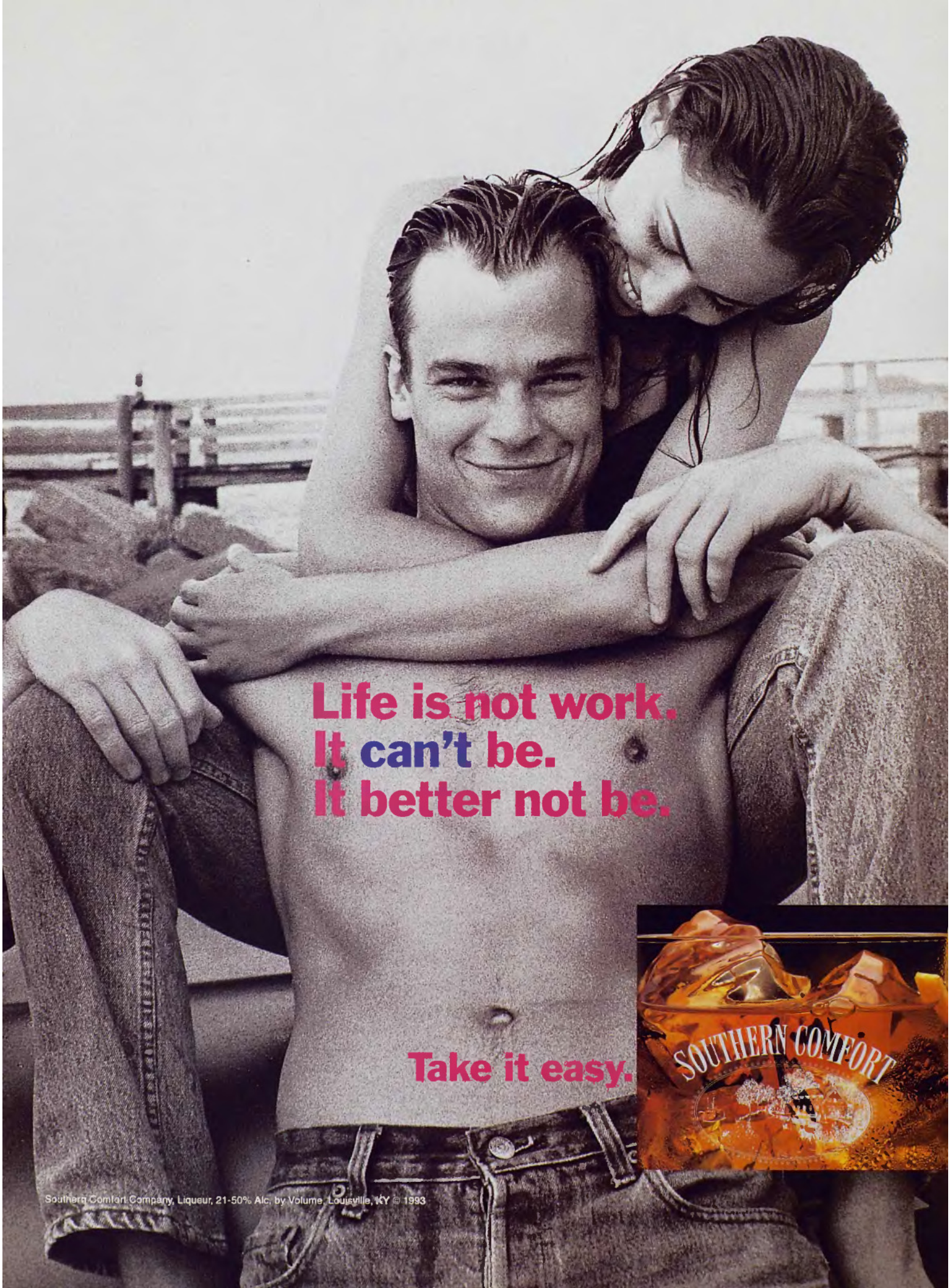
Tarzan's New York Adventure: The big guy takes on the Big Apple when a circus promoter, in the jungle to search for lions, bags Boy instead.

Tarzan's Secret Treasure: Tarzan gets shot when Boy finds gold—and wicked prospectors. Boy, is Boy a pain.

Tarzan Escapes: Tarzan is caged by a hunter who wants to exhibit him in America. Can T Man's animal buddies spring him? Guess. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Unforgiven*** (Eastwood's Clintessential oater gives traditional Western one in the belly; a beaut); ***Storyville*** (roll in hay with Charlotte Lewis comes back to haunt candidate James Spader; Southern-fried political intrigue); ***Raise the Red Lantern*** (China in the Twenties: life is hell for youngest of wealthy man's four wives; gorgeous visuals).
COMEDY	***A League of Their Own*** (Tom Hanks barely manages girls of summer, Madonna keeps uniform on; solid hit for Penny Marshall); ***Bob Roberts*** (Tim Robbins' skewer of populist politics; brilliant); ***Honeymoon in Vegas*** (Nick Cage parachutes with Elvis troupe to reclaim fiancée; goofy, with moments).
EROTICA	***Animal Instincts*** (horny housewife screws entire town to get cop hubby hot; newcomer Shannon Whirry out-Stones Sharon); ***Inside Out 4*** (ten new vignettes from the fiery fantasy series; best: couch potato brings porn star to life).
LASER DISC	***The Player*** (Altman chat track backs his razor-sharp send-up of Hollywood; from Voyager); ***JFK*** (Warner's wide-screen, CAV version of Stone's epic has—get this—17 more minutes); ***The Rocky Horror Picture Show*** (Image's long-awaited disc release; bonus: join-in version of *Time Warp*).


Life is not work.
It can't be.
It better not be.
Take it easy.
SOUTHERN COMFORT
Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1993

By KEVIN COOK

Those who can, do. Those who can't, call.

How jock-talk radio hits home runs with fans.

FORGET THE deficit. Forget Somalia, the Eurocurrency crisis, Sarajevo, all that trivia. We're talking sports. We're talking Jordan, Canseco, Montana. Should Michael buy the NBA? Can Oakland win without Jose? Is Joe washed up, his spine like driftwood in San Francisco Bay?

No way, says Niners fan Ray from San Jose. No way—Joe Montana's a real man, and real men never quit.

Ray ought to know. Like thousands of other men spending thousands of hours on hold in radio limbo waiting to sound off on sports, he didn't quit. Give up? Hang up? No way—the man just had to jock talk.

Jock talk! Where opinions matter more than wins and losses and every sentence ends with an exclamation point! The *Los Angeles Times* calls it radio's "booming cottage industry." It's bigger than Cecil Fielder or Rush Limbaugh, a gold mine for advertisers, a nationwide forum for testostoratory. Let NPR worry about the deficit; guys just want to talk sports.

After New York's WFAN went all-sports in 1987, the trend took off like a Fielder upper-decker. There are now 279 sports shows on American radio. Guys routinely wait half an hour—often an hour or longer in big cities—for a minute or two on the air. There are all-sports stations in Los Angeles, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle, Tampa, Minneapolis, San Diego and even Albuquerque, where fans live and die with the Dukes, a Los Angeles Dodgers farm club. All these outlets plugged in after WFAN, brain-sired by media mogul and former Seattle Mariners owner Jeff Smulyan, proved to advertisers that sports radio was an easy way to men's hearts. Men don't watch as much TV as women do, and music radio is splintered among oldies, Metallica and Billy Ray Cyrus. If you want to sell beer, cars or Gatorade on the radio, sell jock talk.

Two years ago Smulyan sold WFAN, which he had bought for a pocketful of marbles, for $70 million. Smulyan's baby and its cousins kept growing. They were soon joined by outlets in Providence, Reno and Oklahoma City and by a new all-Spanish all-sports show, southern California's *Deporte Total*. Now there's a jock-talk war going on in Los Angeles, where KMPC's Jim Lampley, who woos callers by saying, "Love you desperately," sneers openly at rival XTRA. But XTRA has a secret weapon: a powerful transmitter based in Mexico. Phone lines are "going crazy, jam-packed" at XTRA, says producer Joe Tutino, whose station intends to win the war. Rumors say XTRA will double its power to a blaring 100,000 watts, overwhelming Lampley and filling the skies from Tijuana to Alaska.

Sports radio doesn't just talk anymore. It affects sports and sports people. Dodgers manager Tom Lasorda called St. Louis' KMOX to gripe about second-guessing. Former Cleveland Cavaliers owner Ted Stepien threatened to sue WWWE, the station that carried his team's games, over negative coverage. San Diego Chargers tackle Joe Phillips, unhappy with his contract, called Chargers general manager Bobby Beathard on XTRA; Beathard wouldn't take the call. Also on XTRA, jock talker Chet Forte blasted Magic Johnson for missing an interview. Magic, stuck in traffic, called from his limo to chat with Chet. And when WFAN's Chris "Mad Dog" Russo scorned "the nobodies" Jimmy Connors beat in the 1991 U.S. Open, including Aaron Krickstein, Krickstein phoned in to ask, "Who you calling a nobody?"

"Sports radio is opinions and pursuing opinions with the public, and you don't have time for that in TV," says Forte, who came to radio from ABC-TV's Olympics coverage and *Monday Night Football*. "And TV can't do real opinions. They're worried about their big-money contracts, so they butter up the NFL, the NBA and major-league baseball. On radio we tell it like it is."

Some pundits say jock talk succeeds because society has left men no common language but sports. Humorist Dave Barry calls sports radio "bizarre. Guys who have never sent get-well cards to their own mothers will express heartfelt, near-suicidal anguish over the hamstring problems of strangers."

To which any dedicated jock talker would respond: Mom got better. And that was no stranger whose hamstring pained a zillion fans. That was Michael Jordan.

Sports radio succeeds because a lot of guys care who wins, who loses, who gets hurt and which slugger gets the run home from third. On the radio, a guy who registers his gripes or sings the praises of his heroes becomes part of the sporting scene. Unlike TV or live sporting events, jock-talk radio is interactive. You win or lose on the strength of your arguments. Argue well and you might even hear the words every caller longs for: "Good point!" Your name and town will be famous, at least for a minute.

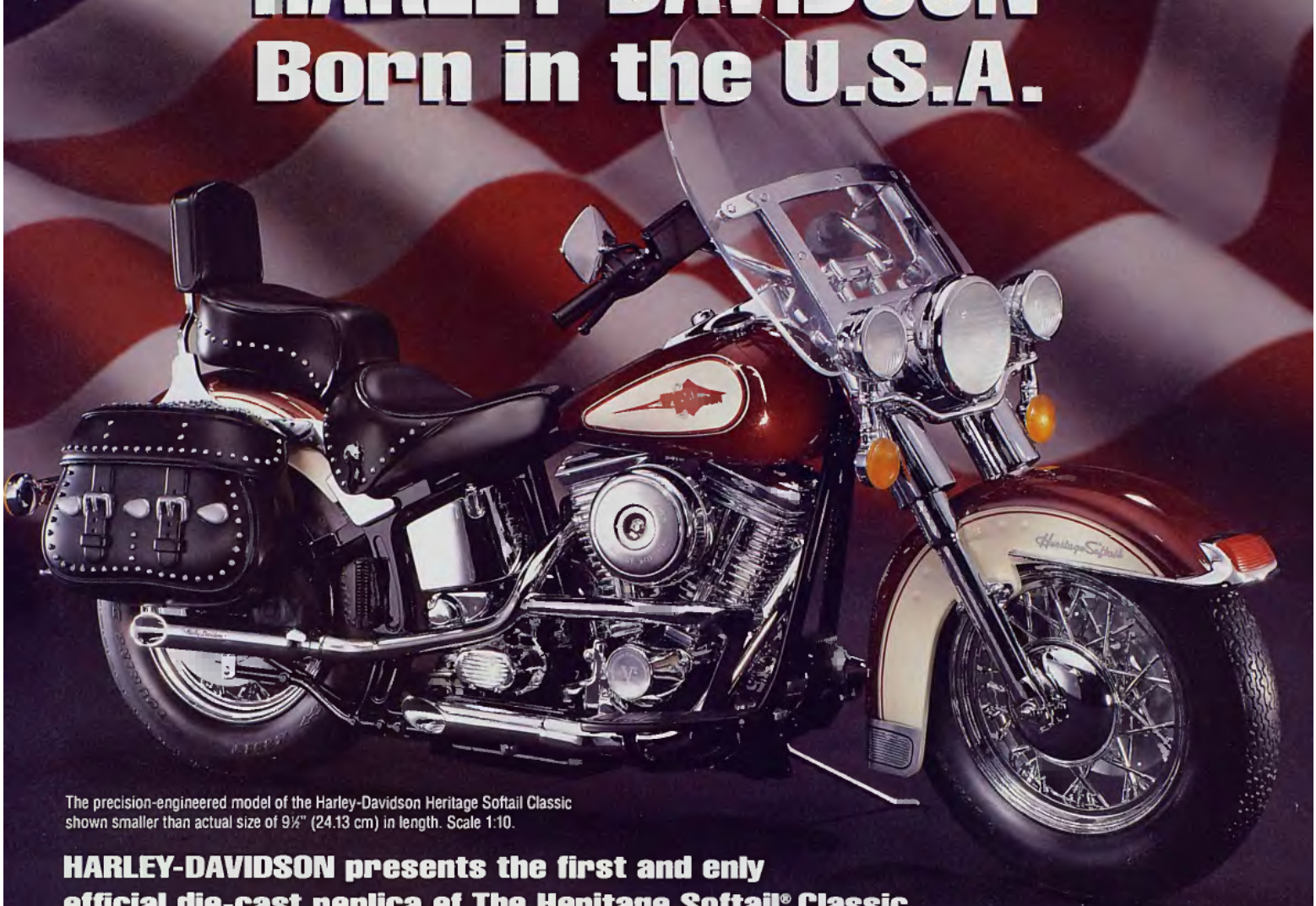
As my buddy Skip says, "By being on the radio, you achieve celebrity whether you deserve it or not." AS PLAYBOY'S baseball writer, I sometimes achieve celebrity by guesting on jock-talk shows. I have hazarded opinions on WFAN (with its razor-sharp callers, including that genius Yankees fan, Vinnie from Queens), XTRA (Can you hear me in Indiana, Ma?), Pittsburgh's KDKA (football town—they ask about the Steelers in April) and others too small to recall. Last spring I was on Chicago's WSCR, on a long-distance phone line with hosts Dan Jiggetts and Mike North. Jiggetts got the jokes. He laughed when I said Hector Villanueva, a slugger who runs the hundred in 9.7 days, should be the Cubs' left fielder. The fans would love it, I said, and the Cubs would still finish third with Jesus Cristo himself in left. But North got incensed. A traditionalist, he spat bubbles when I said today's Cleveland Indians would whup the fabled 1927 Yankees. After he and Jiggetts clicked me off the air, North said, "What a goofball!"

But jock talk is everywhere. Within five minutes I'd heard from three listeners: "He called you a goofball!"

That's his opinion. Mine says the 1992 Indians *would* whup the 1927 Yanks. That's how much the playing of sports has advanced since 1927. It's harder to say how much jock talk has advanced since WFAN fanned the flames in 1987—maybe it's worse with goofballs like North and me in the business—but I'm glad to have played a part in its start.

Before long, as Forte says, we may not need to watch the games our tightly hamstrung heroes play. We'll just talk about them.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON®
Born in the U.S.A.



The precision-engineered model of the Harley-Davidson Heritage Softail Classic shown smaller than actual size of 9½" (24.13 cm) in length. Scale 1:10.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON presents the first and enly efficial die-cast replica ef The Heritage Softail® Classic.

DETAIL FOR DETAIL AS AWESOME AS THE ORIGINAL. It is the Great American Freedom Machine. And it is re-created with unprecedented accuracy by Franklin Mint Precision Models.

From the classic "Fat Bob"® fuel tank to the wide-eyed Halogen headlights and spit'n polish head-lamp assembly. Handlebars actually turn the front wheel, shifter lever pivots and the seat

rides up and down on its own functional Softail suspension system. It's the ultimate die-cast model of the definitive "Wild Th'ang." Yet, civilly priced at just $135, in monthly installments.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

If you wish to retum any Franklin Mint Precision Models purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchose for replacement, credit or refund.

ORDER FORM

FRANKLIN MINT PRECISION MODELS
FRANKLIN CENTER, PA 19091-0001

Please send me my precision-engineered replica of the Harley-Davidson® Heritage Softail® Classic, fully assembled and ready for display.

I need **SEND ND MONEY NOW**. Prior to shipment of my imported die-cast model, I will be billed for a deposit of $27.* and, after shipment, for the balance in 4 monthly installments of $27.* each.

*Plus my state sales tax.

PLEASE MAIL BY APRIL 30, 1993.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

© 1993 FMPM

14923-6TVB-78

The Harley-Davidson Heritage Softail Classic. Exclusively From Franklin Mint Precision Models.®

MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

IN 1988 Vernon Reid's blissfully unhinged fretwork on *Cult of Personality* marked him as the first black guitar hero since Hendrix to conquer the mainstream. His band, Living Colour, got to flex its musical muscles on the 1990 sophomore effort *Time's Up*. Reid's guitar still sounds like a psychotic laser on the band's latest album, ***Stain*** (Epic). So why is the overall effect unsatisfying? Because they are four excellent musicians who sound out of sync and stiff. Their usually excellent rhythm section often seems mired in metallic plod and stomp, then it lurches into weird time signatures that sound forced. Vocalist Corey Glover is politically correct but not often passionate. In short, they don't swing. When they sound especially centered, as on *Never Satisfied* and *WTFF*, Reid's guitar pyrotechnics are given a worthy context, and Living Colour escapes its paint-by-numbers tendencies. Let it rip, guys—that roar you hear is Metallica and Helmet in the fast lane.

FAST CUTS: Jack DeJohnette, ***Music for the Fifth World*** (Manhattan): Vernon Reid's frenzied guitar outbursts accent John Scofield's angular melodicism, while jazz drummer DeJohnette and Living Colour drummer Will Calhoun thunder and roll through Jack's endearingly quirky jazz-thrash fusion.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Here's the situation: I listened to ***Sunrise on the Sufferbus*** (Chrysalis), by Masters of Reality, and thought it one of the best CDs I'd heard in a long time. Then I went to work, where I was thinking about 853 other things, and when I phoned in my selection for the PLAYBOY Rockmeter, I said, "Circus of Power." I meant to say one thing and I said another. I'm an idiot, OK?

"Let me change my pick," I groveled before my editor.

"The integrity of the revered PLAYBOY Rockmeter must remain inviolate," she said. "We already sent Circus of Power to the other guys."

So I have to review ***Magic & Madness*** (Columbia), by Circus of Power. This isn't a problem, I just wouldn't have picked it for the revered PLAYBOY Rockmeter. It has some good guitar licks, particularly on the slide guitar, but rather unoriginal lyrics.

By contrast, Masters of Reality—consisting of Chris Goss on vocals and guitar, Googe on bass and Ginger Baker on drums—manages to come up with something hugely original and familiar at the same time. It's blues-based but not the blues. It falls somewhere between Black Sabbath and Cream, with Hank Williams' sense of spare-but-beautiful song architecture. And it has perfect guitar tone and riffs. Its slightly surreal, tall-tale lyrics are perfect, too. Just buy it and know that we will accept no letters saying you already knew I was an idiot.

JERRY MCDONALD

Living Colour's *Stain*.

Guitar pyrotechnics, some *Magic & Madness* and a glimpse into *The Future*.

FAST CUTS: ***Rift*** (Elektra), by Phish: There are so many "fish" bands (School of Fish, An Emotional Fish, etc.) that it's hard to keep all the acoustic creatures straight. These particular Phish have toured tirelessly and gained a reputation on the college circuit for their energetic concerts and improvisational skills so valued by those who might otherwise be chasing the Dead. Does it work on record? Yeah. The sound is mostly sweet, with little distortion on the guitars and greater emphasis on keyboards than most rock I've heard lately. They pride themselves on musicianship and concentrate on organically intricate ensemble playing, which can be heard clearly since there's no guitar wash. Every anachronism that goes around comes around, and they're coming around.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Although it's taken too long, Public Enemy finally has some ideological competition. After ruling serious rap for five years, its Afrocentric smarts have been challenged, first by Arrested Development, whose *Revolution* is to *Malcolm X* as *Fight the Power* is to *Do the Right Thing*, and then by the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. Now, Philadelphia's Goats join in the competition.

Like the Disposable Heroes, the Goats are pointedly interracial, but they're far more street, brandishing cop tales that have a firsthand ring. Some may find ***Tricks of the Shade*** (Ruffhouse/Columbia) dogmatic—I think "fascist" is too evil a name to call Bill Clinton.

The music of this true hip-hop band says something as well. Augmenting the three rappers are live guitars, bass, drums, keyboards and turntables, with the rock-simple strength of the bass and guitar parts exploiting a sonic potential too often ignored by rap. Lots of rappers want to keep genre lines sharply drawn, but that never works. The Goats have the right idea in more ways than one.

FAST CUTS: Neneh Cherry, ***Homebrew*** (Virgin): Proof that the line between rap and pop isn't all that distinct, either.

Hoosier Hot Shots, ***Rural Rhythm (1935–1942)*** (Columbia): If you can admit to yourself that you want to hear four novelty-mad stooges from before you were born sing *I Like Bananas (Because They Have No Bones)*, then you won't be sorry.

DAVE MARSH

Leonard Cohen is a veteran Canadian poet whose métier is romanticism and despair. David Baerwald is a journeyman songwriter whose home turf is Hollywood's fin de siècle demimonde. Neneh Cherry is a young record maker who mingles dance-club life and melodic domesticity. Strangely enough, these three have much in common.

On ***The Future*** (Columbia), Cohen intones some of his more notably pessimistic aphorisms. "I've seen the future, brother, and it is murder," he declares, and that's no metaphor. He convincingly portrays the pursuit of democracy as man's most dangerous pastime and signs off with *Always*, in which he treats Irving Berlin's sentimental favorite with a blues guitar and a voice like Bob Dylan's. He's seen the future, all right. It not only doesn't work, it gives him a cold chill straight up the spine. In Los Angeles, Baerwald observes trendies and impostors performing maneuvers of social self-destruction that he terms ***Triage*** (A&M). He's never sounded more like

©1993 B&W T Co.

YOU KNOW IT.

KOOL

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
David Baerwald *Triage*	7	6	6	7	7
Circus of Power *Magic & Madness*	4	7	6	5	6
Des'ree *Mind Adventures*	3	8	8	8	8
The Goats *Tricks of the Shade*	9	6	6	8	8
Living Colour *Stain*	8	5	8	7	7

BY THE TIME I GET TO WOODSTOCK DEPARTMENT: Mark your calendars, all you bell-bottom-wearing, psychedelic-loving air-guitar players: Officials in Bethel, New York have given preliminary approval for a 1994 celebration concert of Woodstock's 25th anniversary. Promoters expect a crowd of 100,000. We predict rain.

REELING AND ROCKING: Rapper **Too Short** makes an appearance on *Menace to Society*. . . . **Phil Collins** has joined the HBO cast of *And the Band Played On*, the story of how AIDS spread to the U.S., starring **Richard Gere, Anjelica Huston** and **Matthew Modine**. . . . **Whitney Houston, Vanessa Williams** and **Jennifer Holliday** are among the actress-singers being considered for the film version of the Broadway hit *Dreamgirls* to be directed by **Frank Oz**. . . . **Sonic Youth's** documentary *1991: The Year Punk Broke* also features **Nirvana, Ramones, Dinosaur Jr.** and **Babes in Toyland.**

NEWSBREAKS: ABC TV's *In Concert* continues through June but is reduced to a half hour from an hour. ABC will continue to air 90-minute music specials as well. . . . **Vince Neil's** swimsuit line is called Exposure. . . . The **Jackson** family's company has broken ground on a Las Vegas entertainment complex to open in 1995. It will include a recording studio, a nightclub and a wedding chapel. . . . **John Fogerty** is recording his first LP in six years. . . . **Malcolm X's** daughter **Gamilah Shabazz** is working on an album to be called *Rated X*. . . . **Depeche Mode's** LP is scheduled for release any day. *Violator* came out back in 1990. . . . **Mariah Carey** is seriously considering her first tour. . . . We usually don't go nuts about pay-per-view, but we liked the all-star 30th-anniversary **Bob Dylan** celebration so much that we watched parts of it two or three times (**Clapton** and **Eddie Vedder** come to mind). If you missed it, PBS plans to air it during spring pledge week. Go get a blank tape. . . . **P.M. Dawn,** who have a song in **Chris Rock's** rapumentary *Cell Block Four*, also have an LP coming out. . . . **Smokey Robinson** is introducing an interactive computer-based version of the piano-teaching system called the Miracle in conjunction with Software Toolworks. . . . It's been a long time, but **Boyz II Men** are (at last) back in the studio. . . . **Marvin Gaye** was feted at the annual International Music Convention in Cannes. Gaye's daughter **Nona** was among the performers, and a television special of the concert was produced, we hope, for broadcast in the U.S. In another Gaye note: Son **Marvin III** and band **Nubreed** have a record contract. . . . **Randy Newman** has written a musical based on the legend of Faust and has already taped performances by **Elton John, Bonnie Raitt, Linda Ronstadt** and **James Taylor.** Newman is doing some of the music on his tour and hopes to get it produced off-Broadway. . . . The July release of the Greenpeace LP will include songs by the **B-52s, U2, R.E.M., Public Enemy** and **Annie Lennox** on the first disc to be recorded and mixed using solar energy. . . . The **Dead's Bob Weir** and **Taj Mahal** are developing a theater piece about baseball great **Satchel Paige**. . . . When **Thelonious Monster** drummer **Pete Weiss** married model **Stacey Lowe, Perry Farrell** gave the bride away and **Flea** was the best man. And in a lovely but nontraditional touch, Flea caught the bridal bouquet. . . . Finally, under the heading "Is it only rock and roll?" First bro **Roger Clinton** has signed a contract with Atlantic records. Look for his debut LP sometime this spring.

—BARBARA NELLIS

the Nineties answer to Steely Dan—except on the final three songs (culminating in the desperate *Born for Love*), which render Springsteen's *Nebraska* as it might look while driving by the boutiques on Melrose Avenue. Cherry, a Swedish American singing from London, would like to sell herself as an apostle of neo-hippie positivity, and sometimes the swell of her post–*Buffalo Stance* dance rhythms almost pulls it off. ***Homebrew*** (Virgin) sounds more convincing when her electro-hip-hop beats become wistful and evocative, as on *Peace in Mind*. Which goes to show that even though trends may come and go, musicians with vision find common ground.

FAST CUTS: Paris, ***Sleeping with the Enemy*** (Scarface): This LP was rejected by Time Warner for threatening George Bush's life while using his own sound bites. It'll make your average liberal cringe.

NELSON GEORGE

My shorthand description of Des'ree is Anita Baker meets Tracy Chapman. Not that she's the vocal match of the balladeer or as intensely personal as the folksy songwriter. But this black British vocalist manages to suggest the best qualities of both on her debut LP, ***Mind Adventures*** (Epic).

This ten-song collection is marked by spirited soul singing and lyrics of quiet introspection rarely found in R&B. Throughout *Mind Adventures*, there is a desire to communicate real intimacy as opposed to romantic clichés. The funky title track, the passionate song *Mama Please Don't Cry* and the deceptively happy *Stand on My Own Ground* are among the gems here.

FAST CUTS: Chic, ***The Best of Chic, Volume 2*** (Rhino/Atlantic): This is an unusual collection in that most of the tracks were not hits. The first volume, *Dance, Dance, Dance*, covered major successes such as *Le Freak* and *Good Times*, though these were released after the group's critical peak. Any fan of Chic will be happy to have a CD that includes *Rebels Are We, At Last I Am Free* and *Tavern on the Green.*

Lesette Wilson, ***Unmasked*** (Atlantic): Mellow is one of the most despised words in the lexicon. In a culture obsessed with the hard, the raw and the uncooked, mellow is viewed as some kind of disease. It may be a mixed blessing to describe Lesette Wilson's *Unmasked* as mellow. But this hardworking keyboardist-arranger-producer-songwriter has created one of those brunch and brie collections that is hard to review but pleasant to hear. A title like *Spanish Daydream* gives you a sense of Wilson's musical textures.

STYLE

FISHY FASHION

The fishing vest is the fashion catch of the season, so to speak. When worn over a light flannel shirt, a T-shirt or alone, it looks great and is functional, with plenty of pockets for all your stash. Two of our favorite styles, a nylon mesh/cotton vest ($195) and one made of washed canvas ($185), come from the DKNY men's collection by Donna Karan. Willis & Geiger offers a tan-colored cotton-poplin fly vest ($196).

Columbia Sportswear's five fishing-vest variations (including the one shown here) are available in regular and super sizes ($40 to $100), while Woolrich Classics' 11 styles are made of all cotton or cotton and polyester in shades such as navy, brick, slate, dark green and tan. Polo by Ralph Lauren's bright red and blue vests are less traditional in color but equally practical, as they're made of a water-resistant coated microfiber. And Wathne, an upscale catalog company with clothing and gear for the great outdoors, offers three fishing vests—one in natural suede ($630), one in oilcloth ($350) and one made of canvas ($295). All are keepers.

JEANS SCENE

If you think nothing could come between you and your five-pocket denim jeans, get this: The popular pant style is now available in other fabrics. If you're into Sixties chic, for example, the Island Trading Company has a great selection of lightweight cotton-sheeting jeans in bold ethnic prints ($120). For a refined alternative to khaki, the J.O.E. collection by Joseph Abboud includes washed-linen jeans in oatmeal, green and three shades of blue ($95). French Connection offers a more rugged take on linen with its washed five-pocket hopsack-linen jeans in indigo, sand and black ($85). Hopsack, while rough-looking, is actually soft to the touch and extremely comfortable. So is heather-knit fleece, the fabric that designer Michael Kors used in his new five-pocket pants ($125). Prefer something smooth and sleek? Men Go Silk's luxurious cotton-and-silk jeans ($165) come in indigo and antique black.

HOT SHOPPING: APRIL IN PARIS

To the French, shopping is practically an art form. They've even opened an upscale shopping mall under the Louvre Museum. At street level, these great places are the ones to invest in. Jean Paul Gaultier (6 Rue Vivienne): Home base for fashion's bad boy, this place features clothing and crowds that are equally hot. • Loft (12 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré): Best place to get boxers and oxford-cloth shirts. • Charvet (28 Place Vendôme): The most prestigious place for custom-made shirts. • Bastille Optic (38 Rue de la Roquette): The site for trendy designer specs. • Angelina (226 Rue de Rivoli): Top models stop by this tearoom for a caffeine-and-sugar rush. • Paraboot (9 Rue de Grenelle): Boot supplier to the French army, with hip styles at affordable prices.

CLOTHES LINE

When **Eric Karros** joined the Los Angeles Dodgers as a first baseman, he was ready to play ball—not step up to the fashion plate. But the 1992 National League Rookie of the Year learned quickly. "When you travel with a team," he says, "you have to be dressed." Fortunately, veteran pitcher Roger McDowell came to Karros' rescue with a big-league shopping spree. "Roger bought me my first Armani suit, plus two ties and crocodile shoes by Fratelli Rossetti," Karros says. Since then, he has upped his fashion average by adding a Hugo Boss suit and a few more Armanis. "Now I get to help a new player," he says. "It's an unwritten code."

GOOD SCENTS

In the game of sexual attraction, it's not enough to look good. You have to smell good, too. That's why we went to those who are in the nose (namely, our female staff) to find out what men's fragrances they favor. Here's a whiff: *Romeo Gigli per uomo*, a subtle organic scent that comes in a sleek industrial bottle (3.4 ounces, $65). . . . *Versus*, a cool, citrusy spice cologne by Gianni Versace (3.4-ounce splash, $46). . . . *Safari for Men*, a masculine, woodsy scent from Ralph Lauren, which comes in a cut-glass decanter (4.2-ounce spray, $48.50). . . . *Joop Homme*, a sophisticated floral from Europe (4.2-ounce spray, $55). . . . *New West* (3.4-ounce skin scent, $38) and *Cool Water* (4.2-ounce spray, $55), two crisp, clean scents for outdoor types from Aramis and Davidoff.

MARTIN HOTTMAN

STYLEMETER

SPRING COATS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Baseball and boating jackets; car coats; fabrics with waxed or rubberized finishes	Multichained biker jackets; silk; anything acid-washed
DETAILS	Reversible jackets; hoods; wood toggles and heavy metal hardware; big pockets	Wide-knit waistbands and wrist cuffs; scenic screen prints; puffy quilting; contrast stitching
COLORS	Classic shades such as navy, green or red; bright ones such as yellow or safety orange	Easter-egg pastels; acid brights; any color named after a salad fixing

Where & How to Buy on page 175.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IN 1983 Robert Mason wrote a powerful memoir of the Vietnam war, *Chickenhawk*, which vividly recalled his combat experiences as a helicopter pilot. The epilog of that best-seller offered, with no explanation, the jarring note that he had been arrested for smuggling marijuana. Now, in ***Chickenhawk: Back in the World*** (Viking), Mason tells the story of his transition from the jungles of Vietnam to civilian life in 1966. His difficulty making that transition landed him in jail.

At first glance, he had it easier than most. Mason returned home to a job instructing new pilots at the U.S. Army Primary Helicopter School at Fort Wolters, Texas, but nightmares plagued his sleep. Dizzy spells, diagnosed as combat neurosis, forced him into a desk job. Discharged from the Army, he went back to school at the University of Florida but dropped out.

Down on his luck—his Vietnam memoir was rejected by many publishers—Mason decided to crew on a boat smuggling marijuana from Colombia. The voyage began as sort of an adventurous lark. They picked up 3500 pounds of marijuana without a hitch but were busted by Customs just outside their U.S. rendezvous point. Mason was sentenced to five years in Eglin Federal Prison at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida.

The second half of the book is a peculiar kind of prison memoir, peculiar because Eglin is the minimum-security prison where Bob Haldeman and one of Maryland's ex-governors did time and because Mason's detailed descriptions of prison life and his changing mental states during those 20 months in jail are fascinating.

In Eglin he was greeted by the warden as a "high-profile prisoner" because *Chickenhawk* had finally been published. A few months later he was featured in *People* magazine. Within a year he was on the *New York Times* best-seller list and pulling in $200,000 in royalty payments. But each day his real life consisted of running a supply room for the prison commissary.

Once out of prison, Mason wrote a science-fiction novel, *Weapon*, and this sequel to *Chickenhawk*. Much more than a cautionary tale about marijuana smuggling, *Chickenhawk: Back in the World* is the story of one vet's postwar agony told eloquently and unsentimentally.

In time for opening day comes a first novel about baseball, ***Sometimes You See It Coming*** (Crown), by Kevin Baker, which contains some of the best play-by-play game descriptions we've ever read. Ostensibly the life of John Barr, a fictional right fielder and power hitter for the New York Mets, this book is an offbeat search for the deeper meaning of the game. The Old Swizzlehead, a.k.a. Rapid Ricky Falls, is the black veteran who follows Barr's rise to stardom from his first appearance in the locker room in Hell's Gate, West Virginia in the minors. As he tells this tale with innumerable laconic digressions, he offers a short course on baseball lore.

RON VILLANI

Chickenhawk is *Back in the World*.

A Vietnam vet's postwar agony, a Gulf war chronicle and vampire lore.

In addition to its insider baseball anecdotes, *Sometimes You See It Coming* is filled with zany humor. In one hysterically funny chapter, Eileen the Bullpen Queen causes such major distractions by granting favors to the entire team in the bullpen during a game that the bewildered coach has difficulty keeping nine men on the field.

In ***Martyrs' Day: Chronicle of a Small War*** (Random House), Michael Kelly writes: "The Gulf war was an experience disconnected from itself, conducted with such speed and at such distances and with so few witnesses that it was, even for many of the people involved, an abstraction." But Kelly's riveting eyewitness account of this war and its repercussions is impressively concrete. He records the smell of the streets, the bizarre variety of foods, the attitudes of people still working in the markets, the look of corpses in a Kuwaiti morgue. Traveling without the restrictions of the official press corps, Kelly courageously drove across the desert in a four-wheel-drive Nissan Safari, talking with people at the ground level of the war, from Tel Aviv to Baghdad. His dispatches for *The New Republic* and *The Boston Globe* won awards, and this vivid and immediate journal of his experiences brings the war and all its horrors alive again.

Finally, it's a long way from Vlad the Impaler to Anne Rice's Vampire Lestat—or is it? In ***The Essential Dracula: The Definitive Annotated Edition of Bram Stoker's Classic Novel*** (Plume), editor Leonard Wolf offers the complete 1897 text, plus a running commentary on this seminal and sanguine literary figure. His scholarship helps illuminate the murkier aspects of Stoker's 19th century prose while referring to both the historical figure on whom Dracula is based and the lore that has grown up around him.

BOOK BAG

The Baby Train: And Other Lusty Urban Legends (Norton), by Jan Harold Brunvand: In his fifth book of urban legends, the Utah folklorist once again reveals the power of a good story and the network that keeps it alive and changing.

How to Succeed in Business Without Lying, Cheating or Stealing (Pocket), by Jack Nadel: A handbook of business nuggets designed to help you make millions without compromising your ideals.

The Reagan Presidency: An Actor's Finest Performance (Hippocrene), by Wilbur Edel: A careful analysis of Reagan's public record leads this author to the conclusion that America's 40th president was "the biggest fraud ever to occupy the White House."

Rooster Crows at Light from the Bombing: Echoes from the Gulf War (Inroads), edited by Anthony Signorelli and Paul MacAdam: An intense collection of poems and essays that expands our understanding of the war.

The USA Today Golf Atlas (Simon & Schuster), edited by f-stop Fitzgerald and Will Balliett: The first geographical guide to 50 top public and private courses across the country. Maps detail layouts of each hole, water hazards, tees and greens.

For Better, for Worse (Doubleday), by Susan Squire: Journalist Squire debunks the myth of euphoric parenthood by following five couples through pregnancy and the babies' first year. A candid take on how children change marriage.

In the Presence of Enemies (St. Martin's), by William J. Coughlin: A taut legal thriller focused on a billionaire banking tycoon's death. The banker leaves control of his fortune to his beautiful second wife, and her stepchildren contest the will. The late Coughlin, a former judge, knew his stuff.

THE STOLAR SYSTEM.

STOLI®

THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

GIFT DELIVERY 1-(800)-238-4373 40% ALC. BY VOL. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. MONSIEUR HENRI WINES, LTD., WHITE PLAINS, NY

ON FEBRUARY 5, 1992 ALL OTHER BOOTS BECAME OBSOLETE.

That's the day revolutionary Wolverine DuraShocks® hit the market. With the patented compression pad system on the sole that delivers comfort like no other boots in existence. DuraShocks® technology combines the Bounce® sole which works as a

shock absorber to cushion the foot and a foam footbed with a unique polymer heel pad to absorb the shock of impact. Lightweight, durable and Guaranteed Comfort or your money back. That's American made technology like nothing else on earth.

For a Free Video on DuraShocks® and the Dealer nearest you Call **1-800-543-BOOT.**

Then see for yourself why Wolverine DuraShocks® make all other boots history. *Available in oxfords, 6", 8", wellingtons and steel toes.*

WOLVERINE®
DURASHOCKS®

©1992 Wolverine World Wide, Inc., Rockford, MI 49351

MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

MALE BASHING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

The geniuses on Madison Avenue (men, mostly) have discovered that to sell products to women, it helps to attack men. Look at the male-bashing copy on this ad for the Bodyslimmers undergarment: "While you don't necessarily dress for men, it doesn't hurt, on occasion, to see one drool like the pathetic dog that he is." Laundry, a line of women's clothing, has launched a series of billboards featuring antagonistic quotes from women such as Margaret Thatcher: "If you want anything said, ask a man; if you want anything done, ask a woman." Even Lady Reebok finishes off one of its ads with, "Occasionally, I even listen to men. But I trust women." Jack Kliger, the publisher of *Glamour*, a magazine that runs many of these ads, loves male bashing. "Women view these ads as representative of a realistic voice," he drooled, perhaps like a pathetic dog. "Response has been overwhelmingly positive."

THE G SPOT

Here's today's oddest health fact: Astronauts and Air Force "top guns" are far more likely to father girls than boys. Researcher Dr. Bert Little at the University of Texas' Southwestern Medical Center theorizes that exposure to high g-force conditions is the cause.

WHERE THE GRRRLS ARE

Watch out: The Riot Grrrls are pissed off—and they have combat boots and grunge music to prove it. The Grrrls, a growing network of 14- to 25-year-old women, are cultivating an alternative brand of feminism through punk bands, discussion groups and about 100 homemade fanzines. Like their role models Courtney Love (lead singer of the all-girl band Hole), who isn't a Riot Grrrl, and Kathleen Hanna (former stripper and member of the band Bikini Kill), who is, the Grrrls are brash, sexy and blunt. They've appropriated negative stereotypes in an effort to turn them into symbols of power. At their convention last year, nubile participants strolled Washington, D.C. streets with SLUT, PUSSY, BITCH and WHORE written on their bare midriffs, arms and ankles. But it's the fanzines, with names such as *Crumbly Lil Bunny*, *Plagiaristic Tendencies* and *Satan Wears a Bra*, that give the Riot Grrrls nationwide appeal. The zines tell Grrrls about the latest all-girl bands, serve up typical Grrrl think pieces ("Death to All Fucker Punk Boys Who Refuse to Acknowledge the Girl Punk Revolution" is our favorite) and promote vegetarianism, kindness to animals and the joys of a drug-free life (which gives them something in common with Nancy Rrrrgan). A true zine passion: disseminating techniques for creating mosh pits safe for women. When the pits go coed, you'll know the Grrrls have won.

GUYS AND DOWELS

We're modern men. We're more open with our emotions, closer to our kids, better educated and more technically sophisticated than our dads, right? Then why do we feel so inferior?

The answer: We're incompetent. We have the big skills (we can close escrow) but not the little ones (we can't build a birdhouse). Dad can; he knows it and we know it. Here are some other differences:

DAD	MODERN MAN
Turned garage into meticulous workshop	Can find his only screwdriver in less than 30 minutes
Tunes his own car	Pumps own gas if pressed for time
Caught fish for every meal during family camping trip	Watched *Bassmasters* once but couldn't follow jargon
Built the basement rec room	Tried to hang fake Tiffany lamps by nailing into acoustical tile
Knows how to fix a broken bicycle	Knows, in theory, how a dog is fixed
Showed son how to throw a curve	Still can't beat his son at any Nintendo game except Tetris
Carves holiday turkey	Severed fingertip slicing kohlrabi
Was thrilled to get Heathkit radio	Already bored by limited choices from satellite dish
Was deacon at church	Became mail-order minister to beat the draft
Good with hands	Good with mouth

MICHAEL EISNER'S SHOPPING LIST

When Disney chief Michael Eisner became the first top-level exec to exercise his stock options and avoid the specter of a Clinton tax hike, he made a cool $197.5 million. Since a dollar doesn't go as far as it used to, we found five sensible ways for Mike to spend his new cash surplus.

(1) An expansion baseball team (plus stadium and land).

(2) A copy of every CD ever made (including box sets) and a really good sound system.

(3) 3657 BMW 740is with extended warranties.

(4) A 40,000-acre island in the Caribbean.

(5) 39,898,989 copies of this issue of PLAYBOY (which would give us a very good month) or, if he's too busy to hit the newsstand, a subscription through the year 6591916, by which time we should have finally landed that elusive pictorial of the Gore daughters.

LIP SERVICE

"There is no more potent weapon in any profession than a woman with a feminine exterior and a will of steel, and I defy you to find one man who will disagree."

—FEDERAL JUDGE MARYANNE TRUMP BARRY

"Homelessness is a women's issue because many women are just one man away from being homeless themselves."

—FEMINIST LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

"A man without things to do is not a man."

—LUTHER, A NEWSSTAND ATTENDANT IN *Slim's Table*

"Marriage is, remember, a male institution. Men created it, and men like it. Men need marriage more than women do and suffer far more profoundly outside it."

—AUTHOR DALMA HEYN

"A man doesn't automatically get my respect. He has to get down in the dirt and beg for it."

—JACK HANDEY IN *Deep Thoughts*

"Most men are untidy, sloppy, slouchy, tardy and immature."

—SINGER SUZANNE RHATIGAN

WOULD YOU DATE A FEMINIST? DO YOU LIKE CONNIE CHUNG? ARE YOU FAITHFUL? CALL THE *MANTRACK* SURVEY LINE TODAY

The PLAYBOY *Mantrack* Survey Line is your chance to let the world know how you feel about important issues affecting men. Every *Mantrack* feature will have a new group of questions. To take part in this month's poll, just call 900-869-8722—the cost is only 75 cents per minute—and a PLAYBOY Playmate will tell you how to register your opinion. Remember: You must be 18 years or older and use a touch-tone phone. The average length of each call is three minutes. PLAYBOY operates the *Mantrack* Survey Line as a service to our readers—the price is low to give you an easy, inexpensive way to sound off. Be sure to look for poll results in forthcoming issues.

This month's survey tackles a broad range of subjects. When you call the *Mantrack* Survey Line, you'll get to answer questions about feminism and how if affects your life. You'll also be asked to rate the TV newspeople and to tell us if you're faithful to your loved one (and what happens when you're not).

FEMINISM

(1) How does feminism affect your dating habits? Are you more or less likely to date a woman who describes herself as a feminist?

(2) How has feminism affected your personal life? Has its effect been positive or negative or somewhere in between?

(3) Women have many organizations, such as the National Organization for Women, that represent their causes. Do men need similar organizations?

RATING THE TV NEWSPEOPLE

(1) Who do you think is the best male TV news anchor? Is it Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw or Peter Jennings? Or do you think none of them compares with Walter Cronkite?

(2) Who would be best advised to wear a hat while on the air? Ted Koppel, Sam Donaldson, Irving R. Levine or Gene Shalit?

(3) Who's your choice for the first full-time female anchor of a network newscast? Connie Chung, Diane Sawyer, Catherine Crier or Jane Pauley?

(4) Who asks the silliest questions? Barbara Walters, Larry King, John McLaughlin or Maria Shriver?

ARE YOU FAITHFUL?

(1) Have you ever had an affair while you were involved in a relationship that was supposed to be monogamous? If you did, why? Was it lust, boredom, revenge or simply an error in judgment?

(2) What happened to your primary relationship as a result of your affair? Are you still together? Did you break up because of the affair? Did you break up for other reasons?

(3) What happened to your affair? Is it still going on? Did it end while your primary relationship was still going on? After?

(4) How often do you have affairs? Never? Rarely? Sometimes? Frequently?

A Product of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Chicago, IL 60611

"ONE DAY MOTHER MADE US CHANGE OUR SHORTS THREE TIMES."

—Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

Mother Gert Boyle, Chairman

I distinctly remember thinking "Finally, something my mother can't possibly find fault with. A nice, simple pair of lightweight shorts. They don't even have a fly, for heaven's sake."

Wrong. First she tore into the waistband. "It needs a dash of color–put in a belt," she barked. Then the inseam. "It's as obvious as the nose on your face. Add 1/4 inch." Then she had us zip the back pocket. And make the shorts bigger and blousier. Use double pleats instead of single. She even challenged the very fabric of the shorts. "We came up with Perfecta Cloth™ to be the most comfortable and durable nylon around. Now use it!"

Whidbey Shorts™

What can I say? My mother's always right. Or else.

Columbia Sportswear Company

6600 N. Baltimore, Portland, OR 97203. For the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-MA-BOYLE. In Canada, 1-503-295-8000.

GUEST OPINION

BY PETE HAMILL

Of this we can be certain: Madonna is the greatest artistic force of the AIDS generation. As a sex symbol, she is all we have, but she is a lot more than that. It doesn't matter that she can't sing very well, that she's an ordinary dancer, that there are many women of more refined beauty. She is the triumphant mistress of her medium: the sexual imagination. In an age when real sex can lead to horror and death, here is Madonna—reckless, bawdy, laughing and offering us all the consolation of outrageous illusions.

In almost every version of her public self, Madonna appears as a fearless sexual adventurer, sharing sex with strangers, colliding with rough trade, risking pain or humiliation to break through to pleasure beyond all conventional frontiers. With music, dance and, above all, image, she challenges organized religion, the middle class that spawned her, political hypocrisies and what George Orwell called "the smelly little orthodoxies." Follow me, ye weak of heart, she says. Up ahead lies the big O! Nirvana! Fearless fucking! Just roll the dice.

SEX IN THE AGE OF ILLUSION

What saves this performance from preposterous narcissism is a simple corrective: There's a wink in the act. While Madonna presents her latest illusion, a hint of a smile tells us that we shouldn't take any of it too seriously. She always hedges her bet with camp, elegant caricature and a style appropriated from the gay underworld on the eve of AIDS.

That style was part of the exuberant rush that accompanied gay liberation, when the doors of many closets flew open and out came leather and chains and whips, every variety of mask, anonymous multiple couplings and a self-conscious insistence on sex as performance. Before she became a star, Madonna moved through that world in New York. Today she presents it as a glossy nostalgia, tempered with irony and served up to everyone from suburban teenagers to aging baby boomers. They all seem to love it.

Without that ironic wink, of course, she would be as square as Jesse Helms. But Madonna is hip to something huge: AIDS made sexual freedom a ghastly joke. At the point where the sexual revolution had triumphed for everyone, the most ferocious sexually transmitted disease of the century arrived, wearing a death's-head from some medieval woodcut. Every artist was forced to confront it, just as 19th century artists were hammered into dealing with syphilis. Some artistic responses to AIDS were moving and tragic; too many were runny with self-pity. But Madonna came roaring into the room in a spirit of defiance. She would not go gentle into that good night.

But she also knew that the only completely safe sex is the sex you can imagine—that is, an illusion. If you can't have something you desire with every atom of your flesh and blood, you must be content with a gorgeous counterfeit. That insight became the armature of her work. And she elaborated on it with a shrewd understanding of sexual psychology: The most reliable erogenous zone is the human mind, and the libido feeds on images, not ideas.

Like Michael Jackson, Madonna vaulted to stardom with videos, a form thick with imagery that sometimes triumphs over the banality of lyrics. Jackson's images were charged with rage, Madonna's with frank and open carnality. But as the Eighties went on, as the graves filled with the young dead, as AIDS defied a cure, Madonna's images became more obviously infused with a dark comic spirit. It was as if she were saying: I know this is a lie and you know this is a lie, but it's all we have.

This surrender to illusion is at once daring and sad. Most American performers spend their careers trying to convince us that their lies are the truth. Madonna is braver than most and more original: She says openly that her lies are lies. She asks you only to admire the form of the lies. This was itself a breakthrough for a pop artist. Until Madonna, the basic task of any performer was to persuade the audience to suspend its disbelief. Frank Sinatra or Billie Holiday wanted us to believe that their grieving lyrics and aching tones expressed the pain and hurt of the performers themselves. A millionaire such as Mick Jagger wanted us to believe he was a working-class hero or a street fighting man. But Madonna says something else. Don't suspend your disbelief, she implies. Disbelief is the basic point.

I went to the publication party for her book, *Sex*, and, like the book, the party was a celebration of the counterfeit. Scattered around Industria, the city's hottest photo studio, were many extraliterary diversions: actresses dressed as nuns pretending to offer blasphemous pleasures; peroxide blond androids languidly flogging each other with strips of licorice; black dancers in chains and leather; writhing gym-toned bodies; many undulating bellies; much bumping and grinding. Everything, in short, except actual fucking. And that, of course, was the point: This wasn't real and the audience knew it wasn't real.

Madonna's video *Erotica* was playing continually, shot in the grainy black-and-white style of Forties porno films. But it wasn't a real porno film. It was fake porno. Ah, yes: I remember Paris. The Germans wore gray and you wore nothing. Nostalgia remains the most powerful of all American emotions.

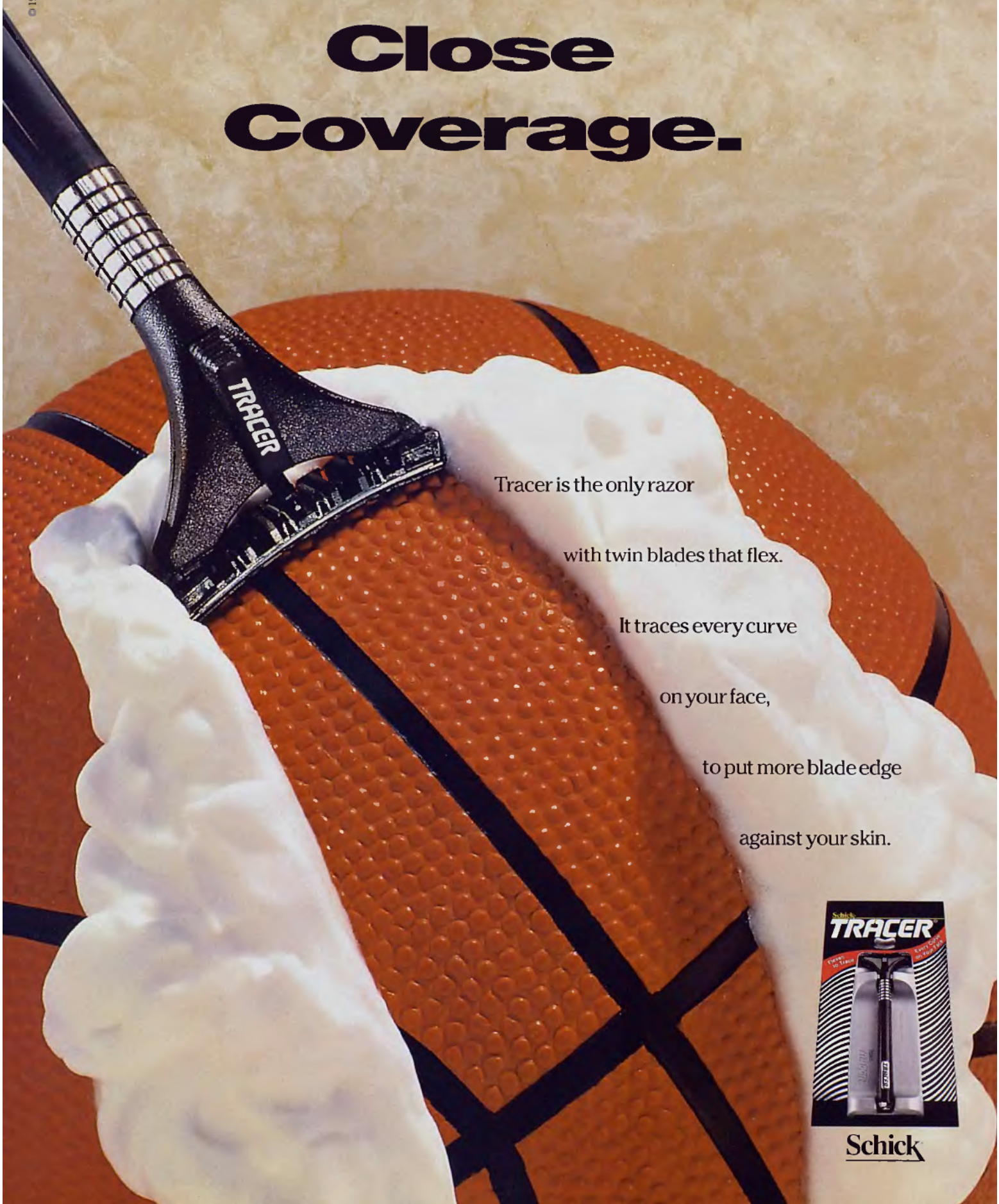
Sex went on to become the number-one best-seller in the nation, assisted by the hype but also driven by the genius of Madonna. And that might tell us something about America.

Books have taught us that love is an illusion but sex is real. For millions of Americans, that old formulation appears to have been reversed. You can experience love, but anything more than the illusion of sex is too dangerous. The possibility of death is always a marvelous corrective to human behavior. But if such an immense change is, in fact, under way, its poster girl is Madonna. Sometimes life really does imitate art.

Pete Hamill is author of "Tokyo Sketches," a book of short stories.

© 1992 Warner-Lambert Co.

At Last. Close Coverage.



Tracer is the only razor

with twin blades that flex.

It traces every curve

on your face,

to put more blade edge

against your skin.

Schick

MEN

By ASA BABER

It is the end of a long and busy day, but you feel good. You got to the office before anybody else, spent another day in the professional jungle and survived with some grace, came home, fixed the leaky faucet, washed dishes and took out the garbage. Now it's time for bed.

You turn on the television set in the bedroom, hop under the covers and wait. Then you wait some more. Finally, you decide that you have waited long enough, because Mr. Happy is hungry and he could use a midnight snack.

"Honey," you call. "Time for bed."

You hear nothing.

You know that silence at this strategic moment is not a good sign. It usually means that there will be no nookie from your favorite cookie.

You get out of bed and shuffle down the hall. "Honey?" you call again.

She is not in the bathroom. She is not in the study. She is not in the linen closet. She is not in the laundry hamper. So where is she?

There she is. In the living room. Watching TV. With the lights out.

This, too, is not a good sign.

She is watching one of those daytime talk shows that she tapes and reruns late at night when she is pissed at you. It's called negative reinforcement.

You know that you will see Oprah or Phil or Geraldo or Sally or Jerry or Jenny or Regis or Kathy or Joan or Faith or Sonya on the screen, and that the subjects they discuss sometimes seem loaded against men.

You sit beside her and try to put your arm around her. She moves away from you quickly.

"Honey, what's wrong?" you ask.

"Don't call me honey," she says coldly. "I want to watch this."

"I thought we——"

"I know what you thought," she says. "Just let me watch this."

You know what that means. You are about to be told for the 10,000th time that men are fuck-ups and women are victims. You also know that there will be no attention for Mr. Happy.

The subject on the boob tube this evening is called the Chore Wars. It is about how useless men are around the house. Housewives and career women, professors and sociologists and lawyers, even the studio audience, lament the worthless American male.

DAN YACCARINO

SEX AND THE CHORE WARS

They use fancy words, but their message is simple. The male is a lazy bum who never does his share of the housework. He ruins relationships through slothfulness and lack of concern.

Clichés dominate the discussion: It is claimed that only five to ten percent of men do any work at all around the house. Domestic labor is still supposedly women's work. Guys are described as incredible slobs who never clean a toilet or wash a dish. Men, it's said, don't see dirt. Men aren't trained to clean anything. Men couldn't fold a sheet if their lives depended on it. And it is all supported by official-sounding studies and doctoral dissertations and government statistics.

The deadly rhetoric about male ineffectiveness at home pours into your living room like a poisonous gas.

Your significant other gloats in triumph while she continues to stew in her anger. Once again, the gender gap runs like a fault line down the middle of your living-room floor.

At this unsettling moment in time, good reader, what can you say to defend yourself? As the earthquake rumbles and the evening crumbles, is there any argument in favor of the poor male in his own home? Or are we really as thoughtless as the experts portray us?

You might try making some of the following observations. I am not saying this approach will get you laid. I am saying that we need antidotes to the poison we are all being fed about ourselves:

Statistics suck. Statistics are no substitute for good judgment. And statistics can be easily manipulated to support any argument. When you are told, for example, that only five percent of the men in America do any significant work around the house, remember that most of our gender research today is in its infancy. It is also often in the hands of propagandists and intellectual lightweights. Don't let the pseudoscientists fool you. Our daily lives have not been accurately quantified or analyzed. There are lies, damned lies and statistics. We are surrounded by all three.

Definitions suck. Just listen to the bickering that goes on about men and women and housework. How do we define work? How do we define chore? How do we define leisure time? You would think that domestic life was nothing but a sociology seminar. So put it like this: If you rake leaves and clean gutters and mow the lawn and fix the car and order a computer for your home, you have done some domestic drudgery. You have paid some dues. And no Ph.D. or market researcher can erase that fact. The so-called experts will define your life out of existence if you let them. Don't let them.

Today's most erroneous assumption: "I have worked too hard and I am exhausted. This means that someone else in my home has not worked hard enough and is taking it easy." As I have said many times, we are now a nation of workaholics and debtors. We get less sleep, less peace and less recovery time than any generation in history. So let's lighten up and understand that everybody has too much to do.

I need a maid, you need a maid. I need a chauffeur and a masseuse and a butler and an office manager and a secretary and a bodyguard and a tax advisor and a court jester to brighten my day. So do you. But if I am living with you, I have no right to demand that you be all of those things for me. And vice versa.

Look, we're all fucked. Men and women. So let's work together to change things. If not for ourselves, then for Mr. and Ms. Happy's sake, OK?

NICOTROL™

THE FIRST NICOTINE PATCH AMERICA WEARS ONLY WHILE AWAKE

The waking-hours nicotine patch that's used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program*

When you're ready to become a nonsmoker, ask your doctor about NICOTROL—the waking-hours nicotine patch that's used as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. Available only by prescription, NICOTROL is indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. But NICOTROL is the only nicotine patch specifically developed to be worn during your waking hours and then removed at bedtime. Plus, only NICOTROL offers the additional aid of materials developed by Smoke Stoppers®.

Ask your doctor how NICOTROL can help you achieve your goal and more comfortably become a nonsmoker. For more information, call: 1-800-227-1616. Please see next page for additional important information.

**NICOTROL was specifically developed to be worn only during waking hours and then removed at bedtime.*

From Parke-Davis as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program

NICOTROL™
(NICOTINE TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM)
Systemic delivery of 15mg/day over 16 hours

You should stop smoking completely before using NICOTROL. Do *not* smoke or use other nicotine-containing products while under treatment with NICOTROL. Because this product, like cigarettes, contains nicotine, yon should discuss with your docter other ways te quit smoking if yon are pregnant or nursing (nicotine can harm your baby) or if you have cardiovascular disease. If you are taking any prescription medications or are under a doctor's care for any condition, you should discuss with your docter the potential risks ef using this product. There may be other risks associated with the use ef this product. Do not use this product for more than 5 continuous months.

© 1992 Warner-Lambert Company

PD-113-JA-7779-A3(122)

From Parke-Davis as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program

NICOTROL™
(NICOTINE TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM)

Systemic delivery of 15mg/day over 16 hours

Dosing and administration

Apply one NICOTROL patch upon awakening and remove at bedtime

Dose*	Duration
Start: NICOTROL™ 15 mg/day	4-12 weeks
Step-down: 10 mg/day	2-4 weeks
Step-down: 5 mg/day	2-4 weeks

***The recommended dosage is 12 weeks (8-2-2).**

For more information, call 1-800-284-8118

Nicotrol™ (nicotine transdermal system)

Systemic delivery of 15, 10, or 5 mg/day over 16 hours. Before prescribing, please see full prescribing information. A Brief Summary follows. INDICATIONS AND USAGE Nicotrol systems, applied while patients are awake, are indicated as an aid to smoking cessation for the relief of nicotine withdrawal symptoms. Nicotrol therapy is recommended for use as part of a comprehensive behavioral smoking cessation program. The use of Nicotrol systems beyond 5 months has not been studied. **CONTRAINDICATIONS** Use of Nicotrol systems is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity or allergy to nicotine or to any component of Nicotrol transdermal systems. **WARNINGS** Nicotine from any source can be toxic and addictive. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may adversely affect the fetus and the pregnant woman. For any smoker, with or without concomitant disease or pregnancy, the risk of nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program should be weighed against the hazard of continued smoking while using Nicotrol systems and the likelihood of achieving cessation of smoking without nicotine replacement. **Pregnancy, Warning**—Tobacco smoke, which has been shown to be harmful to the fetus, contains nicotine, hydrogen cyanide, and carbon monoxide. Nicotine has been shown in animal studies to cause fetal harm. It is therefore presumed that Nicotrol systems can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman. The effect of nicotine delivery by Nicotrol systems has not been examined in pregnancy (see PRECAUTIONS). Therefore, pregnant smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. If Nicotrol therapy is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while using Nicotrol systems, the patient should be apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **Safely Note Concerning Children**—The amounts of nicotine that are tolerated by adult smokers can produce symptoms of poisoning and could prove fatal if a Nicotrol system is applied or ingested by children or pets. Used 15 mg/day systems contain about 40% (10 mg) of its initial drug content. Therefore, patients should be cautioned to keep both the used and unused Nicotrol systems out of the reach of children and pets. **PRECAUTIONS** The patient should be urged to stop smoking completely when initiating Nicotrol therapy (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Patients should be informed that if they continue to smoke while using Nicotrol systems, they may experience adverse effects due to peak nicotine levels higher than those experienced from smoking alone. If there is a clinically significant increase in cardiovascular or other effects attributable to nicotine, the treatment should be discontinued (see WARNINGS). Physicians should anticipate that concomitant medications may need dosage adjustment (see Drug Interactions). Use of Nicotrol systems beyond 5 months by patients who stop smoking should be discouraged because the chronic consumption of nicotine by any route can be harmful and addicting. **Allergic Reactions**—In a 3-week open-label dermal irritation and sensitization study of Nicotrol systems applied 23 hours per day, 3 of 215 patients (1.4%) exhibited definite erythema at 24 hours after application. Upon rechallenge, none of the subjects exhibited any contact allergy. In the efficacy trials erythema following system removal was typically seen in 7% of patients, edema was seen in 3%, and dropouts due to skin reactions were reported in 1% of patients. Severe skin reactions were not observed in either of the trials. Patients who exhibit contact sensitization should be cautioned that a serious reaction could occur from exposure to other nicotine-containing products or smoking. Patients should be instructed to discontinue promptly the use of Nicotrol systems and contact their physicians in the case of severe or persistent local skin reactions at the site of application (e.g., severe erythema, pruritus, or edema) or a generalized skin reaction (e.g., urticaria, hives, or generalized rashes). **Skin Disease**—The Nicotrol system is usually well tolerated by patients with normal skin, but may be irritating for patients with some skin disorders (psoriasis, atopic or eczematous dermatitis). **Cardiovascular or Peripheral Vascular Diseases**—The risks of nicotine replacement in patients with certain cardiovascular and peripheral vascular diseases should be weighed against the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program for them. Specifically, patients with coronary heart disease (history of myocardial infarction and/or angina pectoris), serious cardiac arrhythmias, or vasospastic diseases (Buerger's disease, Prinzmetal's variant angina) should be carefully screened and evaluated before nicotine replacement is prescribed. Tachycardia occurring in association with the use of Nicotrol therapy was reported occasionally. If serious cardiovascular symptoms occur with the use of Nicotrol systems, the therapy should be discontinued. Nicotrol therapy should generally not be used in patients during the immediate post-myocardial infarction period or in patients with serious arrhythmias or with severe or worsening angina pectoris. **Renal or Hepatic Insufficiency**—The pharmacokinetics of nicotine have not been studied in the elderly or in patients with renal or hepatic impairment. However, given that nicotine is extensively metabolized and that its total system clearance is dependent on liver blood flow, some influence of hepatic impairment on drug kinetics (reduced clearance) should be anticipated. Only severe renal impairment would be expected to affect the clearance of nicotine or its metabolites from the circulation (see Pharmacokinetics in full prescribing information). **Endocrine Diseases**—Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in patients with hyperthyroidism, pheochromocytoma, or insulin-dependent diabetes, since nicotine causes the release of catecholamines by the adrenal medulla. **Peptic Ulcer Disease**—Nicotine delays healing in peptic ulcer disease; therefore, Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in patients with active peptic ulcers and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks. **Accelerated Hypertension**—Nicotine therapy constitutes a risk factor for development of malignant hypertension in patients with accelerated hypertension; therefore, Nicotrol therapy should be used with caution in these patients and only when the benefits of including nicotine replacement in a smoking cessation program outweigh the risks. **Information for Patient**—A patient instruction sheet is included in the package of Nicotrol systems dispensed to the patient. It contains important information and instructions on how to use and dispose of Nicotrol systems properly. Patients should be encouraged to ask questions of the physician and pharmacist. Patients must be advised to keep both used and unused systems out of the reach of children and pets. **Drug Interactions**—Smoking cessation, with or without nicotine replacement, may alter the pharmacokinetics of certain concomitant medications.

May Require a Decrease in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Acetaminophen, caffeine, imipramine, oxazepam, pentazocine, propranolol, theophylline	Deinduction of hepatic enzymes on smoking cessation.
Insulin	Increase of subcutaneous insulin absorption with smoking cessation.
Adrenergic antagonists (e.g., prazosin, labetalol)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

May Require an Increase in Dose at Cessation of Smoking	Possible Mechanism
Adrenergic agonists (e.g., isoproterenol, phenylephrine)	Decrease in circulating catecholamines with smoking cessation.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility—Nicotine itself does not appear to be a carcinogen in laboratory animals. However, nicotine and its metabolites increased the incidences of tumors in the cheek pouches of hamsters and forestomach of F344 rats, respectively, when given in combination with tumor-initiators. One study, which could not be replicated, suggested that cotinine, the primary metabolite of nicotine, may cause lymphoreticular sarcoma in the large intestine in rats. Neither nicotine nor cotinine were mutagenic in the Ames *Salmonella* test. Nicotine induced repairable DNA damage in an *E. coli* test system. Nicotine was shown to be genotoxic in a test system using Chinese hamster ovary cells. In rats and rabbits, implantation can be delayed or inhibited by a reduction in DNA synthesis that appears to be caused by nicotine. Studies have shown a decrease in litter size in rats treated with nicotine during gestation. **PREGNANCY**—Pregnancy Category D (see WARNINGS section). The harmful effects of cigarette smoking on maternal and fetal health are clearly established. These include low birth weight, an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, and increased perinatal mortality. The specific effects of Nicotrol therapy on fetal development are unknown. Therefore, pregnant

Nicotrol™ (nicotine transdermal system)

smokers should be encouraged to attempt cessation using educational and behavioral interventions before using pharmacological approaches. Spontaneous abortion during nicotine replacement therapy has been reported; as with smoking, nicotine as a contributing factor cannot be excluded. Nicotrol systems should be used during pregnancy only if the likelihood of smoking cessation justifies the potential risk of using Nicotrol systems by the pregnant patient, who might continue to smoke. **Teratogenicity**—*Animal Studies:* Nicotine was shown to produce skeletal abnormalities in the offspring of mice when given doses toxic to the dams (25 mg/kg IP or SC). *Human Studies:* Nicotine teratogenicity has not been studied in humans except as a component of cigarette smoke (each cigarette smoked delivers about 1 mg of nicotine). It has not been possible to conclude whether cigarette smoking is teratogenic to humans. **Other Effects**—*Animal Studies:* A nicotine bolus (up to 2 mg/kg) to pregnant rhesus monkeys caused acidosis, hypercarbia, and hypotension (fetal and maternal concentrations were about 20 times those achieved after smoking one cigarette in 5 minutes). Fetal breathing movements were reduced in the fetal lamb after intravenous injection of 0.25 mg/kg nicotine to the ewe (equivalent to smoking 1 cigarette every 20 seconds for 5 minutes). Uterine blood flow was reduced about 30% after infusion of 0.1 µg/kg/min nicotine to pregnant rhesus monkeys (equivalent to smoking about six cigarettes every minute for 20 minutes). *Human Experience:* Cigarette smoking during pregnancy is associated with an increased risk of spontaneous abortion, low birth weight infants, and perinatal mortality. Nicotine and carbon monoxide are considered the most likely mediators of these outcomes. The effects of cigarette smoking on fetal cardiovascular parameters have been studied near term. Cigarettes increased fetal aortic blood flow and heart rate and decreased uterine blood flow and fetal breathing movements. Nicotrol systems have not been tested in pregnant women. **Labor and Delivery**—Nicotrol systems are not recommended for use during labor and delivery. The effects of nicotine on a mother or the fetus during labor is unknown. **Use in Nursing Mothers**—Caution should be exercised when Nicotrol systems are administered to nursing women. The safety of Nicotrol therapy in nursing infants has not been examined. Nicotine passes freely into breast milk; the milk to plasma ratio averages 2.9. Nicotine is absorbed orally. An infant has the ability to clear nicotine by hepatic first pass clearance; however the efficiency of removal is probably lowest at birth. Nicotine concentrations in milk can be expected to be lower with Nicotrol systems when used while awake than with cigarette smoking, as maternal plasma nicotine concentrations are generally reduced with nicotine replacement. The risk of exposure of the infant to nicotine from Nicotrol therapy should be weighed against the risks associated with the infant's exposure to nicotine from continued smoking by the mother (passive smoke exposure and contamination of breast milk with other components of tobacco smoke) and from Nicotrol therapy alone or in combination with continued smoking. **Pediatric Use**—Nicotrol therapy is not recommended for use in children because the safety and effectiveness of Nicotrol therapy in children and adolescents who smoke have not been evaluated. **Geriatric Use**—Seventy-nine patients over the age of 60 participated in clinical trials of Nicotrol therapy. Nicotrol therapy appeared to be as effective in this age group as in younger smokers. **ADVERSE REACTIONS** Assessment of adverse events in the 509 subjects who participated in controlled clinical trials is complicated by the occurrence of GI and CNS effects of nicotine withdrawal as well as nicotine excess. The actual incidences of both are confounded by the smoking of many patients. When reporting adverse events in the trials the investigators did not attempt to identify the cause of the symptom. No serious adverse events were reported during the trials. **Topical Adverse Events**—The most common adverse event associated with topical nicotine is a mild and short-lived erythema, pruritus, or burning at the application site, which was seen at least once in 47% of patients on Nicotrol systems in the efficacy trials. Local erythema after system removal was noted at least once in 7% of patients and local edema in 3%. Erythema generally resolved within 24 hours. About 1% of patients dropped out of clinical trials due to skin reactions; none had classical contact sensitization (see PRECAUTIONS, Allergic Reactions). In the clinical trials performed (one Danish and one U.S. clinic), fewer total patients were used than in trials of other nicotine transdermal systems, and fewer adverse reactions were reported than in U.S. trials with other systems achieving comparable blood levels. Therefore, the systemic adverse event rates in the two sections below are based in part on 1200 patients treated with systems delivering comparable rates of nicotine per hour. **Probably Causally Related**—The following adverse events are believed related to Nicotrol treatment based on experience in clinical trials. *Nervous system:* Dizziness* *Musculoskeletal system:* Arthralgia† *Skin and appendages:* Rash,† sweating† *reported in 3% to 9% of patients. †reported in 1% to 3% of patients. Complaints occurring in fewer than 1% are not listed. **Causal Relationship UNKNOWN**—Adverse events reported in active- and placebo-treated patients at about the same frequency in clinical trials are listed below. The clinical significance of the association between Nicotrol treatment and the following events is unknown, but they are reported as alerting information for the clinician. *Body as a whole:* Back pain,† pain† *Digestive system:* Abdominal pain,† constipation*, diarrhea,† dyspepsia,† flatulence,† nausea*, vomiting† *Musculoskeletal system:* Myalgia† *Nervous system:* Concentration impairment,† depression,† headache*, insomnia,† nervousness† *Respiratory system:* Cough increased,† sinusitis† *Special senses:* Taste perversion† *Urogenital system:* Dysmenorrhea† *reported in 3% to 9% of patients. †reported in 1% to 3% of patients. Complaints occurring in fewer than 1% are not listed. **DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE/OVERDOSAGE** For further information, please see full prescribing information. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION** Patients must desire to stop smoking and should be instructed to *stop smoking immediately* as they begin using Nicotrol therapy during waking hours. The patient should read the patient instruction sheet on Nicotrol therapy and be encouraged to ask any questions. Treatment should be initiated with the Nicotrol 15 mg/day system. The patients should continue the treatment (one system each day) for 4-12 weeks of therapy. The patient should stop smoking cigarettes completely during this period. If the patient is unable to stop cigarette smoking within 4 weeks, Nicotrol therapy should be stopped, since few additional patients in clinical trials were able to abstain after this time.

Recommended Dosing Schedule

Dose	Duration
Nicotrol 15 mg/day	First 12 weeks
Nicotrol 10 mg/day	Next 2 weeks[a]
Nicotrol 5 mg/day	Last 2 weeks[b]

[a] Patients who have successfully abstained from smoking should have their dose of nicotine reduced after each 2-4 weeks of treatment until the Nicotrol 5 mg/day dose has been used for 2-4 weeks.

[b] The entire course of nicotine substitution and gradual withdrawal should take 14-20 weeks. The use of Nicotrol therapy beyond 5 months has not been studied.

The Nicotrol system should be applied promptly upon its removal from the protective pouch to prevent loss of nicotine from the system. The Nicotrol system should be used only when the pouch is intact to assure the product has not been tampered with. A Nicotrol system should be applied only once a day to a non-hairy, clean, and dry skin site on the upper arm or the hip. Each day a Nicotrol system should be applied upon waking and removed at bedtime. **Caution**—Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Product information as of March 5, 1992 9854G010

Manufactured by Cygnus Therapeutic Systems for Kabi Pharmacia, Sweden. Distributed by

PARKE-DAVIS
Division of Warner-Lambert Company
Morris Plains, NJ 07950 USA

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

DAVID HODGES

BELIEVING IN DOG

I'm thinking about getting myself an old guy. An old guy won't be so much trouble. He'll lie around on the couch, eat, fart, scratch, sleep. Young guys run around too much, need too much attention and are constantly picking fights.

Plus, nobody wants old guys. People want puppies—cute little bits of fur that pee on your bed and eat your sofa. But well-mannered old guys, four or five or even 12 years old, guys who would never lift a leg in the house, guys who find shoe chewing boring and passé, are passed over. They languish in kennels, they are gassed at animal shelters.

I have a newspaper on my coffee table called *Muttmatchers Messenger*—pages and pages of pictures of pooches for adoption. Most morons who abandon their dogs do it when the animals are about a year old, when they're no longer cute little puppies but they're still gnawing on table legs because nobody bothered to teach them not to. But in this paper there is a picture of a ten-year-old guy who was abandoned at a market. A man drove up to the market, dropped off the old dog and drove away. The old dog waited for him in front of the market for a week. Some kind woman finally rescued him. Now this faithful old guy is just waiting in a kennel. I've been looking at his picture for eight months.

Too many people are stupid about dogs. Too many people want purebreds, because purebreds with AKC papers supposedly have status. But kennel clubs are dog destructive. They hold these beauty contests called dog shows. The dogs have no job but to look pretty. So irresponsible breeders find one pretty dog and breed it over and over to its sisters, its daughters. Purebred dogs are now riddled with health problems and are incapable of doing the jobs they were bred for in the first place.

And where does your average human go for his purebred dog? To the mall, where the pet stores sell puppy-mill dogs at inflated prices. Puppy-mill dogs are so unhealthy that half of them die. Puppy-mill owners keep dogs in tiny cages where they become deranged and catatonic.

This morning I couldn't stand it anymore and phoned about the old guy.

"Yes," said the dog-rescue woman, "poor old Homer's still here."

"Is he doing OK?"

"Most of our dogs are relatively happy. They'd rather have homes, but they're OK. Homer just sits and waits."

Oh God, I can't do this. My other dogs will kill me. Most of the men I know have one dog with whom they bond intensely, put red bandannas on and take everywhere. An us-against-the-world kind of thing. Most women I know have two or even more dogs with whom they construct close-knit family units. I have no idea what this means.

But I do know that having a dog makes us happier. Dogs and humans are symbiotic species. We need each other. A dog is the only animal that has a love of humans embedded in its DNA. This has been true for thousands of years.

My dogs protect me from homicidal gardeners, from psycho mailmen. They really scare the shit out of prowling Jehovah's Witnesses. They accompany me to the bathroom in the middle of the night in case something scary is lurking.

With dogs, you don't need gurus. Dogs are forever in the moment. They are always a tidal wave of feelings, and every feeling is some variant of love. They take us out of our heads and into our lives. They remind us of where we came from.

Dogs, the poor slobs, hand over their entire lives the way we hand someone a tissue. And in turn we kill them. In this country, 8 million animals die every year at animal shelters.

I know I'm a castrating bitch, but, fellows, you have to cut your dog's balls off. Dog and cat overpopulation is at a point where we can't let our dogs randomly reproduce. Yes, your dog is the cutest, smartest dog in the world and you just have to have one of his pups, but I'm sorry, you can't. There are just so many dog owners to go around, so every time you bring a new puppy into the world you're sentencing another dog to death.

I know you're wincing and grabbing at your own balls in a frenzy of projection, but get over it. I have two neutered guys. They are not fat or lazy. They are playful guys who don't have to go through the frustration of always wanting it and rarely, if ever, getting it. They fight less, roam less; they bond better and are more protective. Plus, a neutered dog has a 98 percent reduction in cancer and infection and will live an average of two years longer than a guy with balls. (You also have to spay your females. But most men, go figure, have no trouble with this concept.)

I had two neutered guys when I wrote that last paragraph. Now I have three neutered guys. Homer is right over there on the couch.

He's been in a constant state of amazement since I got him. He was, as promised, just sitting there in his kennel while a bunch of young guys frolicked around him. He saw my leash and couldn't believe it was for him. He was all, "Me? Are you sure? Really? Oh boy!" He put his paws around my neck and licked my face. In the car he was beside himself with wriggles. Then the couch situation put him in a state of shock.

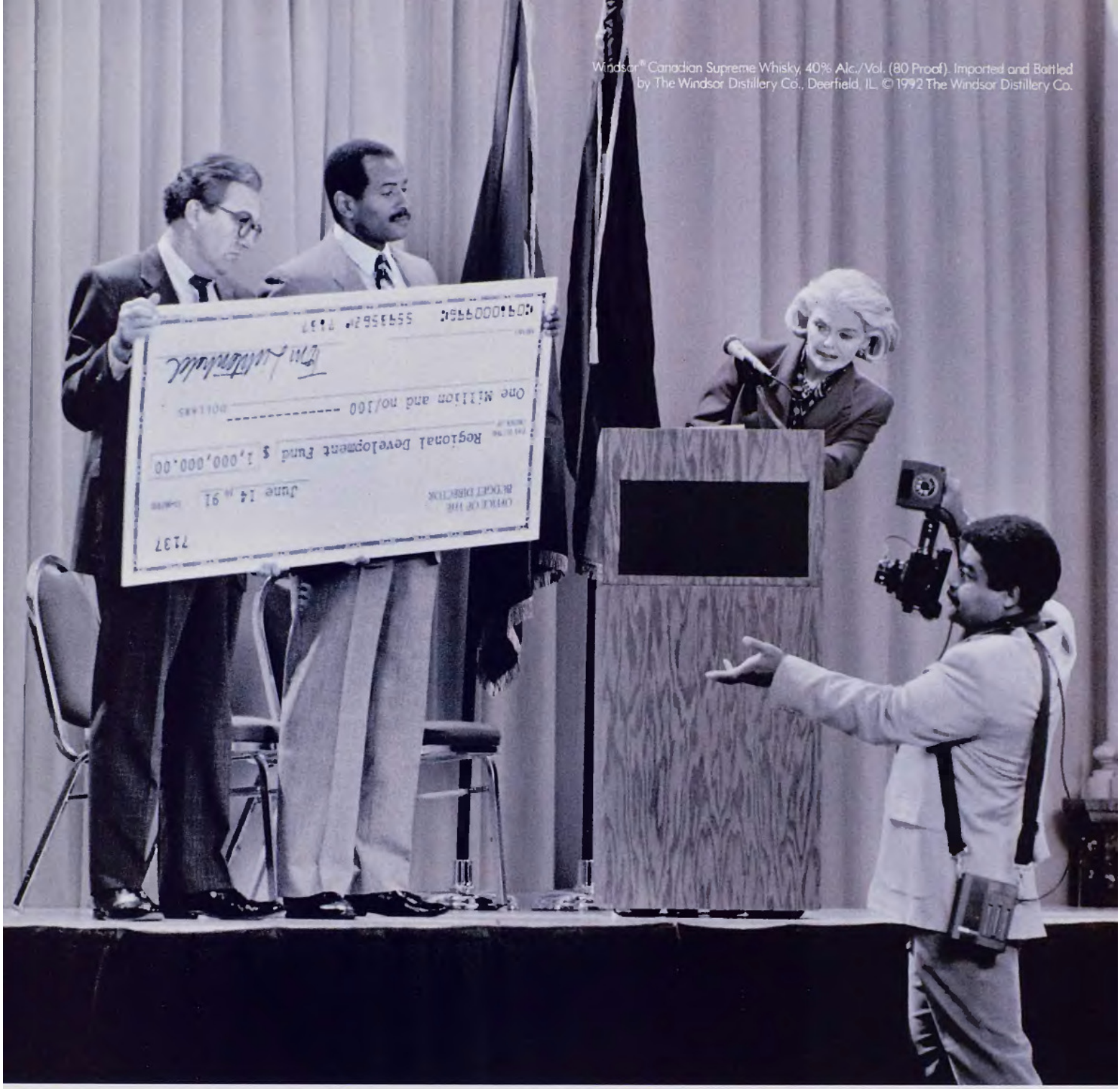
"Are you telling me I'm allowed up here? Is this a joke? Can I roll around and everything?"

He is an extremely well-behaved guy. Most rescued dogs are. They're so grateful to have a home.

Don't buy a dog. Go to the pound. Or to a rescue group, which probably runs classified ads in your local paper. If you're a breed snob, you can find golden retrievers, cocker spaniels, anything.

Or get an old mixed breed like Homer, who's now running and yipping in his sleep, probably dreaming of runaway mailmen.

Windsor® Canadian Supreme Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof). Imported and Bottled by The Windsor Distillery Co., Deerfield, IL. © 1992 The Windsor Distillery Co.



Fortunately, every day comes with an evening.

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a problem. My new girlfriend enjoys sex but hates to kiss. I've never encountered this before. At first I didn't care, but now it really bothers me. Have you ever heard of a woman who doesn't like to kiss?—G. J., Cypress, Florida.

Look at it this way: The mouth is the first organ of intelligence. When we are young, we explore our world by mouth to see what tastes right. As adults we do the same—only instead of searching for food, we look for friends. The fact is, kissing is central to intimacy and often to sexual arousal. If your girlfriend dislikes it, we have serious questions about her ability to maintain a relationship and keep you sexually interested. We suggest you ask her if there's any reason she dislikes kissing you. Do you have bad breath? Do you kiss in a way that puts her off? If there's no problem with your breath or technique, we'd guess that she has some problems with intimacy. Stay with her if you want, but watch out: When you start to get close, she might end your relationship with the big kiss-off.

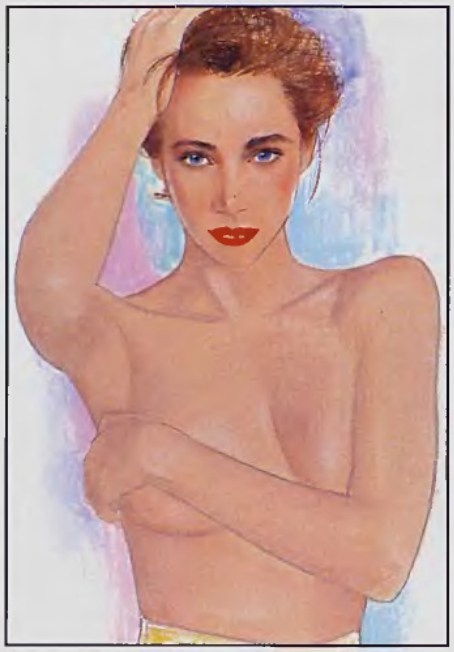
How often should I clean the heads of my VCR? Should I use a wet or dry cleaner?—R. A., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In the words of Estragon in Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot": "Don't let's do anything. It's safer." Theoretically, wet cleaners do a better job than dry cleaners, but the weave of many cleaning ribbons can snag a tape head. Dry cleaners can be abrasive and sometimes just move dirt from one section of the tape path to another. Few if any cleaners clean all the parts that need it. You can reduce the need for cleaning by buying brand-name-quality tapes. The tapes that might gunk up your VCR are movie rentals, which are sometimes recorded on cheap tape. This is especially true of kids' videos. Take your VCR to a competent technician at least once a year for a professional cleaning. The charge is $30 to $40.

Talk about a Freudian slip: While my girlfriend was going down on me, I accidentally called her by another name. She flipped and walked out, and now she won't speak to me. What can I do?—M. R., Pasadena, California.

Why do you think the English invented the word darling? It's a good rule to stick to nonspecific endearments: honey, lover, goddess. Or just keep your mouth shut. As sex therapist Marty Klein says, "A closed mouth gathers no feet."

When I went car shopping, a dealer tried to sell me a car with an upgraded factory-installed sound system. It featured brand-name components rather than the car company's house brand. Is this a "pack" or is it worth the extra bucks?—W. R., Chicago, Illinois.



If you have to ask how much it costs, you obviously can't afford it. Those of us with normal hearing would much rather make do without the leather seats than without the brand-name stereo. The real differences between ordinary car stereos and the ones the dealer and car company make more profit from are the customization and installation. Engineers equalize the fancy brand-name systems to the interior acoustics of specific car models. This requires a lot of measuring and computer modeling. Then they fight with the mechanical and styling crews to rearrange the door-panel interiors in order to place the speakers in exactly the right places for the best sound. One company even puts a speaker in the rearview mirror. Stereos installed after you buy a car may be higher in absolute quality, but they can't match the prerogatives of the car company in placement and equalization. So unless a boom box satisfies you at home, a factory-installed brand-name system is money well spent.

After years of suffering from premature ejaculation, I finally have learned control. Now I can last all night. I'm thrilled but, incredibly, my wife isn't. She used to complain about my coming too soon. Now she complains that I last too long. What's wrong with her?—P. P., Boulder, Colorado.

She's sore. Every man we know who learns ejaculatory control likes to show his new skill by going at it all night. That's fine, so long as it doesn't exclude the woman in your life. Whenever you change your sexual script, check with your partner. When the old in-and-out goes on for hours, it can become uncomfortable for the woman. If you don't already use a sexual lubricant, try one. Many women don't come during intercourse no matter how long it lasts. Caress her clitoris with your hand, tongue or penis. When she feels fulfilled, she'll probably become more kindly disposed to the new long-lasting you.

When you have a tailor hem a pair of pants, why does he return the excess material in a pants pocket? Growing up in the Seventies, I recall Mom patching the knees of my Toughskins, but surely this is not the intent.—D. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

The tailor returns the extra fabric in case you need it for a repair. If you burn a hole in your pants, a good tailor can weave the extra material into an invisible patch. Also, when you are shopping for coordinating shirts and ties you can carry this material with you. That's a lot easier than carrying a closetful of pants.

My ex used the rhythm method, which is how we had our kid. Now my new girlfriend says she uses some "improved" rhythm method and insists she can't get pregnant for a week each month. Right. I've kept on buying condoms so I don't wind up buying cigars. But now she's annoyed, saying I don't trust her. What is she doing?—R. T., Athens, Ohio.

It's called fertility awareness, and it is, indeed, an improved form of rhythm. But it may not be improved enough to suit you. Fertility awareness is typically about 80 percent effective, according to "Contraceptive Technology," the last word on birth control. Those who use it carefully often enjoy an effectiveness rate of more than 90 percent, about the same as using condoms. Based on the viability of sperm and egg cells, conception can take place from about seven days before a woman ovulates until about three days afterward. Fertility awareness allows women to predict ovulation more scientifically than by traditional calendar rhythm. Traditional rhythm assumes that women have clockwork menstrual cycles and ovulate at the same point during each one. But many women don't, which is why rhythm is unreliable. Fertility awareness uses more reliable indicators of ovulation, namely, basal body temperature and cervical mucus texture. Basal temperature is body temperature at waking. Using a special thermometer that has an expanded scale in the normal temperature range, a woman can notice the half-degree increase

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

in basal temperature at ovulation each cycle. Meanwhile, the cervix secretes mucus, which changes predictably during the menstrual cycle. It's slippery, wet and stretchy around ovulation but scant, thick and dry during safe times. A woman checks her cervical mucus by slipping a finger inside her vagina or by checking outside the vagina. By charting basal body temperature and cervical mucus for about six months, a woman can learn her ovulation pattern and predict ovulation with reasonable accuracy. Once she knows when she ovulates, she can calculate the week or so each month when she's safe. The downside of fertility awareness? It's not as effective as other methods and it's complicated to learn. Most women have to take a class offered through family-planning clinics. Couples we know who use this method say it also has an upside: They look forward to their safe time each month and celebrate it enthusiastically in a prone position.

Please settle an argument. I say that after extracting the cork from a wine bottle, the cork is screwed off the corkscrew. My girlfriend insists the corkscrew is screwed out of the cork. Who's right?—L. G., Wailuku, Hawaii.

This constitutes a major disagreement? A spokesman for the Professional Bartending School recommends turning the cork and corkscrew simultaneously. And they call Clinton the great compromiser.

My girlfriend is obsessed with her weight. She looks great the way she is and I tell her so repeatedly. The problem is that she's become so obsessed that it's affecting our sex life. She doesn't want to make love to me because she really believes she's fat and unattractive. I've heard that having sex is actually a good way to lose weight. Is this true and could the information possibly lure her back to bed?—P. T., Austin, Texas.

Good thing you checked with us before you went at her with this one. Sex is fun, it's not a way to lose weight. A couple of communication experts say that when a woman offers a complaint like this, the last thing she wants is the obvious solution. What she is looking for is empathy. Be appreciative of her plight: "Hey, hon, a pound or two, maybe, but a candidate for liposuction, no way." Show her how sexually attractive you think she is. Call her at work and proposition her. Send her flowers. Run her a fragrant bubble bath. Have respect for her diet. Be nice to her cat. In short, be patient and kind. If that doesn't work, buy her a membership to a gym.

Because of battle scars from my last relationship, I haven't had a girlfriend in nearly a year, and I'm starting to worry. I don't even have that much interest in sex. Maybe Sinéad O'Connor is right: "I do not want what I haven't got." But I've heard that it's unhealthy to go without sex for more than a year. Should I be out there looking for a partner?—F. D., New York, New York.

Only if you really want one. Why foist the fear that you need to get laid to avoid an early death on some unsuspecting female? Relax. Physicians have found that feast-or-famine patterns of sexual behavior can increase the likelihood of prostate problems. Your doctor may recommend regular ejaculation for a healthy prostate, but masturbation will do for that purpose. Don't worry. When you are ready to go for it again, you'll know.

A close friend who lives in another state recently asked me to be in his wedding party. Since he is a buddy, I was happy to accept. However, I didn't realize that I'd be expected to chip in for various gifts and bachelor-party festivities. Then there's the plane ticket, tuxedo rental, hotel room and time lost from my job. Rather than being a joyous occasion, the whole thing is turning into a pain in the butt. What is expected of ushers in a wedding party nowadays? If I shell out for the plane ticket, do I still have to buy a wedding gift?—E. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Suck it up, dude. You accepted, you're committed. We understand your dilemma. We've known guys who had to declare bankruptcy after everyone in their fraternity chose to get married in the same summer. You are expected to pay for your own tuxedo rental and plane ticket. Perhaps you can stay with someone in the wedding party instead of renting a hotel room. You are also expected to chip in for the bachelor party. And as far as gifts go, a plane ticket should not be substituted for a wedding present. Look at the bright side: The groom will buy you a nice gift for being his usher.

Why do we breathe heavily during sex? It's not like we're running a marathon. And even the passive partner usually gulps for air.—T. S., Tarrytown, New York.

As part of sexual arousal, the blood vessels in the nose expand, which somewhat restricts airflow through the nasal passages. That's why people breathe heavily through their mouths during sex, particularly as they approach orgasm. After orgasm, nasal blood vessels return to normal, restoring airflow through the nose.

I'm a golf nut, but my girlfriend loves aerobics. Can you suggest some compromise vacation spots?—L. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Why not invite her to caddy? Not what she had in mind? Oh, well. If you can splurge, Hawaii is a natural for sun-starved romantics. The islands feature some of the world's best golf resorts. Check out Mauna Lani Bay Hotel on the Big Island, or Stouffer Wailea Beach Resort on Maui. Both are luxurious beachfront properties offering every imaginable sport, plus fitness equipment and aerobics. If you prefer a mountain retreat, visit the Avandaro Golf & Spa Resort in Mexico's Sierra Madres, 80 miles west of Mexico City. Activities run the gamut from tennis to swimming to golf on a championship course. Your girlfriend can aerobicize in a fully equipped gym, treat herself to a massage, then commune with the monarch butterflies that migrate to nearby groves. Closer to home, the Boca Raton Resort and Club rates among America's top golf resorts. Three workout facilities offer aerobics and cardiovascular and weight-training equipment. But are you sure you want to try a combined vacation? If your golf game is off, you end up frustrated and she ends up tan and fit.

If I'm involved in a serious accident in my lease car, what would happen with my insurance? Would the insurance company pay to replace the car?—K. G., Chicago, Illinois.

That depends on how you are insured. In order to be covered completely, you may need gap insurance. The gap is the extra rider necessary to compensate for the difference between the lease car's value and the total value of the lease payments. Lease car company insurance often insures you only for the lease payments, not for the full value of the car. But while you lease the car, even if you never pay its full value amount, you'll want to insure for full value. Because if you do have an accident and the car is totaled, you are required to reimburse the leasing company for the balance. Here's why: On a closed-end lease, if the lease ends with no damage to the car, you simply return it to the lessor. But if you have an unrepaired total wreck or even a damaged car, you'd then have to pay the balance. Gap insurance allows you to reimburse the lessor for the full, agreed value of the lease car, no matter what happens. Your insurance agent can help you be certain that you're adequately covered. Another tip: You may find that insuring the lease car yourself is a much cheaper alternative than using the dealer's program. Be sure to compare.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

WE'VE SURVIVED FOUR WARS A DEPRESSION, A FEW RECESSIONS, SIXTEEN U.S. PRESIDENTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC COMPETITION, RACETRACK COMPETITION, AND ONE MARLON BRANDO MOVIE.

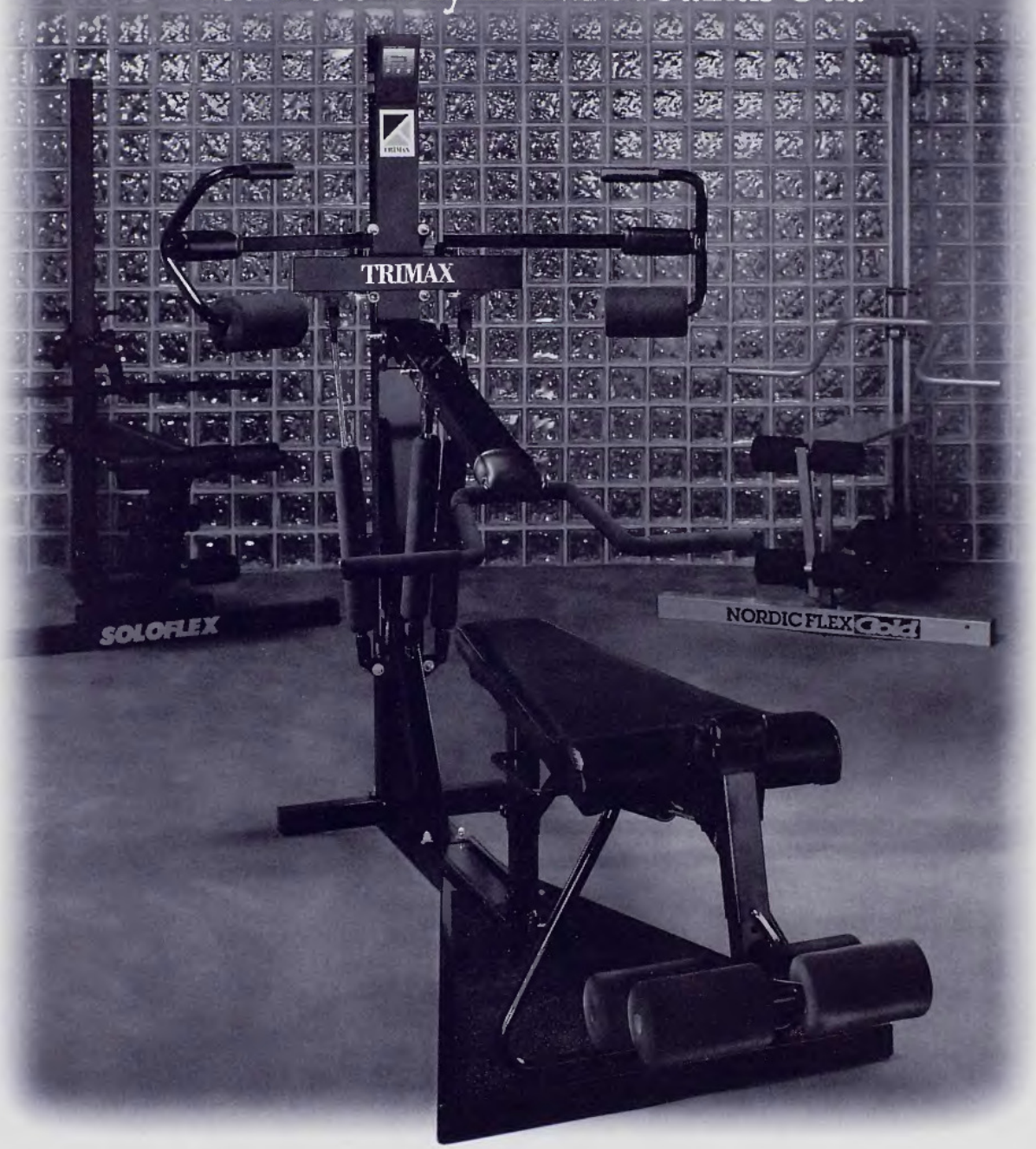
SOUNDS LIKE PARTY TIME TO US.

Live in the wind for 90 years and a lot of turbulence blows by. But that which is good endures. Like family. And Harley-Davidson.® That's why we're celebrating Harley-Davidson's 90th Anniversary with a family reunion in Milwaukee. It starts with a cross-country Reunion Ride for MDA. Then we'll thunder into Milwaukee on June 12, 1993 for a huge bash with live music, food, fun, and acres of soul-satisfying machinery. Tickets to the reunion are limited and available only at your Harley-Davidson dealer. Call 1-800-443-2153 for the location of the dealer nearest you.

THE REUNION 90 YEARS 1903 ★ 1993

We care about you. Sign up for a Motorcycle Safety Foundation rider course today. Ride with your headlight on and watch out for the other person. Always wear a helmet, proper eyewear and appropriate clothing, and insist your passenger does too. Protect your privilege to ride by joining the American Motorcyclist Association. **© 1992 Harley-Davidson, Inc.**

Compare TRIMAX, NordicFlex Gold™ and Soloflex.®
You'll See Why TRIMAX Stands Out.



Compare the Workout. Only TRIMAX strengthens *both* your muscular and cardiovascular systems together — which means twice the results in half the time.

Compare the Resistance. Only TRIMAX employs innovative hydraulic cylinders that condition through isokinetics — the most effective training method known. Cylinders that work in both directions to train two muscle groups at once, and adjust from one to 500 pounds automatically. No straps, pulleys, cables or springs — no wasted time, no wasted effort

Compare the Feedback System. Only TRIMAX truly motivates you with positive reinforcement feedback methods — and proven exercise science.

Compare the Quality of Construction and Warranty. Only TRIMAX backs its claims — with an unconditional guarantee of craftmanship.

Then, if you're still in doubt, take advantage of an exclusive limited time TRIMAX offer — a one-on-one in-home comparison with either NordicFlex Gold™ or Soloflex® — one they can't match.

Call us anytime for a ***FREE*** brochure and 15 minute fact-filled video — with the comparison offer.

1-800-866-5676

TRIMAX

20 S. Main St. Janesville, WI 53545 608-757-1477

PB493

STARS ARE PEOPLE, TOO

in beverly hills, causes come with the territory, but barbra is absolutely serious

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

It was a different Barbra Streisand. Dressed in sweats, no makeup, hair pulled back and reading glasses perched on her distinctive nose, she seemed more like the rabbinic student in *Yentl* than the star about to sign a $60 million contract with Sony.

Her morning exercises finished, she was curled on a couch furiously writing notes in the margins of two piles of documents stacked three feet high around her. She seemed immersed, like a shtetl scholar studying the Talmud, except that the phone kept ringing. There were phone calls from lyricist Marilyn Bergman and playwright Larry Kramer, and Bob Hattoy, the man with the AIDS virus who delivered the immensely moving address at the Democratic National Convention. He was one of dozens of interviews Streisand would add to her document piles.

Streisand was preparing acceptance speeches for awards from AIDS Project L.A. and the ACLU of Southern California, two beleaguered causes that needed her as their top attraction. (Thanks to Streisand, both organizations would raise the largest sums in their respective histories; the money to fight AIDS totaled almost $4 million.)

"I'm a perfectionist," she said by way of explaining her obsessive work habits, noting that it took her three years to get the *Yentl* script right. "I'm a hairsplitter—I like to take ideas apart. It's because of my first three years in school, starting when I was five at a yeshiva in Brooklyn, where I spent half the day in Hebrew studies. And besides, my father was a professor of English."

This was not the scene I had anticipated when she had called and said invitingly, "Come have lunch with me."

Damn, it was going to be issues again. I should have been forewarned, since my last sustained contact with her was in 1982, after I published a book on Ronald Reagan and nuclear war. She was alarmed, and then wanted to know more. After she had picked my brain clean, she went on to exhaust Marvin Goldberger, the nuclear physicist who had worked on the Manhattan Project and was then the president of Cal Tech. "She was one of the most eager students I've ever encountered," Goldberger told me recently, as he recalled Streisand's voyage through the arcane world of throw-weights and megatonnage.

This time, a copy of a Colorado antigay amendment was thrust into my hands along with a plate of pasta primavera. "Have you read that? It's incredible. If they passed something like that against Jews or blacks, would people still vacation there?"

Two weeks later, her speech before AIDS Project L.A. made news around the world when she endorsed a boycott of Colorado in response to the passage of an amendment that, among other things, bans homosexuals from suing in discrimination cases. Talk of the boycott made some Hollywood types who have homes in Aspen, Telluride and thereabouts quite upset. A few were quoted as critical of Streisand.

Although *The New York Times* ran a lead editorial endorsing her "vocal support" of a boycott, saying it "would send a potent warning to other states that may soon consider similar measures," its Hollywood beat reporter, Bernard Weinraub, sniped: "Why is the ACLU honoring a movie star?" Most people assume that actors are by definition superficial. That may have been true of Reagan, though this went largely unnoticed until it was too late, but it is definitely not the case with Streisand. As Ramona Ripston, executive director of the ACLU of Southern California, pointed out, Streisand's active support of civil liberties began two decades ago when she raised much of the funds for the defense of Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon papers case. That activity, while unmentioned by Weinraub, had nonetheless earned Streisand a place on the infamous Nixon enemies list. Ripston added that there has hardly been a progressive cause that Streisand has not assisted with both money and appearances.

"I am here because the protection of free expression is basic to what I do as a performer and as a filmmaker," said Streisand in her speech to the ACLU. "We artists are not strangers to the attacks of the would-be censors attempting to ban a photo exhibit, movie, book or piece of music they find offensive."

And then she took a swipe at her colleagues who regard the ACLU as too controversial to support: "The entertainment industry requires the maintenance of a free marketplace of ideas for its very existence. Yet, often when we talk about the marketplace of ideas, we think mostly of the market and too little of the ideas."

Streisand is terrified of singing in public and has not done so for decades except in support of a political or charitable cause she believes in. Yet because she is of the entertainment world, there is often the innuendo in media coverage questioning the seriousness of purpose of any star who steps forward. The media reporters who cover Hollywood tend to have a depraved relationship with the show business community. They are often deeply envious of the stars' money and recognition, yet they depend on access to them to earn a living.

In fact, the motives of entertainers should be far less suspect than those of others who shift their money and prestige to the political arena. This is the only interest group that jeopardizes its market by taking controversial stands and that has little to gain from rubbing shoulders with the powerful.

An industrialist or attorney who supports a candidate can expect some tangible award of a contract or a judgeship. What could Michael Dukakis or Bill Clinton do for Streisand? Rest assured that she would have been invited to sing at the inauguration even if she hadn't raised funds for Clinton. What Clinton can do for Streisand is make good on his pledge to get serious about AIDS. As she told the APLA audience:

"Many of us in this community worked long and hard to get this president and many members of Congress elected. We didn't do so to be invited to dinners at the White House.

"We supported these candidates because they promised us profound change. And we want them to know we will be listening, watching and waiting."

How much more serious can you get?

PEACHTREE KEY LARGO BLUESBERRY TRIPLE SEC PEPPERMINT SPEARMINT

OLD TAVERN ROOTBEER CINNAMON MOUNTAIN STRAWBERRY APPLE BARREL MELON LIQUEUR CRANTASIA PEACHTREE

WILDERBERRY PEPPERMINT 100 TRIPLE SEC SPEARMINT BLUESBERRY BUTTERSHOTS HOT DAMN! CRANTASIA

1969 Triumph Daytona

1966 Velocette Venom

1942 Harley Davidson

1953 Vincent Black Shadow, Series C

1951 Norton International

1939 Rudge

1949 Indian Scout

1942 Harley 45 Flathead

1950 BSA Bantam

1965 BMW R69S

1947 Indian Chief

1942 Indian 4 Cylinder

1946 Harley Knucklehead

Hot Damn! Cinnamon Schnapps. And a vintage collection of over 40 other classic flavors.

CACTUS JUICE KEY LARGO BUTTERSHOTS RAZZMATAZZ HOT DAMN! DEKUYPER

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT

DeKuyper® Hot Damn!™ Hot Cinnamon Schnapps, 24% Alc./Vol. Bottled by John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, OH. © 1992 John DeKuyper & Son.

ALONE IN THE CROWD

an anthem to privacy

By Geoffrey Norman

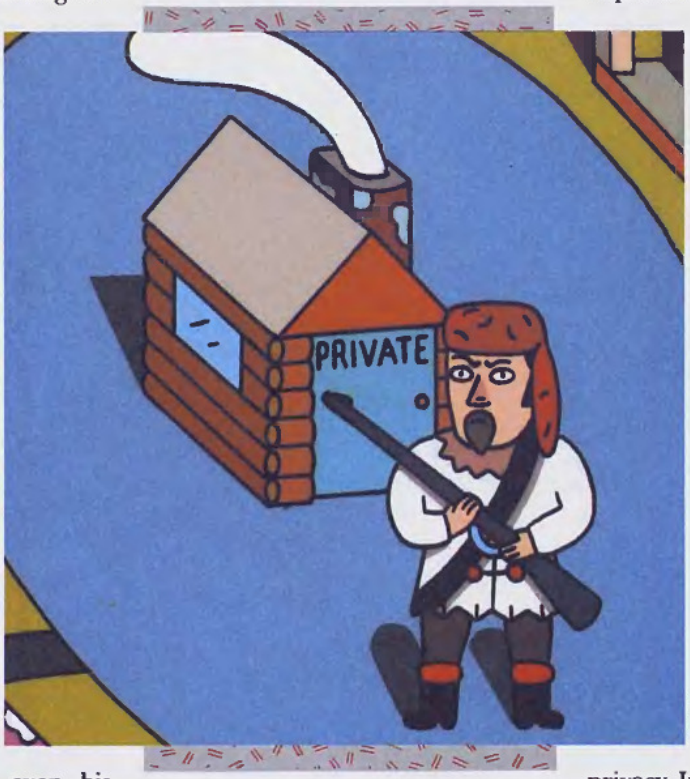
In Vermont the room where I work is not far from the site of an old saloon—the historical-society types would call it a tavern—where Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys liked to pause for refreshment. Whipping up on the Tories was thirsty work. Righteous work, too. These men were among the first skirmishers in what would become the American Revolution.

There was a doctor who once gave Ethan tight jaws over something. In retribution, Allen and some of the boys tied the doctor into a chair and raised him up a signpost outside one of their favorite . . . ah, lounges. They went inside for a beverage and left the doctor dangling there for two hours.

He was a great man, Ethan. Half crackpot—his writings have to be read to be believed—and half scoundrel, he was an American original and hero every bit as much as Thomas Jefferson or John Adams. One of the more remarkable things about him is that nobody knows for certain what he looked like. Obviously, he lived long before cameras, and no artist ever painted his portrait during his lifetime. The world never owned Ethan Allen—not even his likeness. He belonged to himself.

I like living in the hills where Ethan once lived. These woods aren't too far from Walden Pond, where Thoreau turned his back on the world, or too far from where Melville wrote *Moby Dick*. And these hills are close by where Robert Frost wrote his poems. New England is a place where people do good work in solitude. One of the first things a colonist did in the New World when he attained a measure of prosperity was add a room to his house—a room where he could be alone, where he could think or write or pray in private.

They had it right, those New Englanders. In solitude you come closest to what is true and eternal. As Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "You will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."



This might serve as a suitable definition of privacy: solitude in the midst of a crowd. Privacy isn't a matter of secrecy, it is a question of freedom. Affirming this core concept of privacy in 1928 was Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis' dissenting opinion in the wiretapping case *Olmstead vs. United States*. "The makers of our Constitution," wrote Brandeis, "recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. . . . They conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

It would be nice to think that we all agree with Justice Brandeis, but the American soul is divided. The earliest assaults on the privacy of Americans in the name of something more important also took place in New England. Remember, Salem, Massachusetts is where the village elders hanged women who had balked at the prescribed religion.

The perennial American excuse for invading the privacy of others is not spiritual, though. It is sexual. The Puritans would not tolerate certain kinds of sexuality. Nathaniel Hawthorne was another author who worked in these hills, and his most enduring character is Hester Prynne of *The Scarlet Letter*. She was stigmatized as an adulteress by the moral gatekeepers of her town.

Nearly all the privacy cases heard by the Supreme Court have hinged on sexuality. You cannot enforce sexual taboos and also respect privacy. Just to know if a citizen is violating a law—regarding sodomy, birth control or any act that has at one time been declared illegal in America—requires a complete violation of privacy. Ronald Reagan's Supreme Court justice nominee, Robert Bork, was intellectually honest enough to concede this, and he came down against privacy.

If it is permissible to snoop into someone's bedroom, then, by comparison, checking his mailbox or tapping his phone seems tame. If you

cannot expect privacy with your lover, why should you expect it in your accountant's office? And the right to privacy is obviously not going to stop an FBI agent from finding out who you talk to on the phone, or a direct marketer from knowing how much money you make.

•

During the recent presidential campaign, Hillary Clinton refused to respond to questions about her husband's alleged infidelity, claiming that candidates are entitled to a "zone of privacy" upon which the media should not intrude. Unfortunately, she asserted this on a special edition of *60 Minutes* that was broadcast on Super Bowl Sunday. The choice of venue went a long way toward validating the media's curiosity. Later in the campaign, she even spoke on the record about George Bush's alleged infidelity, noting his Jennifer problem.

For a lot of people, privacy is merely a flag of convenience. Good for me but not for all those other people who are hiding awful things. Some who argue that people who are HIV-positive are entitled to special privacy endorse the *USA Today* story exposing that Arthur Ashe is infected, even though he did not want that fact made public. Some of the same gay-rights activists who insist that sexual preference is nobody's business endorse the outing of homosexuals who would rather stay in the closet. Opponents of Bork's appointment to the Supreme Court were distressed by his claim that there are no guarantees to privacy in the Constitution. But then one journalist searched the records of the video stores where Bork did business and wrote a tongue-in-cheek psychological profile based on Bork's taste in films. (Actually, Bork rented John Wayne movies.)

•

Those who invade the privacy of others can almost always make a good argument for what they do: The people have a right to know and to be protected. "The people" is an aggregate that somehow claims a higher virtue than

PRIVACY IN THE WORKPLACE

By Lewis Maltby

More complaints about rights violations in the workplace are received by the American Civil Liberties Union than any other kind. In the majority of these cases, the ACLU can do nothing.

When Americans report for work, most leave their constitutional rights behind. In the world of work, they have no freedom of speech, no right to privacy, no right to fair treatment and no legal protection when their rights are denied. Thousands of companies listen in on employee telephone calls, install hidden video cameras and hire undercover agents to masquerade as employees and report back to management. Most important of all, perhaps, American employees have no right to be free from arbitrary punishment. Many workers still labor under the 19th century employment-at-will doctrine and can be suspended or fired at any time for any reason, or for no reason at all. They do not even have the right to know why they are fired.

Americans believe that the Constitution protects their rights as citizens—which it does, but only against violations by the government. The Constitution does not apply to the relationship between private organizations, such as corporations, and their employees. Legally, a business can do virtually anything it wants to its hirelings.

The vast majority of people working in the private sector have only those rights that Congress or their state legislatures explicitly create. These legislative bodies have done a fair job of protecting people from discrimination because of race, sex (in some instances, sexual orientation), age, disability and other factors unrelated to job performance. Such anti-discrimination laws, however, do not require employers to live up to any objective standard of fairness: A business is free to treat its employees poorly so long as it treats everyone with equal disrespect.

The United States has set a standard that is a model for the world for protecting human rights from government abuse. Yet Americans have made no attempt to protect those same rights from abuse by employers. If human rights are being violated, does it really matter whether the culprit is the Attorney General or General Motors? The collective failure to protect the individual's rights at work is as illogical as it is tragic.

The ACLU is calling for a bill of rights for all working people. American workers deserve a document to protect those rights that brought the nation together more than 200 years ago. The failure to protect people's rights at work makes us all less free and makes the nation poorer: People work harder and smarter in an atmosphere of trust and dignity. Our competitors in trade, including the Germans and the Japanese, have for years had laws that require companies to treat their employees fairly. Only the United States and South Africa cling to a legal system that treats employees only slightly better than plantation hands. While the causes of America's declining competitiveness are many, one key reason is our antiquated employment laws.

When the founding fathers created the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, their scope was limited. Women had no legal rights. Neither did people of color. Even white males had to own property to have full legal rights. Over the years, the American vision of liberty has expanded to include many who were originally forgotten. It is time to expand our vision again and to protect the rights of all Americans at work.

Lewis Maltby is director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Workplace Rights Task Force.

personal privacy. Collectively, we think like those infuriating *USA Today*–style headlines: WE WANT STERNER MEASURES TO PROTECT PRIVACY. And, of course, the story below the headline is typically accompanied by bar graphs and statistics from the latest poll examining what we want. Reading one of those stories leaves me feeling like a member of some herd. Cattle and wildebeests have no privacy. Better to be a solitary lion or lone wolf. When you give up your privacy in the name of a higher good, you don't merely reduce your dignity, you make yourself vulnerable.

As I work on this essay, I look across my desk at a letter I received from a major New York publishing house whose books I occasionally review. Because I'm on their mailing list, I received a letter informing me that government regulations require the company to ask those it does business with if their businesses are woman-owned, minority-owned or a disadvantaged business concern. I told them the same thing I told the man from the census who came around and sat in my kitchen with his clipboard and wanted to know the ethnic makeup of my family: "None of your business."

Why not tell them? First, because it is the government, and they may get it wrong. If someone strokes the wrong computer key, that mistake will remain on the record approximately forever. Second, because the government does not use information benignly. During World War Two, without benefit of computers, the government rounded up members of one distinct minority of American citizens, the nisei, and threw them into concentration camps. This is only an example of a legal governmental action. Never mind the kind of illegal snooping committed by J. Edgar Hoover's minions at the FBI. Hoover kept hundreds of files on average and prominent Americans, detailing their sex lives. And one CIA anecdote tells of files on a foreign correspondent that were detailed enough to note that the journalist and Picasso once attended the same bullfight.

Bill Clinton's national health-care agenda would require more record-keeping and more scrutiny. During the campaign, however, Clinton refused to release his own medical records, and good for him. But his staff will be able to look at our records in the name of some collective good, such as holding down fraud.

We'll put up with it. Now and then somebody will kick up a fuss—about the search of Clinton's passport files, for instance—but the trend is always the same. Toward less privacy. Why?

Privacy is not measured in degrees—you either have it or you don't. The history of privacy in America is one of confusion. Having surrendered so often on sexual matters, Americans find it easy to give ground in other areas.

Obviously, we are numbed to the intrusions. Shopping requires a credit card, and a credit card requires a credit check. The government needs money, which means taxes, which means that the IRS is looking over our records. Businesses—especially the direct-marketing sorts—want to know more about us. As Oscar Wilde wrote, "Private information is practically the source of every large modern fortune."

Increasingly large parts of our lives are conducted electronically, and the trail is there for anyone interested in following the scent. Some people make a living that way.

Not many people have much practice at living and acting alone. It almost scares them. So they walk into an empty room and turn on the television and watch some shameless exhibitionist talk to Oprah about his sex life. Or they pick up a phone. To lots of people, hell is a room with no phone and no television. Noise doesn't bother them; silence is terrifying. They don't respect their neighbors' privacy because they don't value their own enough.

Robert Frost understood that good fences make good neighbors. The mythic American has always been what people like to call a loner, like the John Wayne characters the Borks enjoy watching in the privacy of their home. Or Natty Bumppo, the hero of James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. Natty would not be owned. He was at home in the wilderness. Harmless if you left him alone, Bumppo was lethal if you did not.

His territory is not far from where I live, and I have walked some of the same hills trying to imagine the sense of nearly absolute liberation—the privacy that the philosopher Montaigne described as "our real liberty and our principal retreat." To surrender that for mere comfort seems like a bad trade. Yet we make such trades every day when we give up another portion of our privacy to some higher good.

Five years ago, I spent a week following Natty Bumppo's tracks. I was in the woods, and, other than my hunting companions, I did not see another human during that time. Once, when I climbed to the top of a high ridge and stood looking out over a valley pocked by sparkling beaver ponds, I was suddenly aware of the silence. No traffic sounds, no television sounds. Nothing but the steady moan of the wind and the distant honking of a flight of high, traveling Canada geese. I found out later that the stock market was crashing. But just then, nothing could touch me. I was Natty and Ethan, and nobody owned me.

I returned to my "real" life with new resolve. The next time somebody comes around my house with a clipboard and a questionnaire—even if he's an IRS agent—I will tie him into a chair and hoist him up a signpost. My flag will be the one with the coiled rattlesnake and the fundamental American war cry: "Don't tread on me."

READER

YOUR MOTHER'S COMBAT BOOTS

Women in combat? Absolutely not. Women are not qualified for combat. In combat, the ability to provide protection for women is limited. Imagine the atrocities if there had been women combat soldiers during the Bataan death march or in Patton's drive into the Rhineland. Nor can combat conditions tolerate the possibility of sexual harassment. Women should certainly have equal opportunity for all jobs in the military—except combat. Combat training for women is a waste that our country, $4.2 trillion in debt, cannot afford.

George E. Irish
Melbourne Beach, Florida

Your response to the comment by Brian K. Sellnow concerning homosexuals in the military ("Phobias," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*, December) implies that *Air Force Times* and *Army Times* are military publications. These two, as well as *Navy Times*, are from Army Times Publishing, a civilian firm that targets specific groups just as a golfing or fishing magazine targets its audience. An editorial in any of these papers is no more a statement of official policy than one in *Newsweek*. Army Times Publishing should leave this one to the experts.

Darrel C. Scott
USAF (Ret.)
Bastrop, Texas

FOR THE RECORD

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Word from the advertising industry is that clients are adjusting their conservative attitudes when it comes to buying time on shows with controversial subjects. As media buyer Paul Schulman puts it: "Sex and violence become love and adventure if a show has a 25 [share] or higher."

PORN IN THE AFTERNOON

Since the *The Playboy Forum* champions the rights of citizens to read, view and listen to what they will, here's my two cents in the debate about pornography. In 1979 there was a story line on *General Hospital*, the popular soap opera, in which Laura (the victim and heroine) is raped by Luke (the brute and hero). Did Laura rally the feminist front to her aid? No. Did she file a complaint against Luke? No, she married him. Women fantasized about it. No one called it degrading and obscene. Where were feminists during that politically incorrect contretemps? Soaps are full of lust, infidelity, promiscuity, illegitimacy, nudity and sexism—the same stuff women gripe about in pornography—yet no one's calling for a ban on daytime TV. I'll give up my right to watch Russ Meyer's movies when a woman gives up her right to watch *General Hospital*.

Willie Holmes
Chicago, Illinois

THE RIGHT TO KNOW

In recent years, discussions about revealing an HIV-positive status have focused on infected health-care workers and the right of their patients to know. But a recent case points the finger of responsibility at the patient. A Los Angeles surgical technician filed suit against a patient who revealed her HIV status only after the technician nicked herself with a scalpel used to remove the patient's sutures. The technician, who so far has tested negative for the virus, has accused the patient of fraud and is suing for emotional distress, medical treatment and psychological care. Maybe now that health workers are in jeopardy, there will be a stronger lobby for definitive laws on infection and disclosure. People's lives should not be endangered because of a careless few.

Jill Robinson
San Francisco, California

Potential risk is not a justifiable reason for privacy violation. In an article in "The Wall Street Journal," Nancy Dickey of the American Medical Association called mandatory testing a false measure of security given the window of time in which an infected person could still test negative. Universal precautions (proceeding as if every patient is potentially infected) are the only way to ensure personal safety and privacy.

THE FEMINIST FRONT

Catharine MacKinnon, Andrea Dworkin, Pat Haas and now Dalma Heyn ("Infidelity Chic," *The Playboy Forum*, November). I am sick to death of hearing militant feminist views on the male gender. Yes, there is still male chauvinism in the world. There always will be. Just as there will always be women who subscribe to the "all men are vicious evil swine out to degrade women through sexual exploitation" philosophy. According to Heyn's definition, if a man cheats on his wife with a younger woman, he is a pig; if a woman finds a younger man, she is a revolutionary. This is flawed and pretentious Dworkinian logic if I ever heard it. There is nothing glamourous in hurting the ones you love.

D. L. Martinez
King George, Virginia

RESPONSE

COME TO PAPA

I am a regular reader of PLAYBOY and am sick of the whining I keep hearing from men—most recently and specifically from Terrie Burrell ("Whose Choice?") in *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*, December. Men have a number of choices when it comes to birth control: abstinence, refraining from vaginal intercourse, condoms coupled with a diaphragm or spermicidal jelly, and vasectomy. The only additional choices for women are to have an abortion or give birth. So grow up and take responsibility for your actions instead of trying to control ours once the deed is done. No man has to be a father without his consent. He does have to understand that his moment of choice comes before the act, not afterward.

Donna Krooskos
San Diego, California

Terrie Burrell, are you a moron? Your absolutely irrefutable right to opt out of fatherhood can be protected in two ways: abstinence and latex.

Christine Hopkins
Noblesville, Indiana

Terrie Burrell responds: "First of all, I'm a woman. In my original letter I told the story of a male friend who was casually dating a woman who claimed to be on the pill. It wasn't until after she found out she was pregnant that she admitted she had missed taking them a couple of days. I am in no way condoning men's lack of responsibility in the birth-control process, but in this case, I believe the man was victimized. Until men can get pregnant, it is up to women to protect themselves. There is absolutely no excuse for an unwanted pregnancy."

TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK

Tired of the moral right's objection to pornography and other "obscene material," a gay man from Wichita Falls, Texas took action. He filed a complaint with police charging three Christian bookstores with displaying obscene material. And what exactly was the objectionable matter? Marriage manuals within reach of children. The man told *The Advocate*, a gay publication, "The Christian right has had a heyday censoring books. This is just to show them that they have material that is objectionable to some. If we're going to begin censoring things, [that should include] anything objectionable."

Anne Stein
Chicago, Illinois

LITERATURE

I find the constant comparisons of sexual and violent behavior to be enlightening in showing how the puritan mind works. Experts have been quoted as saying something like 80 percent of serial killers use pornography. For what? As a warm-up? Millions of men and women have been reading and looking at sexually explicit material since time immemorial. Psychopaths make up a very small percentage of that group, and chances are that they would commit their deviant acts even if they never had seen a sexually explicit book. Over the years, PLAYBOY has supported the cause of freedom in its many forms. Please continue to research the relationship between sexual freedom and criminal behavior.

Terry Dohl
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

WE GOT LETTERS. . . .

I'd like to thank you for the mention of *Sense & Censorship: The Vanity of Bonfires* (*The Playboy Forum*, December). At the Media Coalition, we have gotten quite a few requests for the pamphlet since then. However, I would like to make an addendum to the ordering information you provided: The *Sense & Censorship* pamphlet is actually a two-part publication. The first pamphlet is a historical overview of censorship as it has taken shape in America. The companion pamphlet, also titled *Sense & Censorship*, is an extensive collection of resources on the study of violent and sexually explicit material, as well as censorship. The two are most useful in tandem. The set of censorship pamphlets is available for $1.50 per set, 75 cents per set for any order of ten or more. We request payment in advance, with a check or money order sent to our new offices at 1221 Avenue of the Americas, 24th floor, New York, New York 10020.

Anne Castro
The Media Coalition
New York, New York

A mother of two, searching for Waldo in a puzzle (Where's Waldo on the Beach?), spotted a topless sunbather. Mom expressed her indignation, and the store where she bought the puzzle pulled it. Censors never rest.

FORUM

MADONNA VS. DR. RUTH:

in two new books, two dynamos of pop

MADONNA: "This book does not condone unsafe sex. These are fantasies I have dreamed up. Like most human beings, when I let my mind wander, when I let myself go, I rarely think of condoms. My fantasies take place in a perfect world, a place without AIDS. Unfortunately, the world is not perfect and I know that condoms are necessary and mandatory. Everything you are about to see and read is a fantasy, a dream, pretend. But if I were to make my dreams real, I would certainly use condoms. Safe sex saves lives. Pass it on."

DR. RUTH: "The penis-like shape near the octopus's head does not have a condom, even though it looks erect. It is a perfectly proportioned, circumcised penis, but it would be even better if it were wearing a condom to make a strong statement for the Nineties that one cannot be overprepared to thwart sexually transmissible diseases in general and the fatal AIDS-causing virus in particular. All this occurs in the woman's dream. A dream that includes safe sex is certainly the kind of erotic fantasy best suited to our age."

DR. RUTH: "Kokopelli is intended to provide a form of sex education: What is refreshingly honest about Mr. and Mrs. Kokopelli is that Mr. has a penis and testicles of normal scale, so the Hopi girl for whom this doll was intended would be prepared for marriage with realistic expectations about the male anatomy."

MADONNA: "I had only one bed. So we both got into it and I couldn't sleep, so I had sex with him and it was really awesome because he was so young and so in wonderment of it all. He was fearless. He would do anything. He wasn't very big. He was just a baby. See, I'm not a size queen."

SEX VS. THE ART OF AROUSAL

culture face off for a battle of erotic advice

DR. RUTH: "In particular, we have to applaud the acrobatic man above, who at the moment of bliss does not forget the pleasure of the two women who support the one riding his penis. If you look closely, you will see that he is not steadying himself with his hands but rather stroking the women's genitals. Instead of jealousy there are warm and supportive looks being shared among the three women. But that was over nine hundred years ago and it would be hard and hardly wise to duplicate such a successful foursome in our day."

MADONNA: "A picture is worth. . . ."

MADONNA: "My name is Dita. I'll be your mistress tonight. I'll be your loved one, darling. Turn out the light. I'll be your sorceress, your heart's magician. I'm not a witch. I'm a love technician. I'll be your guiding light in your darkest hours. I'm gonna change your life."

DR. RUTH: "After you look at the pictures and read the texts in this book—and maybe make love with your partner, having been stimulated by the material between these two covers, you will recognize the delights of sexual and artistic variety that await your discovery. Maybe you'll even go out and buy your lover not another box of chocolates but books on art. And who knows—maybe some of you will even be inspired to start painting your beloved—naked. If that happens, be sure to let me know."

DR. RUTH: "Apparently the Greeks had the good sense to recognize that having intercourse in the same position, same place and at the same time of day is boring. Rather than forcefully entering his partner from behind, this smiling lover gently grasps his partner's back in order to steady himself and to draw her closer. If he is a considerate lover, after his own ejaculation he will turn her around and bring her to orgasm with cunnilingus or by stroking her clitoris with his fingers."

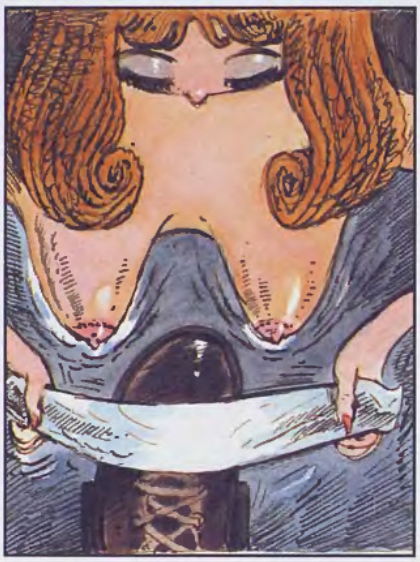
Doctor: Do you feel that it is possible to experience pleasure and pain at the same time?
TAXI
Dita: Sure! That's what ass fucking is all about. It's the most pleasurable way to get fucked and it hurts the most too. All your nerve endings are in your ass, but if you're not excited, or if you're not doing it right things can really go wrong.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

IN THE BUFF

NEW YORK CITY—*You thought you'd heard of every topless service imaginable? Wrong. The proprietor of Manhattan*



Adult Video has introduced topless shoeshines—or reintroduced them. A bare-breasted buffer here says her mother told her that topless shine girls were an attraction at vaudeville shows in the Twenties. In the more sedate Nineties, customers at this parlor run the gamut from blue-collar workers to Wall Street executives. "So far," according to the buffer, "there have been no problems with lunging."

JUST SAY YES

CHICAGO—*A group has decided to take on the abstinence-based sex education provided in public schools by offering alternative information. The Coalition for Positive Sexuality works outside area high schools. CPS hands out condoms and a safe-sex booklet, "Just Say Yes," to students who request the material. "It's too bad you weren't here a couple years ago," said one girl to the activists. "I have a nine-month-old baby now."*

ANNALS OF REPRESSION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A sodomy law that prohibits "unnatural sex" between consenting adults is still on the books. Gay groups challenged the statute, but the D.C. council—the district's governing group—split on the issue five to five. However, three members were out of town for the vote and new members will be joining the board, which virtually guarantees another challenge this year.*

ONTARIO—*A court judge has declared unconstitutional a Canadian law that makes consensual anal intercourse by or with persons aged 14 to 18 punishable by up to ten years in prison. Observing that it does not involve risk of pregnancy (which might otherwise have been a factor), Madam Justice Marie Corbett said she saw "no evidence indicating any harmful effect on the public generally or the individual."*

RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—*A consulting firm, Management Resources, is selling a battery-powered red-light pin that women can wear on their clothing. The company suggests women flash the pin whenever they feel subjected to sexual harassment or sexist remarks in the workplace. Some critics complained that it trivializes the issue, but Management Resources insists it's a good training tool.*

FASHION STATEMENT

ELMIRA, NEW YORK—*"There are a lot of teenagers out there embarrassed by them," says Thursa Hargrove. The "them" are condom packages that adorned her hair and clothing as a safe-sex and unwanted-pregnancy statement. Hargrove, a 16-year-old high school junior with an 18-month-old child, speaks from authority. But so did school officials: They removed Hargrove from class after she refused to remove the condoms. According to the school principal, "It's distracting to the other students."*

AS THE WORM TURNS

BEIJING—*The good word: Researchers isolated an as-yet-unnamed compound that could ultimately result in a natural, homegrown contraceptive. Chinese scientists are working on a spermicide made from earthworms. "Research has shown that an earthworm extract can kill human sperm really fast," reported the overseas edition of* People's Daily.

TUCSON—*The bad word, announced in the journal* Nature, *is that producing sperm may substantially shorten life spans. This came as a shock to a University of Arizona researcher and other scientists, who say it could indicate that sperm production might divert physiological resources that otherwise prolong life.*

HERPES AID

RESEARCH TRIANGLE PARK, NEW JERSEY—*Burroughs Wellcome said it will make its antiherpes drug, Zovirax, available (up to 730 grams) at no cost to patients who enroll in a special plan. Applicants must be referred by their doctors and need more of the medication than their insurance will cover. Similar programs have been set up for HIV patients who cannot afford needed drugs.*

AUTOEROTICISM

LONDON—*The journal of the London Institute of Psychiatry offered a case study in which a 20-year-old member of a religious sect that forbids sexual involvement with women before marriage developed a relationship with the family car. Reportedly, the man masturbated near the tailpipe and also kept photos of the car in his room. As a patient, he underwent a program of "orgasmic reconditioning" in which he*

started masturbating to pictures of the car but finished with pictures of nude females. Doctors reported that the treatment was only partially successful: He did develop a greater interest in women, but his first love remains the car.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1993 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

There you are. Just you, your thoughts, and a hot cup of joe. You light up a smoke. Yeah, man. Smooth. Mild. Flavorful. Low tar. Low tar? How can that be? Used to be low tar meant low expectations. Well, bub, that was then. And this is

Only 1 MG. TAR!

NOW

THE LOW TAR WAY TO SMOKE.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Welcome to the state of relaxation. Enjoy your stay.

The Christian Brothers Brandy 80 Proof © 1992. CB Vineyards, Menlo Park, CA. Allan Park, MI

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS BRANDY.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FRANK ZAPPA

a candid conversation with the most original mind in rock music about world affairs, jewish princesses, fighting cancer and life beyond the fringe

Few would doubt that Václav Havel, the Czech playwright-turned-politician, and Matt Groening, creator of "The Simpsons," make an odd pair. Yet in separate interviews, when asked which person had the greatest influence on their lives, both came up with the same name: Frank Zappa. "Who else?" wondered Groening. "I listened to the music, I dissected the lyrics and it transformed me."

Havel and Groening are not alone. In this year's Playboy Music Poll, our readers chose Zappa as the 43rd inductee into the Playboy Music Hall of Fame, where he joins the likes of Frank Sinatra, John Lennon and Bruce Springsteen. But even before the votes had been counted, PLAYBOY*'s editors had Zappa on their minds and had invited him to sit for the "Playboy Interview." The result is an unusual coincidence: For the first time in the magazine's history, an issue of* PLAYBOY *both announces the Hall of Fame winner and features him in the interview.*

What makes this occurrence even more unusual is that Frank Zappa is no mainstream musician. While he is lionized in Europe, his avant-garde compositions and pointed, satirical lyrics are seldom heard on American radio. As he admits, people are often confused and angered by his work. As the leader of the Mothers of Invention, one of the weirdest—and most brilliant—experimental bands ever, Zappa earned a prominent place in rock lore. He didn't do drugs, he fought censorship and he distributed a poster of himself seated nude on a toilet, calling it "Phi Zappa Krappa." It's no wonder that the first chapter of his autobiography is titled "How Weird Am I, Anyway?"

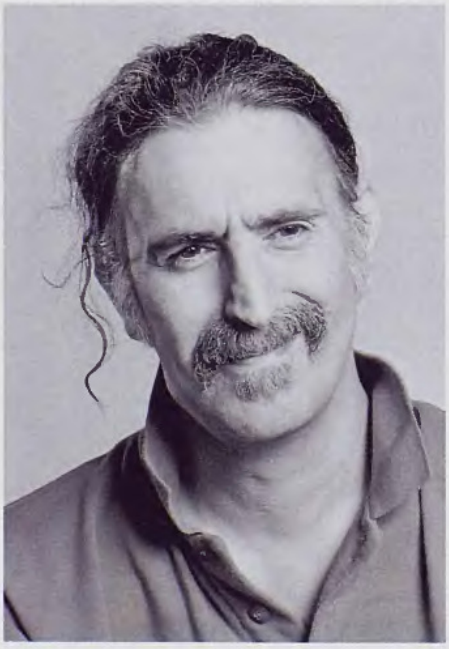
Over the course of his career, few were left unscathed by Zappa's wicked satire set to music. A Randy Newman with fangs, Zappa went after fashion, hypocrisy and stereotypes, managing to offend an amazing array of people. Women were incensed over the song "Titties and Beer," parents were horrified by such lyrics as "Watch out where the huskies go/and don't you eat that yellow snow" and gays were furious over "He's So Gay." The Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith denounced "Jewish Princess" ("with overworked gums, she squeaks when she comes") and demanded an apology. As always, Zappa refused.

Like his fans, his enemies could take some consolation in the fact that they weren't alone. Zappa's attacks crossed political and ideological lines; he skewered Jesse Jackson, former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, rednecks and televangelists.

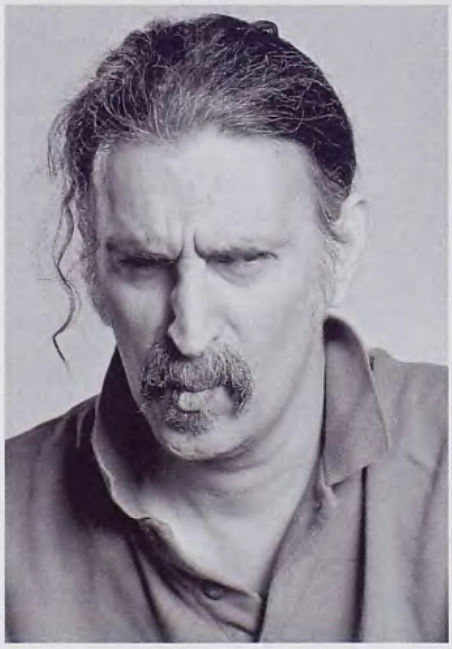
His music confounded his fans, too. His range often seemed limitless, as he jumped successfully from rock to jazz to classical. He has released more than 50 albums, including "Freak Out," "Sheik Yerbouti," "Apostrophe," "200 Motels" (also the name of a film, now a cult classic) and "Jazz from Hell." His classical music has been lauded in stuffy circles, and he has released albums of his work performed by the London Symphony Orchestra. In Frankfurt, Germany, his soon-to-be-released "The Yellow Shark" was the highlight of a festival last fall, and earlier this year the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York presented "The Music of Frank Zappa" as part of its Great Performers series.

Zappa was able to make enemies even when he wasn't making music. He took on Tipper Gore and Susan Baker, wife of former Secretary of State James Baker, when they demanded that records be rated according to content—the same way movies are. Zappa testified before the Senate Commerce Committee, calling Gore, Baker and their committee "a group of bored Washington housewives" who wanted to "housebreak all composers and performers because of the lyrics of a few." He lost the crusade but remained a vigorous advocate of First Amendment rights.

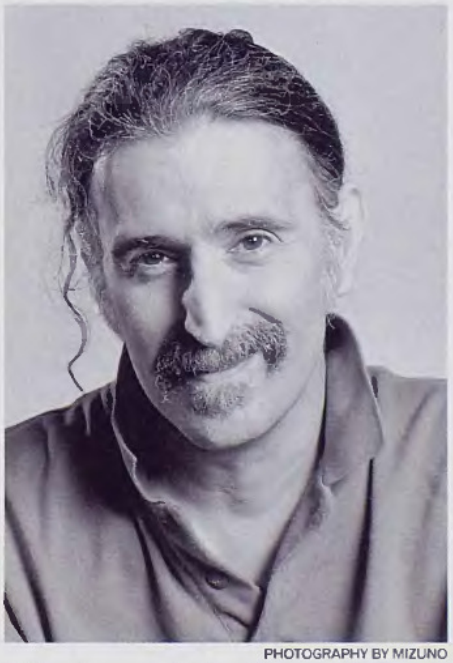
He has also campaigned to encourage his audiences to vote. Voter registration booths were set up in the lobbies of the concert halls



"There's this ludicrous fear of the power of music manifesting itself in the corruption of the youth of America. There are more love songs than anything else. If songs could make you do something, we'd all love one another."



"I went to church regularly until I was eighteen years old. My parents tried to make me go to Catholic school, too. I lasted a very short time. When the penguin came after me with a ruler, I was out of there."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"The minute somebody tells you you have cancer, your life changes dramatically. It's like you have a fucking brand put on you. It complicates your life because you have to fight for your life every single day."

in which he performed. In his "Video from Hell" (the companion to "Jazz from Hell"), he included a note that read, "Register to vote and read the Constitution before it's void where prohibited by law." His frustrations with government led him to consider being part of it: In 1991 he announced that he was running for president.

*After some bad experiences in the record business (in the song "Brown Shoes Don't Make It," he memorialized the businessmen who screwed him), Zappa and his wife (and manager), Gail, formed their own record labels and merchandising operation. (There's even a Zappa hotline: 1-818-*PUMPKIN.*) His broad insight into economics and politics inspired the Financial News Network to ask him to guest-host a talk show. That gig took him to Czechoslovakia to meet with Havel, then the president, before the country split into two republics.*

Zappa's music had been smuggled behind the iron curtain since the Sixties, and he had become a hero to the Czech people. His song "Plastic People" was an underground anthem. When he visited Prague, students told him that he had been considered one of the worst enemies of the Communist state. One student told of being arrested by the secret police, jailed and beaten. "We are going to beat the Zappa music out of your head," the officer screamed. Upon meeting Zappa, the boy said, "Our dream has come true today."

Havel was so enamored of him that he made Zappa the country's special ambassador to the West on trade, culture and tourism. Zappa had big plans to help bridge cultural and economic barriers with the West. The appointment, however, was derailed by Secretary of State Baker. Columnist Jack Anderson reported that Baker was "carrying an old grudge" from Zappa's dismissal of Susan Baker as a "bored housewife." "When [Baker] arrived in Prague," Anderson wrote, "he had his surrogates convey his displeasure to Havel." Havel succumbed to the pressure and canceled the appointment.

Zappa came far to have such high-placed enemies. A song called "Son of Mr. Green Genes" made people think his father was the character on "Captain Kangaroo," but in truth, he is the son of a meteorologist who did research on poison gases for the military. Gas masks hung on a wall of the family's home in case of an accident with the chemical weapons his father studied.

The family moved frequently before ending up in Lancaster, California, where Frank played drums in the school marching band. His musical taste, however, was eclectic; while his classmates swooned over Elvis, he listened to composers such as Edgard Varèse and Anton Webern.

In Lancaster, Zappa formed his first garage band, the Black-Outs (so named after the night some of his bandmates drank too much peppermint schnapps and blacked out). He later joined the Soul Giants, which became the Mothers of Invention. With Zappa as their guitar-wielding leader, the Mothers were known for their excellent and innovative music—"Uncle Meat," "Weasels Ripped My Flesh" and "The Grand Wazoo" are classic albums—and for their antics. One of the more colorful rock legends maintains that Zappa and Alice Cooper had a gross-out contest onstage: After Cooper allegedly squashed some live baby chicks, Zappa supposedly picked up a plastic spoon and ate a plate of steaming feces. Although Zappa denies it, he's been haunted by the story for years.

While his reputation for weirdness is his trademark, his private life seems eminently sane. Now 52, he has been married to Gail for 25 years and is a devoted father to his four children—Moon Unit, 25 (she was the voice of the obnoxious "Valley Girl" in his 1982 hit song), Dweezil, 23, Ahmet, 18, and Diva, 13. It was Moon and Dweezil who shocked their father's fans in November 1991 when they announced that he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer. The illness forced him to drop his planned presidential campaign, and both work and travel have been disrupted. His "Playboy Interview" was conducted by Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *who most recently chatted with Steve Martin for the January 1993 interview. Sheff reports:*

> *"They wanted to convince the world that there's no such thing as a Jewish princess, but, I'm sorry, the facts speak for themselves."*

"The Zappa home is a mock-Tudor Pee-wee's Playhouse in fast-forward mode. In one room, a state-of-the-art recording studio, engineers work on computers and recording equipment, and in another room, editors pore over frames of videotape. Various assistants dash through halls decorated with memorabilia such as gold records and ZAPPA *license plates. On one wall is a poster of Ronald Reagan as Adolf Hitler.*

"I waited for Zappa in a wood-paneled room on a comfortable old couch opposite a redbrick fireplace. When Frank came in, he attempted to sit comfortably in a large purple leather chair. But comfort was impossible—Zappa explained that the pain had invaded his lower back.

"The interview was interrupted briefly by assistants bringing coffee or Frank's dinner, a bagel and cream cheese. Gail sleepily stopped in to say hello; she was exhausted after an all-night flight from Tokyo, where she had gone with Diva and Moon Unit to see Dweezil play guitar with a Japanese pop star. Later, Diva came in, flopped on her dad's lap and gave him a big kiss, telling him how much she had missed him.

"Zappa, with his trademark mustache and sideburns, chain-smoked while he spoke with unmistakable passion, and urgency, about his music, his politics, his family and his illness. Occasionally, pain overcame him and he stopped speaking. I asked if he wanted to take a break and resume later. 'No,' he said, 'let's keep going.'

"We finished after seven straight hours, and as we wound up, I felt both inspired and deeply saddened. I thanked him and told him it was a good interview. He said, 'As long as it goes beyond the fringe.'"

PLAYBOY: You once said that your job is "extrapolating everything to its most absurd extreme." Does that still hold true?

ZAPPA: It's one of my jobs. I guess it must have been my main job that day. But yes, I like carrying things to their most ridiculous extreme because out there on the fringe is where my type of entertainment lies.

PLAYBOY: Is it frustrating that more people don't get it?

ZAPPA: The crux of the biscuit is: If it entertains you, fine. Enjoy it. If it doesn't, then blow it out your ass. I do it to amuse myself. If I like it, I release it. If somebody else likes it, that's a bonus.

PLAYBOY: How important is it to offend people?

ZAPPA: You mean, do I wake up and say, "I think I'll go out and offend somebody today"? I don't do that. I don't write lyrics much anymore, but I offend people just as much with the music itself. I put chords together that I like, but many people want rhythms that they can march to or dance to; they get tangled up trying to tap their foot to my songs. Some people don't like that, which is OK with me.

PLAYBOY: You certainly offended people with the Phi Zappa Krappa poster.

ZAPPA: Probably. But so what?

PLAYBOY: And some of your antics from the Mothers of Invention days, like the famed gross-out contest.

ZAPPA: There never was a gross-out contest. That was a rumor. Somebody's imagination ran wild. Chemically bonded imagination. The rumor was that I went so far as to eat shit onstage. There were people who were terribly disappointed that I never ate shit onstage. But no, there never was anything even resembling a gross-out contest.

PLAYBOY: Another rumor was that you peed on an audience.

ZAPPA: I never had my dick out onstage and neither did anybody else in the band. We did have a stuffed giraffe rigged with a hose and an industrial-strength whipped cream dispenser. Under it we had a cherry bomb. That's how we celebrated the Fourth of July in 1967. Somebody waved the flag, lit the cherry bomb. It blew the ass out of the giraffe. Another guy reached behind the giraffe and pushed the button and had this thing shitting whipped cream all over

"The best defense is not to offend."
Chuck Norris
RIGHT GUARD SPORT STICK FRESH
RIGHT GUARD SPORT STICK SPICE SCENT
RIGHT GUARD SPORT STICK UNSCENTED
NEW!
Introducing New Right Guard® Sport Stick.
A time-release formula for longer lasting odor protection.
Two new defenses: Spice and Unscented.
In bold new Wide Sticks. Your move.
Anything less would be uncivilized.
©1993 The Gillette Company

PLAYBOY

Celebrity CENTERFOLD

VIDEO

JESSICA HAHN

Only $19.95

You've seen Jessica grace the pages of our magazine—most notably in December of '92. At that time, she celebrated her new life and great looks in a stunning pictorial. Now she performs "au naturel" for the first time on video in a series of steamy vignettes that range from an erotic Garden of Eden scene to a stark desert dream. VHS. 50 min. Item number NW1724V.

ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-423-9494

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code: 39521)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39521, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

© 1993 Playboy.

the stage. That amused people for some reason.

PLAYBOY: So it was simply contained outrageousness?

ZAPPA: Stagecraft.

PLAYBOY: To entertain or just to alleviate boredom?

ZAPPA: There was a third factor, too. There's an art statement in whipped cream shooting out the ass of a giraffe, isn't there? We were carrying on the forgotten tradition of dada stagecraft. The more absurd, the better I liked it.

PLAYBOY: The titles of your records and songs are art statements, too.

ZAPPA: Well, you have to call them something, so why not call them something amusing?

PLAYBOY: For example, *Burnt Weeny Sandwich*?

ZAPPA: I still eat burnt weeny sandwiches. It's one of the great things in life. At least it's a great lunch. You take a Hebrew National, put it on a fork, burn it on the stove, wrap two pieces of bread around it, squirt some mustard on it, eat it and you're back to work.

PLAYBOY: You've also used your songs to level political attacks. You wrote *Rhymin' Man* about Jesse Jackson. What made you so angry?

ZAPPA: An article raised some questions about whether or not Martin Luther King actually died in Jesse's arms. There were reports that Jackson dipped his hands into King's blood or even used chicken blood and rubbed it on his shirt, which he wore for a few days afterward as he met the media. So I did this song about the idea of communicating through nursery rhymes, as Jackson is prone to do. It rubs me the wrong way. I'm not saying that all of Jesse's ideas are bad; I agree with some of them. But I'm not confident that Jesse Jackson would be the person I would look to to implement any of them. I don't want to see any religious people in public office because they're working for another boss.

PLAYBOY: You also assailed former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop in a song.

ZAPPA: HBO ran something like "Dr. Koop Answers Your Questions About AIDS." On it, I saw him explain how AIDS got from the green monkey to the human population. He speculated about a native who wanted to eat a green monkey, who skinned it, cut his finger and some of the green monkey's blood got into his blood. The next thing you know, you have this blood-to-blood transmission of the disease. I mean, this is awful fucking thin. It's right up there with *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. And Koop was such a cartoon character with that uniform and everything. Before Ronald Reagan, when did you ever see a surgeon general dressed up like the guy in the *Katzenjammer Kids*?

PLAYBOY: Because of songs such as *Dinah Moe Humm* ("I got a forty-dollar bill say you can't make me come"), *He's So Gay* and many others, you have been accused of being sexist, misogynistic and homophobic.

ZAPPA: Some people miss the joke. In general, I was a convenient enemy and they could get exposure for their causes by coming after me. But I'm not antigay. When Ross Perot announced he was running for president, I wanted him to choose Barney Frank as a vice-presidential candidate. He is one of the most impressive guys in Congress. He is a great model for young gay men.

PLAYBOY: But you were criticized for *Bobby Brown Goes Down* and *He's So Gay*.

ZAPPA: But see, I'm a journalist of a sort. I have a right to say what I want to say about any topic. If you don't have a sense of humor, then tough titties.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you said when you were attacked by the Anti-Defamation League for *Jewish Princess*?

ZAPPA: They wanted to convince the world that there's no such thing as a Jewish princess, but, I'm sorry, the facts speak for themselves. They asked me to apologize and I refused. I still have their letter nailed to the wall. They got a lot of mileage out of it, but it was a tempest in a teapot. They just wanted to give the impression that here, in the world of rock, was this rabid anti-Semite who was besmirching the fine reputation of everybody of the Jewish faith. Well, I didn't make up the idea of a Jewish princess. They exist, so I wrote a song about them. If they don't like it, so what? Italians have princesses, too.

PLAYBOY: Is there rhyme or reason behind the subjects you choose to attack?

ZAPPA: Whatever I'm mad at at the time. I like things that work. If something doesn't, the first question you have to ask is, Why? If it's not working and you know why, then you have to ask, "Why isn't somebody doing something about it?" The government, for starters. Most institutions. The nation's education system is completely fucked up.

PLAYBOY: Fucked up how?

ZAPPA: The schools are worthless because the books are worthless. They still are on the level of George Washington and the cherry tree and "I cannot tell a lie." The books have all been bowdlerized by committees responding to pressure from right-wing groups to make every aspect of the history books consistent with the cryptofascist viewpoint. When you send your kids to school, that's what they're dealing with. Your children are being presented with these documents, part of a multibillion-dollar industry, which are absolutely fraudulent. Kids' heads are crammed with so many nonfacts that when they get out of school they're totally unprepared to do anything. They can't read, they can't write, they can't think. Talk about child abuse. The U.S. school system as a whole qualifies.

PLAYBOY: Did you find alternative schools for your kids?

ZAPPA: In California you can take your

Take 20% Off!

...when you buy two or more Escort detectors.*

For the first time ever, our entire line of Passport radar and laser detectors is on sale. You can "mix or match" them for savings of nearly $80. If you've been waiting for the perfect moment to buy a radar or laser detector, this is it.

A perfect combination is Passport 3100 WideBand and Passport 1000 Laser. A total detection package, they'll protect you from every type of radar and laser used today. And you'll pay less for both detectors than others charge for a wide-band detector alone! You can't go wrong with this combo.

All detectors are backed with a 30-day money back guarantee and one-year limited warranty.

*The 20% discount applies only to new purchases of two detectors on the same order. Return of either detector will result in the loss of the 20% discount. Offer ends March 31, 1993.

Call toll-free 24 hours, 7 days a week:
1-800-433-3487
Fax: 1-513-247-4820 Service: 1-800-543-1608

Detector prices when sold individually:
Passport 1000 Laser $99; Passport 3100 WideBand $179

Buy both detectors for only $223
plus shipping & handling. Ohio res. add 6% tax.

Overnight Shipping Available

Department 500743
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

ESCORT
The Innovative Edge.™

© 1992 CMI

kids out of school at 15 if they can pass the equivalency test, so the first three have escaped. Diva still has a couple of years to go.

PLAYBOY: Before they escaped, how did you deal with it?

ZAPPA: We had them in public school and private school, back and forth, trying to find the best possible education that we could get for them.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of what they learned at school, they certainly must get an education around here.

ZAPPA: There definitely is a little stimulation around here. They meet a lot of people from all over the world and of all different nationalities and races and business backgrounds. The kids aren't shoveled into a room.

PLAYBOY: Did the perspective you gave them prepare them for those bad schools?

ZAPPA: It caused them trouble, because when they compared what qualifies as the real world here in this house with what they experienced as the real world in school, it was very different. Sometimes their friends think they're weird. On the other hand, their friends like to spend the night over here.

PLAYBOY: Were the teachers horrified?

ZAPPA: Some of them. They had a few teachers who were great. One could have taught a couch to read. She was fired because she wasn't Mexican. The school had an ethnic quota, and she was out.

PLAYBOY: If Tipper Gore was right and exposure to an uncensored world is bad for kids, your kids must be monsters.

ZAPPA: My kids do OK. I like them a lot and they seem to like me and their mother. They don't use drugs. They don't drink. They don't even eat meat.

PLAYBOY: What have you said to your kids about drugs?

ZAPPA: All I told them was, "You see examples of drug-crazed people on television and all you have to do is look at those assholes." They get the point. The biggest thing you can do for kids is give them the ability to figure things out. I use a risk-reward program. One of my kids comes to me and tells me he or she wants to do something. I say no if I don't think it's a good idea. If they can convince me, logically, that I'm wrong, they get to do it.

PLAYBOY: You're creating your worst nightmare: a house full of lawyers.

ZAPPA: I don't think we have to worry about any of them becoming lawyers. But it does help to develop reasoning and communication skills—you might even call it sales skills—to manage to get your way in a fast and efficient manner. I don't think it hurts. Look at the alternative: They could go "Wah-wah-wah" or break things, or sneak. We don't have very much in the way of tantrums or sneakage problems.

I look at kids as little people. The little people have certain assets and liabilities. They're born with an unbound imagination. They're born without fear and prejudice. On the other hand, they don't have the mechanical skills to do big-person stuff. But if you treat them like people, they'll learn. If you think of them as your precious little commodities and you want to mold them and shape them into something that you imagine for them, it breeds problems.

PLAYBOY: You obviously don't buy the argument that you have to give your kids something to rebel against.

ZAPPA: Well, my children certainly have decided not to grow up like me. They don't smoke. They don't eat hamburgers or bacon. They find their own way. I just want to keep them out of trouble and make sure that they can get to adulthood with some sort of marketable skill and a chance for a happy life on their own terms. I don't want them to be like me or like Gail. They should be like them. And they should be as well equipped to be themselves as possible. As parents we have to do everything to give them the equipment to be themselves, so that when they go out into the world they can maintain their identity and still survive.

PLAYBOY: Would they have been different had you named them Sally or John?

ZAPPA: It's the last name that gets them into trouble.

PLAYBOY: How?

ZAPPA: I'm viewed as being weird. When somebody calls you weird, then anything you touch becomes weird. On the other hand, they like being weird.

PLAYBOY: And their first names distinguish them for anyone unconvinced by their last name?

ZAPPA: I want them to be different. I know that the people in these schools will never be different because they're afraid to be different. But my kids are genetically different, so they might as well be different all the way.

PLAYBOY: Chastity Bono once told a reporter how terrible her name is. She said when she complained, Sonny reminded her, "Be thankful we didn't name you Dweezil." Have any of your kids threatened to change their names?

ZAPPA: No. I think they like them, though you'd have to ask them. We all get along well. That seems to be a rare thing in a family today. The family itself is a vanishing artifact. In the Nineties, if you have a family and the people inside the family have affection for one another, it's kind of a miracle. It's mutant behavior. I mean, they yell and scream at one another like any other kids. But most of the time they play together.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Gail?

ZAPPA: She was working at the Whiskey-a-Go-Go in L.A. I fell in love with her instantly.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you didn't give her a wedding ring?

ZAPPA: I didn't have one, so when we got married, I pinned a ballpoint pen on her dress. It was a maternity dress because she was nine months pregnant.

PLAYBOY: These days, particularly in your profession, twenty-five-year marriages are uncommon. Why has yours lasted?

ZAPPA: We both are busy with what we care about. She's good at what she does, and I leave her alone when it comes to that. I spent so much time on the road that we were always glad to see each other when the tours were over. The other thing is I guess we like each other.

PLAYBOY: Is there a lot of music in your house? What music do your kids listen to?

ZAPPA: When Ahmet was in sixth grade, he liked *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Oliver!* Recently he discovered Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer. Diva likes rap music of all languages. Moon likes dance-oriented stuff. Dweezil likes anything with a guitar in it.

PLAYBOY: How do you like his music?

ZAPPA: The best of it, I think, is his instrumental music, which is very involved technically; the rhythms and intervals are complicated and his execution is spotless.

PLAYBOY: How about you? Have you lost your interest in rock and roll?

ZAPPA: My main interest is composition—getting an idea and manifesting it in a way that people can listen to.

PLAYBOY: How much has technology changed your music?

ZAPPA: Without the computer I would still be at the mercy of musicians to play my music. I would also be at the mercy of governmental and civic entities that fund performances.

PLAYBOY: After your last tour, you said you wouldn't be touring again.

ZAPPA: Well, I couldn't afford it. I lost $400,000 on it and I don't wish to experience that again.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever miss the——

ZAPPA: Rock-and-roll life? No.

PLAYBOY: How about the experience of the performance?

ZAPPA: A little bit. Every once in a while I feel like playing the guitar, but I stop and think what I'd have to go through in order to do it. The urge goes away.

PLAYBOY: Is it particularly gratifying to get commissions such as the one from the Frankfurt Festival last year?

ZAPPA: That one was really something. It was a whole evening of my music, which was part of a whole week of my music, new pieces and old. It was performed in Frankfurt, Berlin and Vienna.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any theories about why your music has been more popular in Europe than in America?

ZAPPA: Germans, in particular, have a history of supporting new composition. They also have a viable contemporary

BENSON & HEDGES *Special Kings*

A REFRESHINGLY SMOOTH MENTHOL
IN THE POCKET PACK.™ DISCOVER "SOFT PACK FEEL IN A BOX."

IN SHORT, AMERICA'S PREMIUM CIGARETTE

AVAILABLE IN LIMITED AREAS

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1992

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

tradition of new music that gets funded and performed regularly.

PLAYBOY: Was it always your goal to do classical music?

ZAPPA: That's where I started. I didn't write rock and roll until I was in my twenties, but I started writing other kinds of music. I couldn't play it, I could only write it.

PLAYBOY: Where did the interest come from?

ZAPPA: I liked the way music looked on paper. It was fascinating to me that you could see the notes and somebody who knew what they were doing would look at them and music would come out. I thought it was a miracle. I was always interested in graphics, and I spent most of my creative time in my early days in school drawing pictures. I got a Speedball pen and a jar of Higgins India ink and some music paper and, shit, *I could draw those.*

PLAYBOY: It was originally about a picture, not a sound?

ZAPPA: Yes. And then I got someone to play it. I went to my grandmother's funeral when I was little and I sat there looking at the candles. The choir was singing, and when they would sing a note, the candles would respond to it. I didn't know why. I was a little kid; what the fuck did I know about physics? But it was a physical manifestation of a sound. I remembered it; I put it in the memory bank to see what I could do with it later. It shows how bored I was at the funeral.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents play music?

ZAPPA: No. We had a very unmusical household.

PLAYBOY: Your father worked with poison gas for a living. Did you understand the implications of that?

ZAPPA: Yeah. I just took it as a fact of life. We lived in a place where we were obliged to have gas masks hanging on the wall in case the tanks broke, because you could die. Thinking back on it, if those tanks had broken, those gas masks wouldn't have saved us.

PLAYBOY: How close were the tanks?

ZAPPA: There were tanks of mustard gas next to the Army housing we lived in. We were right down the street from this shit. We had a rack in the hall, with Daddy's mask, Momma's mask and Frank's mask hanging on it. I used to wear mine all the time. It was my space helmet. There was a can at the end of the hose that had the filtration unit in it, and I always wondered what was in it. I took a can opener and unscrewed it to find out how it worked. My father got very upset when I opened it up because I broke it and he would have to get me another one, which he never did. I was defenseless.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents religious?

ZAPPA: Pretty religious.

PLAYBOY: Church and confession?

ZAPPA: Oh, yeah. They used to make me go. They tried to make me go to Catholic school, too. I lasted a very short time. When the penguin came after me with a ruler, I was out of there.

PLAYBOY: So you were headstrong.

ZAPPA: Yeah. I still went to church regularly, though, until I was eighteen years old. Then suddenly, the light bulb went on over my head. All the mindless morbidity and discipline was pretty sick—bleeding this, painful that and no meat on Friday. What *is* this shit?

PLAYBOY: Is the irreverence and outrageousness in your music a reaction to being a good Catholic boy?

ZAPPA: Well, I think it was possible to do what I've done only because I escaped the bondage of being a devout believer. To be a good member of the congregation, ultimately you have to stop thinking. The essence of Christianity is told to us in the Garden of Eden story. The fruit that was forbidden was on the tree of knowledge. The subtext is, All the suffering you have is because you wanted to find out what was going on. You could still be in the Garden of Eden if you had just kept your fucking mouth shut and hadn't asked any questions.

"I'm not going to be Bill Clinton and say I never inhaled. I did inhale. I liked tobacco a lot better."

PLAYBOY: Did the end of your religiousness coincide with your step into rock and roll?

ZAPPA: It was right about the same time. I was pretty isolated. There weren't any cultural opportunities in Lancaster. You couldn't just go to a concert. There was nothing.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted by drugs?

ZAPPA: All you'd have to do was look at the people who used them and that was enough. People would do frightening things and think it was fantastic. Then they would discuss it endlessly with the next guy, who had taken the same drug. I tried marijuana and waited for something to happen. I got a sore throat and it made me sleepy. I'd look at them and go, "Why?" I'm not going to be Bill Clinton and say I never inhaled. I did inhale. I couldn't understand what the big attraction was. I liked tobacco a lot better.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in other aspects of the counterculture?

ZAPPA: In order to be a part of it, you had to buy into the whole drug package. You had to have been experienced, in the Jimi Hendrix sense of the word. And all the people I knew who had been experienced were on the cusp of being zombies.

PLAYBOY: Was it disconcerting that your audiences were high much of the time?

ZAPPA: The worst part of it for me was that I really didn't like the smell of marijuana. I had to go into a place that had the purple haze and work for a couple of hours in that. They were entitled to do whatever they wanted, so long as they didn't drive into me under the influence of it.

PLAYBOY: But you told people drugs were stupid, before Nancy Reagan did.

ZAPPA: One of the reasons we weren't rabidly popular at that time was that I said what was on my mind about drugs.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like an outsider? It's safe to say that every other major rock star in those days was——

ZAPPA: Looped. It wasn't just the other musicians but the people in the band. The guys in the band who wished they could do drugs couldn't because it meant unemployment. I was unpopular for it. As for the rock stars, if you've met them, you know that they generally have very little on their minds. I never had any great desire to hang out with them.

PLAYBOY: Did any of the big acts of the time interest you? How about Dylan, Hendrix, the Stones?

ZAPPA: Some of the really good things that Hendrix did was the earliest stuff, when he was just ripping and brutal. *Manic Depression* was my favorite Jimi Hendrix song. The more experimental it got, the less interesting and the thinner it got. As for Dylan, *Highway 61 Revisited* was really good. Then we got *Blonde on Blonde* and it started to sound like cowboy music, and you know what I think of cowboy music. I liked the Rolling Stones.

PLAYBOY: Did Mick Jagger once pull a splinter out of your toe?

ZAPPA: Yeah. He came by my house and I was hopping around because of this splinter, so he pulled it out. Good story, huh? I did like his attitude and the Stones' attitude. Ultimately, though, the music was being done because it was product. It was pop music made because there was a record company waiting for records.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you founded Straight Records?

ZAPPA: I naively thought that if there was some venue for nonstandard material, the material would find a market. But it failed because it was independent and had independent distribution. We lost our butt on that one. So the only way you can really do an independent label is to distribute through a major that has some clout to collect from the retailers.

PLAYBOY: How are your current labels, Barking Pumpkin and Zappa Records, doing?

ZAPPA: We have a very loyal fan base in several countries. Although the sales

Intruder™800 For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. At Suzuki, we want every ride to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Never ride under the influence of alcohol or other drugs. Study your owner's manual and always inspect your Suzuki before riding. Take a riding skills course. For the course nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

SUZUKI.
The ride you've been waiting for.™

figures worldwide aren't anywhere near what the big rock stars would do if they released an album, the people who like what we do are very enthusiastic about it. That gives you a certain amount of leverage with record companies. You hook up with a major distributor but still control what you do. Since I have a record company of my own that controls the masters, the amount I make per unit—as the record company as opposed to the artist—is substantially more. I can sell three units and stay in business.

PLAYBOY: What inspired you to form your first band, the Black-Outs?

ZAPPA: In Lancaster there wasn't any rock and roll, unless you listened to it on a record. Most of the people who liked R&B were not the white sons and daughters of the alfalfa farmers or defense workers who lived there. There were a number of Mexicans and a lot of black kids, and they liked that kind of stuff. So I put together this racially mixed ensemble that liked to play that kind of music. We banged our heads against the wall just like every other garage band, trying to figure out how to play it. There's no guidebook.

PLAYBOY: Were you playing high school dances?

ZAPPA: No, they wouldn't let us. I had to mount my own events. One time we rented the Lancaster Women's Club to put on a dance. When the authorities heard that there was going to be this rock-and-roll dance in their little cowboy community, they arrested me at six that evening for vagrancy. I spent the night in jail. It was right out of a teenage movie. But the dance went off anyway.

PLAYBOY: Did that group metamorphose into the Mothers of Invention?

ZAPPA: That was just a high school band. After I got out of high school and moved away, I played other kinds of gigs, like a short stint with Joe Perrino and the Mellotones. We were allowed to play one twist number per night. The rest was *Happy Birthday, Anniversary Waltz* and all the standards. I wore a little tux and strummed chords, bored. I got sick of that and stuck my guitar in the case and put it behind the sofa and left it there for eight months. I got a job doing greeting card designs, and for fun I wrote chamber music. I ran into some people who knew a guy named Paul Buff, who had a studio. I started doing some work over there. I met Ray Collins, who was working weekend gigs with the Soul Giants. He got into a fistfight with the guitar player. They needed a substitute guitar player in a hurry, so he called me. I got really involved and learned how hard it is to run a band, especially if you are trying to put together some nonstandard musical offering with no money. You try to convince a musician that it is a worthwhile thing to do, when deep in his heart every rock musician thinks that he, too, should be the fourth member of Cream or the eighteenth Beatle. That group of people became the Mothers, anyway.

PLAYBOY: So named because?

ZAPPA: I don't know. We chose the name on Mother's Day.

PLAYBOY: Do you look at those as the good old days?

ZAPPA: I look at those as the old days. But we did have fun.

PLAYBOY: What was the music scene like?

ZAPPA: Pretty bizarre. It was the days of all these Sixties bands, including Jefferson Airplane and Paul Butterfield and Johnny Rivers. We opened for Lenny Bruce at the Fillmore West in 1966. I asked him to sign my draft card, but he said no.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you had your run-in with John Wayne?

ZAPPA: Yeah. He came to one show, very drunk. He saw me and picked me up and said, "I saw you in Egypt and you were great . . . and then you blew me!" Onstage I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's Halloween and we were going to have some important guests here tonight—like George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party—but unfortunately all we could get was John Wayne." He got up and made some drunken speech, and his bodyguards told me I'd better cool it.

PLAYBOY: There were other characters—such as Cynthia Plaster-Caster. Tell us about her.

ZAPPA: Eric Clapton introduced me to the Plaster-Casters. They had all these statues of the dicks of people like Jimi Hendrix. One of them mixed the plaster stuff to make a mold, and the other gave the guy a blow job. She took her mouth off the guy's dick, and then the other one slammed the mold onto it. We declined to be enshrined, so to speak.

PLAYBOY: During those years, the Mothers were famous for being a hardworking band. You were on the road all the time.

ZAPPA: We played everywhere. Like the time we spent in Montreal, when we played a club called the New Penelope and it was twenty degrees below zero. We walked from our hotel to the club, and the snot had literally frozen in our noses by the time we got to work. The wind instruments got so cold that if you tried to play them, your lips and fingers would freeze to them. The instruments couldn't even be played until they were warmed up. It was pretty primitive. If we hadn't experienced that, we probably wouldn't have come up with some of the more deranged types of audience participation and audience punishment things that we were doing at the time.

PLAYBOY: Audience punishment things?

ZAPPA: The question became, How far

would they go? What could we get an audience to do? The answer seemed to be anything. We'd bring someone up and go, "Take your shoes and socks off, put your socks on your hands and lick them while we play." Anything we could think of. So long as the person telling them to do it was onstage, they would do it. The rest of the people in the audience were laughing at the person who was doing the most ridiculous things but saying at the same time, "I could do that! That could be me!" At a theater in New York, which had once been a porno theater or something, there was a projection booth at the far end of the stage. We ran a wire from there to the opposite side of the stage. We had pulleys on it. Our drummer, Motorhead, was instructed to attach objects to the line at random times during the show and fly them down. When they would land onstage, whatever arrived, we would improvise on it. Once, he sent down a baby doll in a doggie-style position with its head removed. It flew over the audience, whizzing by like an apparition over their heads, and crashed into the post over us. It was followed shortly by a three-foot-long Genoa salami that sodomized the doll. It seemed to me that there was no reason to waste this perfectly good salami, so I invited this lovely girl with very long hair, wearing a kind of Little Miss Muffet costume, to come up onstage and eat the whole salami. We played and she ate the salami. She started to cry because she couldn't finish it. I told her it was OK, that we would save it for her and she could come back and eat the rest of it. She did.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep up with popular music now?

ZAPPA: What's to keep up with? If anything's sensational, it won't be on MTV, it'll be Sister Souljah on *Larry King*.

PLAYBOY: You had your own talk show on FNN for a short time. What started that brief career?

ZAPPA: I was invited to be a guest on Bob Berkowitz' show to talk about business opportunities in the Soviet Union, which I knew something about from my travels there. It was a fairly amusing half hour. After that, Bob asked me to guest-host his show while he was on vacation.

PLAYBOY: You tried to book Czechoslovakia's president Václav Havel as a guest, right?

ZAPPA: I knew a guy who had been a rock-and-roll musician who, after the revolution, was a ranking member of the Czech parliament. I asked him whether or not he could arrange for me to meet Havel so that I could interview him about the country's economy for FNN. I met with Havel and found that the minute I started talking with him about economics, he turned me over to his advisors; he didn't know anything about it. We didn't do the interview, but it was great meeting with him.

PLAYBOY: Why Havel?

ZAPPA: I happen to think that the Velvet Revolution was a little bit of a miracle. Since he was kind of the focal point of the whole thing, I thought he'd be a nice guy to talk with. He was. In the middle of everything, he mentioned that Dan Quayle was coming to visit. I expressed my condolences. I told him I was sorry that he was going to be forced to have a conversation with anyone that stupid. It eventually must have gotten back to the U.S. embassy. Instead of sending Quayle, Jim Baker—who was on his way to Moscow—rerouted his trip and went to Prague.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the breakup of Czechoslovakia?

ZAPPA: It's a big mistake. The crash program for economic reform is part of what led to the breakup of the country. Prime Minister Václav Klaus, who was the advocate of the fast economic reform à la Poland, is a person who is well respected by Western financial people because he talks their language. This has a tendency to assure potential Western backers, who are not comfortable with a guy who wants to go slowly. But there are factors that make it necessary to go slowly.

Now there is no intellectual core in charge of the revolution, and the country has divided up, which is a mistake. Smaller entities tend to be less efficient; every small country has to reinvent the wheel. They have to set up a new constitution, a legislature, currency. It's happening in every one of the small breakaway republics. It gives the people personal gratification as a nationality, but the price is chaos.

PLAYBOY: But you're all for smaller governments and more local control, aren't you?

ZAPPA: No, because that means more governments.

PLAYBOY: But smaller governments might better reflect their constituents.

ZAPPA: That's a reasonable assumption, if it were all going to work fairly. But I think that behind each breakaway movement is a breakaway demagogue who will set up his breakaway demagogue government. In many breakaway countries the governments now say, on paper, that you are free to be an entrepreneur. Well, that's great if you have cash to invest. But who has the cash? The party bosses who were there before are the new entrepreneurs. Guys who got thrown out of office wound up buying restaurants, hotels or factories. The drones who were wandering around the streets are still wandering, even though they have the right to be entrepreneurs. That's certainly true in Russia, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. I haven't been to Poland yet.

PLAYBOY: Was it surprising that you had fans behind the iron curtain?

ZAPPA: Yeah, and lots of people who

...who's got the greatest financing of them all? Your Suzuki dealer with Suzuki's "Get On It" flexible financing.

Intruder® 800

$129 down $129 a month

With approved credit at participating Suzuki dealers. Restrictions may apply. Offers end 5/31/93. Based on 57 months, MSRP, 18% APR, $129 down. Does not include tax, title, license and other fees. Dealer price may vary.

SUZUKI. The ride you've been waiting for.

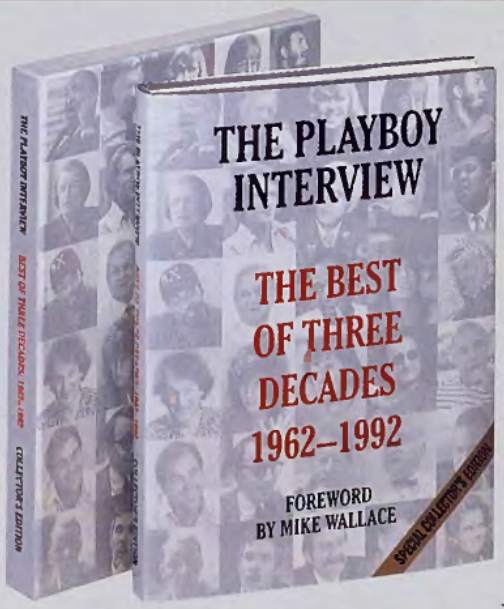
TVKO® and TOP RANK BOXING Present

FOREMAN MORRISON

The two heaviest hitters in the Heavyweight Division, Big George Foreman and Tommy "The Duke" Morrison clash head-on in an action-packed match that you'll never forget!

LIVE ON PAY-PER-VIEW
FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 9PM ET/6PM PT
To order, call your local cable operator.

TVKO



THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BOOK

Deluxe Hardcover Slipcase Edition

$24.95

To celebrate the 30th Anniversary of "The Playboy Interview," Playboy has chosen 30 of the most riveting "candid conversations," in their original, unedited form, to be included in this Special Collector's Edition. Includes Woody Allen, Marlon Brando, John Lennon/Yoko Ono, Ted Turner, Bill Cosby, Spike Lee, Erica Jong, Malcolm X and more. 348 pages. Deluxe Hardcover, slipcase edition. Softcover edition is also available for $9.95.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for the item number NU4074, $24.95 for hardcover edition. Ask for the item number NU4000, $9.95 for softcover edition.(Source Code: 39519)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39519, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per book. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted. ©1993 Playboy.

didn't like me—like the secret police.

PLAYBOY: What did the secret police have against you?

ZAPPA: In Prague, I was told that the biggest enemies of the Communist Czech state were Jimmy Carter and me. A student I met said that he was arrested by the secret police and beaten. They said they were going to beat the Zappa music out of him.

PLAYBOY: How did Czechs know about your music?

ZAPPA: It had been slipping in there since 1966 or 1967. The first album that was really popular there was *Absolutely Free*, the one with *Plastic People* on it. In Moscow, I was in the Ministry of Culture and met a young guy with a big Communist pin on his chest who said that he had earned his way through school bootlegging my tapes in from Yugoslavia.

PLAYBOY: Were you glued to your TV set when the Berlin Wall came down and the rest of the U.S.S.R. unraveled?

ZAPPA: Yeah, and I was thrilled, even though I'm pretty disappointed by what's happened since then. See, in that part of the world, the average guy in the street is like the average guy in the street anyplace else. He has the same desires. He wants something to eat, a roof over his head. He doesn't want to freeze, he wants to get laid, he wants to have a long and happy life reasonably free of pain. If he has a trade or a craft, he wants to be able to do his job. Unfortunately, these normal people are represented by bad people, just like here. But they want what we want. The average guy there is just like us, Joe Six-pack, except his beer tastes better.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about America's reaction to the changes in the former Soviet Union?

ZAPPA: It's underwhelming. I would call it reactionary.

PLAYBOY: What would you have the United States do?

ZAPPA: If you really believed that the major threat to the universe was communism, the minute you saw it crumbling, wouldn't you do everything you could to make sure it never came back? To make sure that the people in that part of the world have a chance to participate in something better, so they aren't tempted to vote communism back in? That's a real danger in these countries. Now that they have free elections, so long as there is any remnant of a Communist Party, even if they call it something else, it could easily be voted back in because their economy is in such bad shape. They don't need a tank or a gun to regain control, they just need a ballot box.

PLAYBOY: You planned to become involved in Russian businesses. What happened to the company you founded to do it?

ZAPPA: Since I got sick, nothing happened. The idea was that there are a lot

Digital Cordless

The Best There Is

Tropez Digital 900DX

The Tropez 900DX takes cordless phone technology to new heights. Incorporating Digital Voice Encryption, noise and interference is virtually eliminated. In addition, your conversation is protected from eavesdropping by scanners and similar devices.

You'll also be pleased to know that, unlike conventional cordless phones, theTropez 900DX operates in the 900Mhz band. This means you can talk further from the base, as much as five times the distance you would get from a conventional cordless phone.

Clarity, Privacy, Range. Other phones promise. The Tropez 900DX Delivers.

By VTECH Communications 800-624-5688

of small- to medium-sized U.S. companies that would like to have access to raw materials, patents, processes or other things they don't know about that exist in Russia or other countries. A nation that plays chess that well, and where you can still get 15,000 people to show up to hear somebody read poetry, has something going for it. There's a brain at work there. I suspect that because of their economic condition they've found ways to use string, chewing gum, reprocessed turnips—whatever they use—to do things in a way that we haven't thought of. Somebody needs to go snooping around to find out what's there and try to put those people together with American investors. It would help both countries. That's what I was going to do. It was a better solution than having the Russian scientists flock out of there to get jobs making weapons for the Arabs or the Indians.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes you sound like a political candidate. How serious was your plan to run for president?

ZAPPA: I wanted to do it. It's a bit hard to mount a campaign if you have cancer and don't feel well.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't been ill, would you have run?

ZAPPA: Yeah. And it's a shame. We got calls and mail throughout the election. Squadrons of volunteers called.

PLAYBOY: If you had run and won, what would President Zappa have done?

ZAPPA: I would have started by dismantling the government. At least I would have presented the idea to the voters.

PLAYBOY: Nothing too revolutionary?

ZAPPA: In the Beltway and places that have large federal payrolls, the idea wouldn't be too popular, but in other places people would think it's great. One strong selling point is that you could do away with federal income taxes, or at least reduce them to a point that people would have something left at the end of the week. In the end, I think people, in their enlightened self-interest, would consider voting for that.

PLAYBOY: If you dismantled the government, you'd put yourself out of a job.

ZAPPA: No, because most reasonable people would agree that we need roads, for instance, and water you can drink and breathable air. Most people realize that there has to be some coordinated infrastructure and a national offense that is commensurate with whatever threat you feel from other countries.

PLAYBOY: National offense?

ZAPPA: I mean—well, what we have now is national offense. We should have national defense.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you're not a peacenik.

ZAPPA: Human nature and human stupidity often breed violence. When violence escalates to an international confrontation, you should be able to protect yourself. On the other hand, to plan for it—like we did throughout the Cold War—based on badly handled intelligence estimates of the threat to our national security is just stupid. Most intelligence estimates indicated that the Soviet Union was a crumbling rust heap that couldn't do shit to us, but they were ignored in order to maintain the level of employment and financial activity in the defense industry.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that our recent election was irrelevant?

ZAPPA: Yes, because America has to be completely restructured. We have to question every institution in terms of efficiency. I'm serious about abandoning the federal system.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way that it's likely to happen?

ZAPPA: Not this week, but I wish people would at least consider it. They think, There it is, we're stuck with it, it will go on forever. It doesn't have to. The Soviet Union didn't go on forever. If you want reform, the people who've been doing a bad job have to get fired. They have to go back to the used-car lot from where they came.

"Do we need to see John Sununu as a talk-show guy? Or Gordon Liddy or Oliver North? Some of these people are criminals."

PLAYBOY: Yet you've always pushed people to vote. Why bother?

ZAPPA: Even if you don't like the candidates, there are issues that affect your life. Bond issues affect your pocketbook. That's the only real reason for voting. As far as the rest of government is concerned, forget it. The amount of overstaffing, overlapping, wasted energy and pompous pseudograndeur is science fiction. All of it is supported by this universe of political talk shows. CNN is one of the worst offenders on the planet. It maintains the fiction of the theoretical value of the thoughts and words of these inferior human specimens who manage to become Beltway insiders.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to name names?

ZAPPA: Do we need to see John Sununu as a talk-show guy? Or, on CNBC, Gordon Liddy or Oliver North? Let's face it: Some of these people are criminals. Why do we need to be presented with them as voices of authority whose opinions are something we should even waste our time with? Why?

PLAYBOY: What do you think is behind it?

ZAPPA: It's a whole program designed to modify behavior and modify thinking on a national level. They're happy to take the slings and arrows of the outraged minority in order to keep these voices of stupidity in your face all the time. It's all propaganda.

PLAYBOY: How planned is it?

ZAPPA: Completely. It is the residue of the domestic-diplomacy department that Reagan established during the Iran-contra days. The idea was to control the news. From that office, a guy would make phone calls and certain journalists would get fired and news stories would get changed. Then it was the obvious control of the media we saw during the Gulf war.

PLAYBOY: So you maintain that the media are no more than pawns?

ZAPPA: The media are part of the package. You think really liberal people own those outlets? I don't. Even if they were Democrats, it wouldn't mean anything, because who can tell the difference between those two criminal classes?

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you are as cynical as ever.

ZAPPA: It's hard not to be.

PLAYBOY: Yet you feel it's worthwhile to raise some hell?

ZAPPA: Pessimism and the natural instinct to raise hell are not mutually exclusive. Raising hell comes naturally to me. Still, I am not optimistic about what will happen to this country unless some radical change is made. It's going to take more than just firing a few bad guys.

PLAYBOY: You were involved in politics firsthand when you tried to stop record companies from being forced to label records, much like movies are rated. Your opponents got their way. Has it had any impact?

ZAPPA: A chilling impact.

PLAYBOY: How? Don't you think that the warning stickers help sales? Kids want stuff with bad words.

ZAPPA: But groups that are getting signed to recording contracts are being told what they can and cannot sing.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't ring true. It seems that there is less censorship than ever. "Motherfucker" is almost requisite to rap songs. In heavy metal, Axl Rose screams, "Suck my fucking dick!" What's being censored?

ZAPPA: If it's some guy selling thirty million records, the record company isn't going in with scissors. But the new bands just signing up have no leverage. They do what they are told.

PLAYBOY: Many of the rap artists aren't selling millions.

ZAPPA: But they're on shaky ground. Time Warner was ready to succumb to the protests over *Cop Killer* before Ice-T backed off. It's all hanging on a cliff, ready to go over. More frightening is the Child Protection Act. It holds people

An invitation to Marlboro smokers:

TAKE THE SMOOTH CHALLENGE.

Use this coupon and decide for yourself.

SELECT
The Smooth One
From Winston

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1993 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

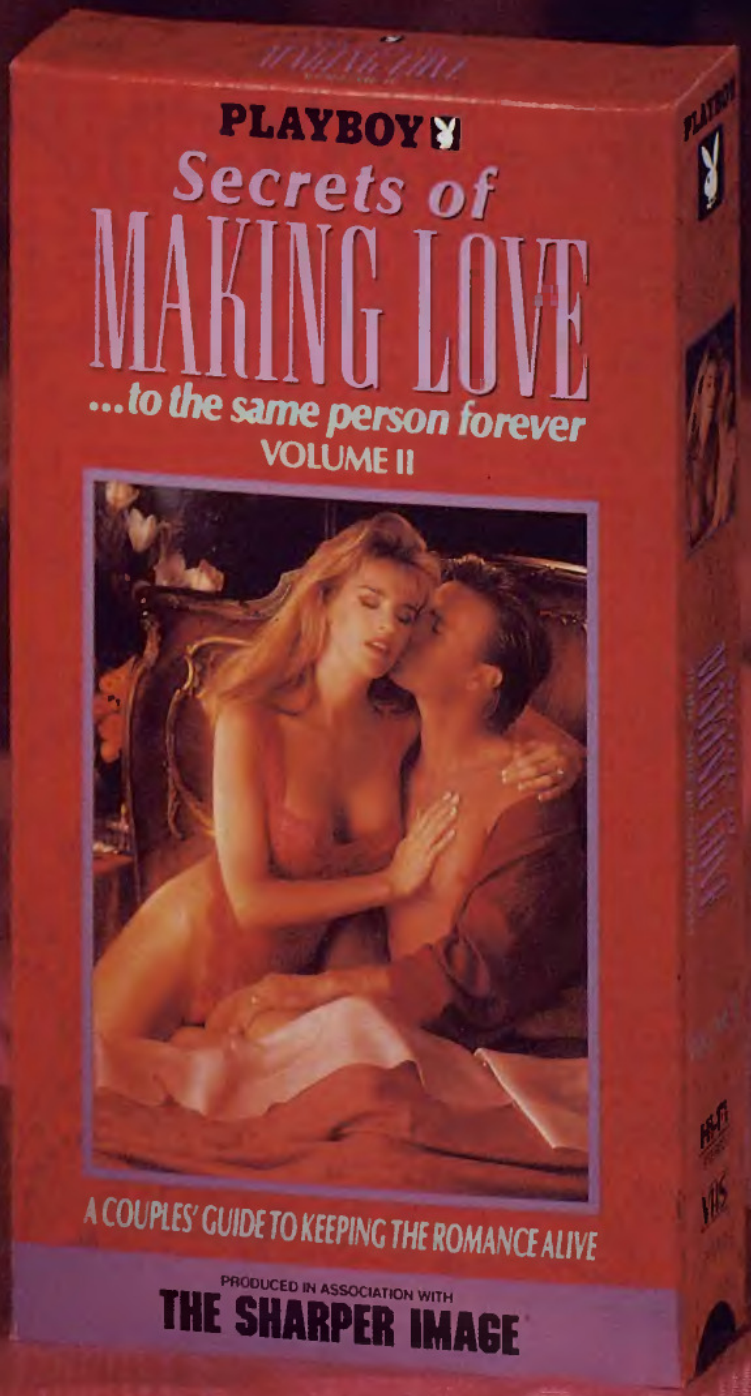
Playboy's

Secrets of MAKING LOVE

. . . to the same person forever.

VIDEO—VOL. II

This sensational sequel in Playboy's Secrets of Making Love series brings you to a new level of eroticism. You'll learn to create extraordinary, sexy surprises that make the most of your imagination; to take risks and expand your sexual horizons; and best of all, how to communicate your most intimate sexual needs and desires. VHS. Approx. 60 min. Item number NV1658V. $39.95



ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code: 39520)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39520, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Only $39.95

ALSO AVAILABLE . . .

Playboy's Secrets of Making Love . . . to the same person forever. VOLUME I

Attractive nude models show how to solve problems in relationships and have a fabulous sex life forever. Written by psychologist and therapist Dr. Joy Davidson. VHS. 50 min. Item number NV1624V. $29.95

© 1993 Playboy.

responsible if they in any way influence someone to commit a crime. The record companies are worried.

PLAYBOY: You obviously don't believe songs can make people kill or rape or commit suicide.

ZAPPA: There are more love songs than anything else. If songs could make you do something, we'd all love one another. Violence in songs functions the same way violence in movies does. In *Lethal Weapon*, people get blown up, mashed and mutilated. The people in the audience would never do anything like that.

PLAYBOY: Have you been censored?

ZAPPA: No. I do what I want to do, though there are certain socially retarded areas where my records are not to be seen. That's one of the reasons we have a mail-order business. There's this ludicrous fear of the power of music manifesting itself in the corruption of the youth of America. It's idiotic. But censorship, in effect, is turning the United States into a police state, as far as ideas go. It's not about children learning dirty words. It's about putting a lid on ideas. Whatever they don't want to confront, whether it's about sex or racism or anything else, is what they want to censor. One way to shut off the avenues of dissent is to put a lid on rock and roll. Then come books and everything else. But censorship is communism. Why are we buying into communist suppression at a time when everybody else in the world has realized that it doesn't work?

The people who want to censor do not care about saving your children. They care about one thing—getting reelected. Let's face it, folks: Politicians in the United States are the scum of the earth. We have to go after them individually because they're varmints. The legislation they are passing, piece by piece, converts America into a police state. The mentality that has existed since Reagan and Bush is that the population of the United States has to be subjugated by law.

PLAYBOY: Did the record industry fight the labeling hard enough?

ZAPPA: The record companies are interested in one thing, which is making a profit. If *Cop Killer* sells millions of records, they are happy about it. They are not happy when police officers' pension funds sell their Time Warner stock and people boycott *Time* magazine.

PLAYBOY: It must have been strange for you when Al Gore was nominated as vice president.

ZAPPA: They felt it was a good way to counteract the Dan Quayle–family values nonsense. But why would anybody need to counteract Dan Quayle?

PLAYBOY: They obviously didn't care about your vote—or the vote of the people concerned about Tipper's ratings campaign.

ZAPPA: Not necessarily. Deep in their hearts, those politicos think they're really cagey strategists. They figured they'd get a certain amount of column inches because of Tipper. It was advertising they didn't have to buy.

PLAYBOY: Your song *Trouble Coming Every Day*, about the Watts riots, could have been written about the more recent L.A. upheaval.

ZAPPA: The only part that wasn't apropos was the woman driver getting machine-gunned in half because she drove through a stop sign.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing during the riots?

ZAPPA: I taped them from top to bottom while flipping through the channels. I got it from every angle that I could, some amazing stuff, things that weren't reported nationally.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

ZAPPA: Shots of a group of soldiers in a barracks in Orange County wearing Desert Storm nerve-gas clothing. Now either the Crips and Bloods had nerve gas or there were some plans of dealing sternly with the rioters.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with the recordings?

ZAPPA: When I performed in Germany, we had television sets in the bar during intermission showing the finest of American cultural entertainment. On one set, nonstop riot. On another, nonstop televangelists. On another, C-SPAN. On

"Share some private fun with me, Nicole Wood — Miss April and the Playmates! Call and join us now!"

- Greek Island beach date!
- Let the Playmates respond to YOU!
- The excitement lasts all night and day!

1-900-740-3311

Only $3 a min. — 18 yrs. or older

PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

© 1993 PLAYBOY. A Product of Playboy. 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611. Not available in LA or OR.

another, Desert Storm. You got to have your light beer and watch the American media at its finest.

PLAYBOY: You said that you couldn't do some things you wanted to—including running for president—because of your illness. How else has cancer affected your life?

ZAPPA: The minute somebody tells you you have cancer, your life changes dramatically, whether you beat it or you don't. It's like you have a fucking brand put on you. As far as the American medical profession goes, you're just meat. It complicates your life because you have to fight for your life every single day, besides doing your shit. To do the music is complicated enough, but to think of doing things that involve travel and other kinds of physical stress is too much. Whatever medication you take fucks you up, too.

PLAYBOY: Are you currently taking any medication?

ZAPPA: I'm forty pounds overweight because the stuff that I'm taking fills me up with water. I'm a walking balloon. You can't just take an Advil or a Nuprin and forget about it. It's a fucking battle.

PLAYBOY: Can you travel, or do you have to stay close to your doctors?

ZAPPA: Well, you do have to be tested periodically, every couple of months. You want to be close to a doctor you trust. You wouldn't want to go to a Russian hospital. That could put you out of business in a big hurry. A friend of mine was in an auto accident there and wound up in a Russian hospital. They had no anesthesia and no disposable syringes. As the doctor was setting her leg without anesthesia, he said, "Nobody ever died from pain."

PLAYBOY: How long have you known about your cancer?

ZAPPA: I found out about it in the spring of 1990.

PLAYBOY: It hit out of the blue?

ZAPPA: I'd been feeling sick for a number of years, but nobody diagnosed it. Then I got really ill and had to go to the hospital in an emergency. While I was in there, they did some tests and found out it had been there for anywhere from eight to ten years, growing undetected by any of my previous doctors. By the time they found it, it was inoperable.

PLAYBOY: How about other treatments?

ZAPPA: I went through radiation and that fucked me up pretty good. They were supposed to give me twelve shots of that, but I got to number eleven and I was so sick that I said I couldn't go back.

PLAYBOY: Was it helping?

ZAPPA: I don't want to dwell on all the morbid details of what happened to me, but I'll summarize it. When I went into the hospital, the cancer had grown to where I could no longer take a piss. In order for me just to survive, they had to poke a hole in my bladder. I spent more than a year with a hose coming out of my bladder and a bag tied to my leg. That'll keep you from traveling. The result of the radiation was that the tumor was shrunken to the point where I could get rid of the bag and could piss again, but there were bad side effects. I don't want to talk about it. It's not a picnic.

PLAYBOY: It seems that you can still do a lot of the things you care about—composing, at least.

ZAPPA: Some days you can do more of it than others. Part of the problem is that it hurts to sit some days, and this work is done sitting at a computer terminal. I used to be able to work sixteen, eighteen hours a day and just get up from my chair and go to sleep and go back to work, and it was fine. But some days I can't work at all. Some days I can work two hours. Some days I can work ten.

PLAYBOY: How does it affect your life with your family?

ZAPPA: Well, it's not a secret around here. They're very nice to me. They take care of me.

"What can you do? People get sick. Sometimes they can fix it and sometimes they can't."

PLAYBOY: Is it an emotional roller coaster for you?

ZAPPA: The emotional aspect is more influenced by the drugs than it is by the idea that you're sick. What can you do? People get sick. Sometimes they can fix it and sometimes they can't. But the chemicals that they give you to treat it take a toll. The week before last I found myself in the hospital for three days riddled with morphine. That was definitely an experience I don't want to repeat. When I got out, it took almost ten days to get the residue of all the drugs they'd given me out of my body.

PLAYBOY: At a certain point it must be confusing about what's making you sick, the drugs or the disease.

ZAPPA: It'll really turn you around. It's difficult if you are the boss of a company, even a little company like mine, and you have to make decisions about what's going on and you can't trust your own decisions because you don't know, chemically, what's happening. It's also difficult not to know how you're going to be one day to the next. The only reason I agreed to do this interview at this time was I thought I was reasonably clear enough to have a conversation. That's debilitating. If you can't trust your own judgment, that's really hard. When you're writing music, every note you put down is a judgment call.

PLAYBOY: We've been talking for hours and yet you seem tireless.

ZAPPA: You got me on a good day. I mean, tomorrow I could be flat on my back in bed. So you get to be very time-budget conscious. Certain things are time-consuming and the time spent doing them is productive. Other things are time-consuming and it's like being hijacked. I have a low tolerance for wasting time. I try not to be irritable about it, but it's my main concern. I'm trying to live my life the same way that I lived it before, without indulging in any of the things that would waste time.

PLAYBOY: Some people would retire—go to live their life out on some beach.

ZAPPA: Not me. I'm less inclined to travel, less inclined to leave the house for any reason, just because I happen to like my life in this place, and I like my family.

PLAYBOY: How does it influence the music you're writing now?

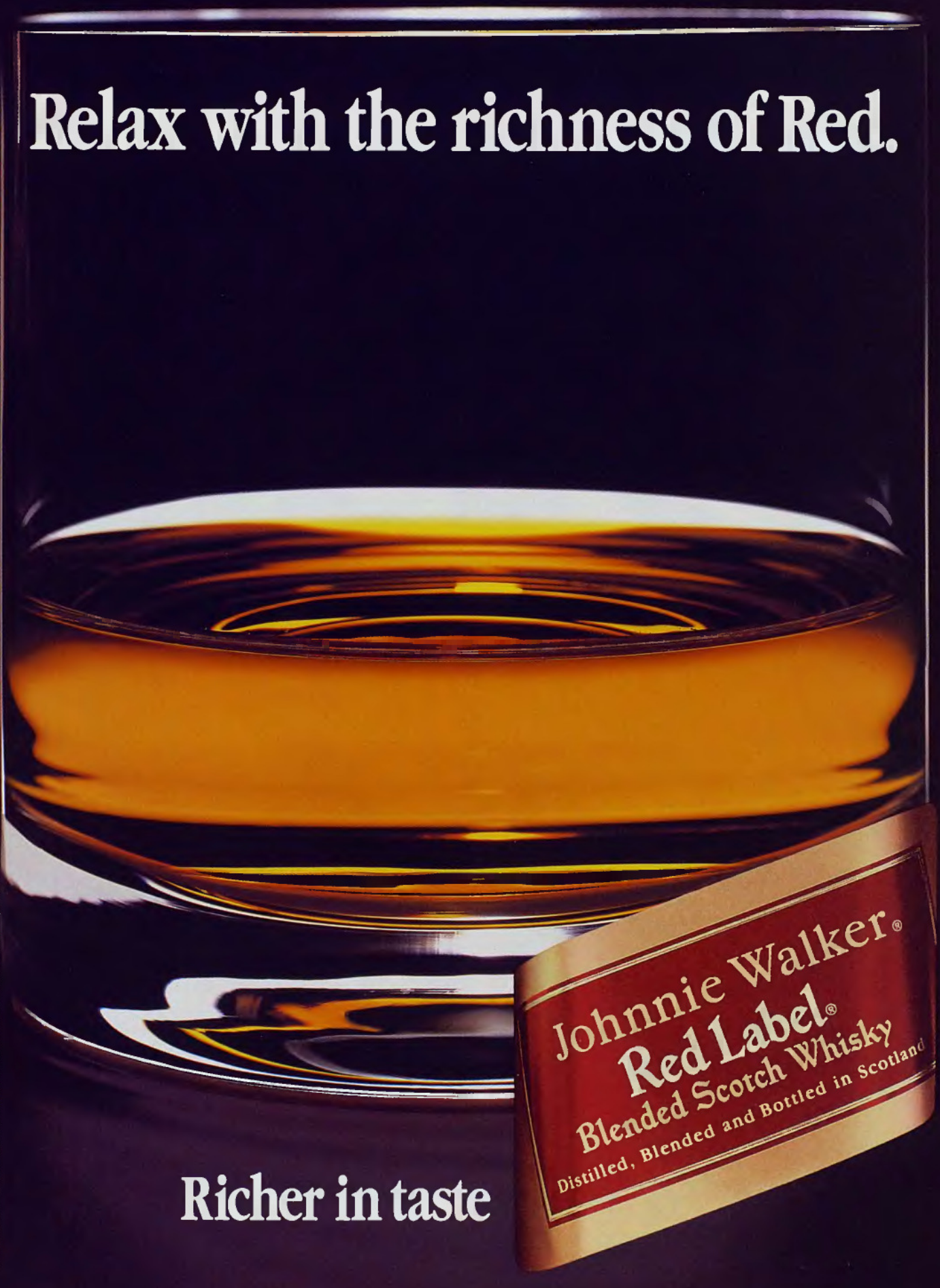
ZAPPA: I don't think it does now, though it did for a while. It's so uncomfortable to work, you may be tempted to say that something's done when it's not done. You physically can't stand to work on it anymore. During one period, I was working on some pieces that I let go before their time. Since they hadn't been released yet, as I gradually felt better, I went back and worked on them to make sure that the level of competence was maintained.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't it affected the mood of the music?

ZAPPA: No, I haven't started writing sad music. Time is the thing. Time is everything. How to spend time. We all want something to do with our minds. The choices are a major human preoccupation. The people who find the easiest solutions, like beer and football, might be happier if they had just a little dimension to their lives. But most people, once they achieve a certain level of gratification for time disposal, don't go beyond it. They already know how good they're going to feel when a football game comes on, and they have their beer. They don't want to know beyond that. They build a life around it.

It's been the same for me since I got cancer as it was before. I have to look way beyond the football game and the can of beer. Once I've gone out there and dabbled on that fringe, I feel as if I may as well bring some artifacts back, in case anybody else is interested. That's what I do. I come back and go, "Here it is. This is what happened after the football game."

Relax with the richness of Red.



Richer in taste

©1993 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY. Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc/Vol (80°).

WE WERE 200 miles off the Pacific coast of Mexico, running for Acapulco through furious 16-foot walls of green water, when I first felt the gravity of the choice the radical environmentalists have made. It is a choice that our nation avoids in a kind of paralysis, because its ramifications are so profound.

They are trying to force us to decide whether or not we are honestly going to allow nonhuman species to thrive on this planet anymore. We must choose which reality to honor: the biological or the political. In this country those who have chosen the biological reality are labeled radicals.

This was February 1992, when I was on patrol in the eastern tropical Pacific with the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society. The volunteer pirate crew was prowling for tuna seiner boats, which use nets that kill dolphins. The crew planned to take their 650-ton trawler, the Sea Shepherd II, and ram a seiner in hopes of crippling the tuna boat's huge winches or cutting its nets. The Shepherds and thousands of other like-minded Americans are engaged in a revolution that goes far beyond politics but is not yet open civil war. Forget those misleading owls-versus-jobs features you've been fed on the evening news, that war-in-the-woods crap. The conflict spearheaded by the eco radicals is a struggle

ECO WARRIORS

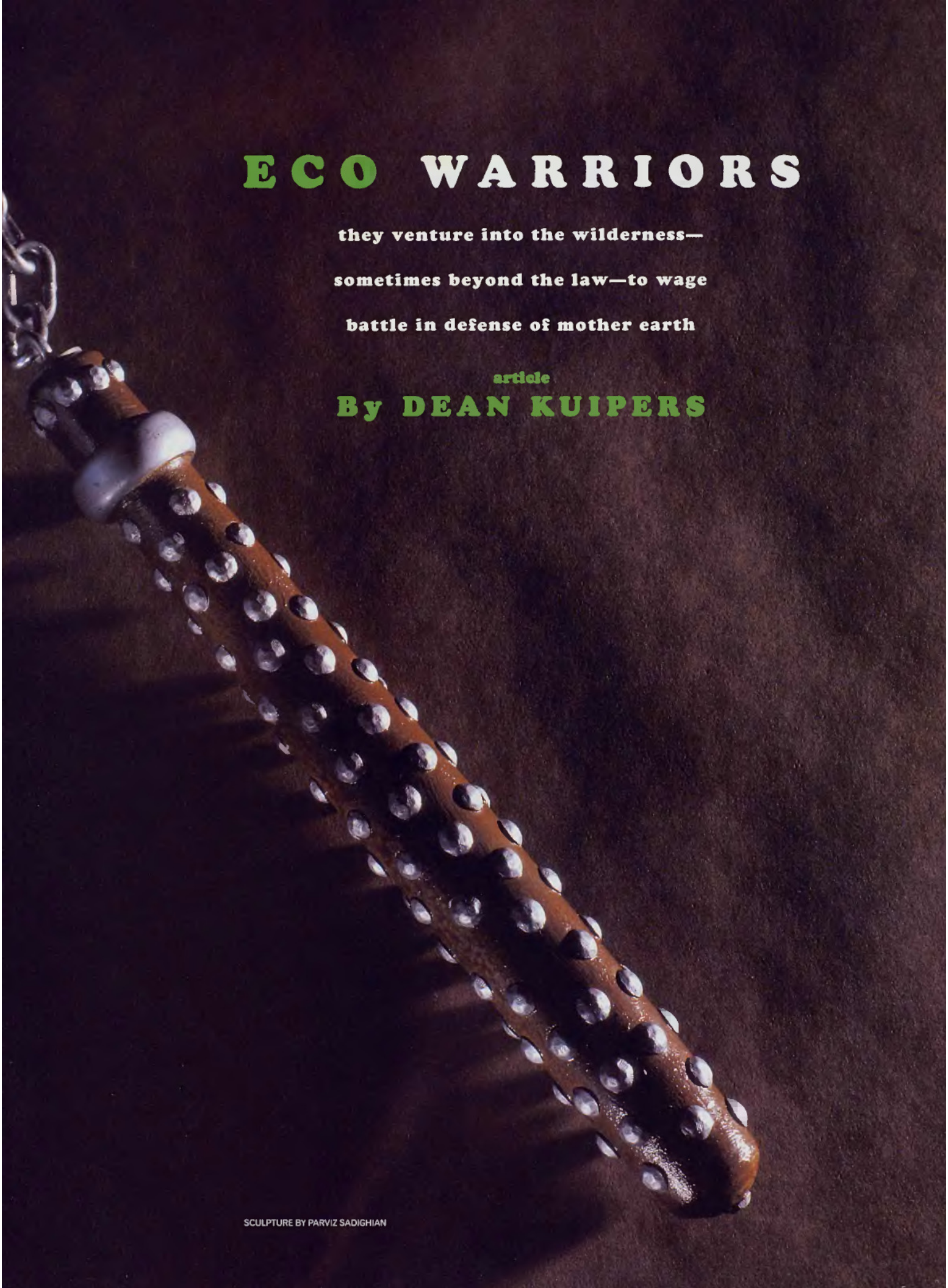
they venture into the wilderness—

sometimes beyond the law—to wage

battle in defense of mother earth

article

By DEAN KUIPERS



SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

with ourselves, earth's superpredators.

The Shepherds and their allies choose to preserve an ocean, not a fish farm scoured of competing predators and large mammals. They choose a North America that supports living, interconnected wilderness, not intensively managed zoo parks.

Before the storm I was in the galley of the Sea Shepherd II peeling a mango in 100 degree swelter and talking with one of the crew about efforts to reintroduce the grizzly bear to southern Colorado. At that moment the Sea Shepherd's mission had nothing to do with grizzlies—but the bears had everything to do with the choice.

We know more now about the biology of wildness than ever before, and that makes some people crazy with fear. They worry how much we will have to lose personally if we commit to saving every species. A hobby? A job? An industry?

Everyone seems desperate for a compromise, but only a handful of people have the gall to point out that any further compromise means that grizzlies and Florida panthers and a raft of other critters will simply be dead, if they haven't been killed off already. And so we decide like cowards: by default.

Folks don't like to be told they are in denial, or that they have to be the first generation to sacrifice the American dream, and those are two reasons radical environmentalists are so hated. There's also the fact that if you get in their way, they'll sink your boat or spike your woodlot or torch your backhoe.

I don't know why that hit me so hard falling through the spray off the Gulf of Tehuantepec at two A.M. Perhaps it was the tooth-grinding speed of the antihistamines I got in Panama, or the yawning green face of death trying to swallow the bow every minute or so. Maybe it was because the crew of fierce ecoteurs had left a photographer and me at the helm while they lay on the floor trying not to be seasick. At that moment it looked as if their hands-on approach to environmentalism would kill us all.

I had boarded the Sea Shepherd II to dig out what these eco warriors mean to our society, in the sense that hippies meant something to America in the Sixties and punks meant something to the suburbs in the Seventies. What I found is that these people always defer to what dolphins mean, or what 800-year-old redwoods mean. I've ended up with a portrait of wilderness as a player in a human conflict, a living entity with real needs, even desires. These couple thousand wild men and women have just loaned the wilderness their voices, their faces. And that changes everything.

•

When I asked Mike Roselle to tell me about his favorite action, or ecodefense, he didn't hesitate. It was the one that earned him the small army of enemies who now speak of him with homicide in their voices.

A band of desert saboteurs from Earth First resolved in 1989 to put an end to the desert motorcycle race called the Barstow to Vegas, which ran through the East Mojave scenic area, a prospective national park and habitat of the desert tortoise, kangaroo rat and other creatures.

"The night before the race, we took a trailerload of railroad ties and four-by-eights down to the track," remembers Roselle, a former oil-field roughneck and one of the five men who cooked up the idea for Earth First on a camping trip to Mexico's Sonora Desert in 1980. "See, they had to go under Interstate Fifteen. There was this tunnel about six feet wide, eight feet high and one hundred fifty feet long that was made for water to go through. We built this cube to the size of the culvert, and at night we set it up in the middle of the tunnel."

"I want you to picture this," snaps Rick Siemans, senior editor of *Dirt Bike* magazine and head of the Sahara Club, a race sponsor. "Here are top expert riders going a hundred and ten miles per hour down a sand wash at eleven o'clock, sun directly overhead, coal-black shadows, dust on their goggles, and they're going to dart through this shadow, assumedly, and go to the other side. If our people hadn't spotted that, they would have killed a half-dozen riders."

Roselle says there were rules that the riders were supposed to walk their bikes through that culvert, Siemans says there weren't. Whoever is right, the conflict born in that moment shows why neither the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society nor other desert protection leaders can openly cheer for Earth First. In this case, though, EF won. The next year the government closed the course.

And now there's a grudge. Around that time, a Sahara Club member called his pals to say someone at a local bar had keyed the paint and slashed the tires on his $30,000 work truck, which had Sahara Club stickers on it.

Siemans and his pals went to the bar the next week and parked a van in the same spot, stuck with so many stickers it "looked like a rolling billboard." Siemans tells this part with relish: "It didn't take twenty minutes and here came two guys outside. Long hair, scraggly-ass beards, the prototype earrings, the red shirts with the clenched fists [EF shirts]. They were getting ready to do the job on this van.

"We have our special division called the Sahara Clubbers," he continues, "and I'm the smallest. I'm five-foot-nine, two hundred twenty-five pounds. Big Terry is our biggest. He's six-five, three sixty-five. We jumped out and confronted these two boys. One of them was so upset he pissed himself right on the spot. We said, 'We're gonna let you boys be a warning. The next group we catch, we're gonna break fingers and kneecaps.'

"We then handcuffed them face-to-face around a big tree. We slit their clothes off, left them bare-ass naked. Spray-painted their asses fluorescent orange and then called the cops and told them we'd apprehended a couple car thieves.

"That was our message to Earth First. If they fucked with us again, Sahara Clubbers were simply going to take baseball bats and do the justice that the authorities wouldn't do."

The EF boys violated rule number two of direct action. The first rule—codified by Edward Abbey, whose novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang* was an inspiration for EF—is to honor all life and not hurt anyone. Abbey's second rule: Don't get caught.

•

The National Wildlife Federation, the largest environmental group in the U.S., compiles a national directory listing some 2000 conservation groups. But only a couple of these groups are radical—eco warriors, green guerrillas, biodiversity activists, part of the deep ecology movement.

We don't have a tidy name for these groups, but I define them this way: One, they base campaigns on a no-compromise stance that reflects biological necessity. Two, they spend their time and money on direct action. That means they try to prevent environmental degradation by, for instance, locking their necks to bulldozers with kryptonite locks, by occupying trees or by freeing fur-farm animals. Three, they are grass roots groups with no pay, no perks and no corporate flowcharts.

In the U.S., we're talking about only a few major groups. There's Earth First, a loose, slowly growing network of 1300 to 2000 guerrillas all over North America. Anybody who wants to can secure a list of EF contacts, complete with names and phone numbers.

Then there are the Sea Shepherds, the original no-compromise commandos launched in 1977 by former

(continued on page 122)

"Exploration has a measure of romance and adventure, I suppose. I do it just to get out of the house."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

TEXT BY
CRAIG VETTER

OF ALL THE erotic things a woman can say to a man, there's hardly a phrase more electric than "Would you like to see my tattoo?" I stammered the first time I heard that question. It wasn't that I didn't know the answer. It's just that it's hard to be entirely cool when your imagination is awash in its own questions: A butterfly? A unicorn? A tiger, maybe? And was she on her stomach when the artist with the inky needle went to work? Or on her back, watching as a little rose bloomed in some secret place, a corsage that would last forever, that only lucky boys would see? And what kind of woman adorns herself with emblems that no thief can steal? All kinds of women, it turns out: lawyers, housewives, nurses, teachers. Back in the Sixties, when Janis Joplin showed the world her tattoos, skin art on women was pretty racy stuff. Now, tattooists say, half their customers are women, and if that's a surprise, it probably shouldn't be. Women have always been bolder and more adventuresome than men in their decorations. In fact, the oldest known tattoo was found on the mummy of an Egyptian priestess, who wore it as a badge

Diamonds are forever—and so are tattoos. Los Angeles singer Elisa Laub (right) sports an eagle—a symbol of pride—on her shoulder. At left, tattoo artist Gill Mantie of Tattoo Mania in L.A. paints a single rose and a Rabbit for model Julia Tavella.

Tattoo You

fine art for the nineties and, oh, what a lovely canvas

For May 1991 Playmate Corrie Yazel (above), nude sunbathing lets her flaunt temporary tattoos guaranteed to delight any football fan. Body painters Kristine Rose (left) and February 1993 Playmate Jennifer LeRoy (right) flash their flesh.

of nobility, bravery and beauty 4000 years ago. Dermographics have come a long way since then, a long way, even, from 30 years ago, when sailors and bikers sat to have hearts and Harley eagles scratched on their arms and backs. These days, tattoo art can be high art. Color and technique have evolved to a level that has drawn serious artists away from canvas and paper and toward skin. "Your design or ours," say their ads. Anything that can be painted can be tattooed, from fierce Oriental designs to dreamy fantasy landscapes that seem to have been done with an airbrush. Over the past few years, tattooists have created a new adornment for women. They call it forever makeup: eyebrows that never need trimming, eyeliner that never runs, beauty marks that nature had no hand in—even the rosy blush around the cheekbones can be tattooed in, once and for all, instead of brushed on every morning. Still, no matter what, it's the secret tattoos that mark a woman for who she is, or who she wants to be. I'm thinking of a particular woman, a particular tattoo, when I say this. But I have always taken the little

At left, a graceful mermaid adorns model Shanae Ruddell's neck. Vidal's daughter, actress Catya Sassaan (right), and Alina Thompson (below) each get cheeky with their intimate body art.

symbols that lie just below the bodice or just above the hemline to be clues to certain mysteries I will never unravel. We were on a plane together, just across the aisle from each other, on a puddle-jump flight from Aspen to Denver. She was wearing a cowgirl shirt and jeans, a ring on every finger and a smile that could have flown me over the mountains without an airplane. It was a warm spring afternoon and the sky was bubbling with the kind of thunderheads that promise a bumpy ride, maybe worse. Just before we took off, one of the huge white clouds began shedding rain from one of its edges. "Look," she said, grabbing my arm, pulling me toward the window on her side of the plane. "A rainbow, a triple rainbow. Do you know what that means?" I had no idea what it meant, except that she had grabbed my arm and was trying to pull me into her lap, or so it seemed. I looked out the little window and there it was—a beautiful three-tiered, full-spectrum arc of color floating vividly against the smudgy bottom of the thunderhead. "This is unbelievable," she said. "I don't know anybody who's ever seen a triple rainbow. This is pure magic." It looked like physics to me, but I didn't say that. In fact, I didn't say much during the 40 minutes it took us to cloud-hop over the mountains to Stapleton. Mostly, I just smiled and listened while she talked about the power of signs and omens, the wisdom of astrology and the magic of talismans, including every ring on her fingers and the birthstone that hung around her pretty neck. I was trying to keep the skepticism off my face, but she must have picked it up, anyway. Just before we went our separate ways in the airport, she *(text concluded on page 161)*

Tattaas for the indiscreet: Melanie Goad (abave left) and December 1991 Playmate Wendy Hamilton (above right) spend time shawing aff their masterpieces at an L.A. bistra. The couple that tattaas together: Octaber 1987 Playmate Brandi Brandt (right and appasite page) enjays same quality time with her hubby, Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx.

FLIRTING WITH FEMINISTS

how to make time with the fully enfranchised babe

I AM a feminist.
Honest.
So why doesn't she believe me? Because I look like a big lug? Because I have a five o'clock shadow and hit the golf ball from the back tees? Listen, sister, don't discriminate against me just because I have a touch of testosterone running through my veins. You don't have to be feminine to be a feminist—you just have to believe. And deep in my heart I do believe she shall overcome some day.

I believe that women are equal. I believe they have equal rights. I believe in equal opportunity. I believe in equal pay for equal work. I believe women should have the right to choose and to exercise control over their own bodies and their own lives. I believe everybody should wear the pants. I believe that the patriarchy should be abolished and replaced by a nonsexist society. And still I get in trouble.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to open that door for you. It just happened. Hey, I would have opened it for your brother, OK? I wasn't singling you out. Why am I walking on the curb side of the sidewalk? Force of habit, I guess. Why am I getting up when you come to the table? Just stretching. Why am I lighting your cigarette for you? I give up. Am I trying to kill you? Let's face it, you can't deprogram yourself overnight from years of training as a gentleman. The rise of feminism has created a host of challenges, even for the most sympathetic men. Take me. Please.

Women are on the lookout for sexism, and that means we had better be, too. We might mean well, but as Lou Reed sang, "between thought and expression lies a lifetime." We males have to watch the way we talk. It's humankind, not mankind. It's actor, not actress. And, of course, it's mailperson, not mailman, chairperson, not chairman, spokesperson, not spokesman, etc. That stuff is almost automatic by now.

Then there's the case of the pronoun. When we have to use a pronoun that has no clear gender

article by glenn o'brien

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR SADOWSKI

antecedent, we can always use they or them—sure it's plural, but so what? It's not sexist. Even better to use she. I like to think of it as an affirmative-action pronoun. The masculine gender has always been given the nod. Using the feminine may help correct some yin-yang imbalance out there in the mass consciousness.

Then there are terms of endearment. When I call a woman darling, sweetheart or baby, I guarantee you it's a consensual act. I don't say it unless I know it will be accepted in the same affectionate and egalitarian spirit in which it was dispatched. You have to be careful about this, though. You don't want honey to be taken as a form of verbal abuse. I never address a female waitperson as "hon" unless she does it first. And just to be on the safe side, I call my male buddies honey, darling, sweetheart and baby, too. Some women may question my manhood, but at least they'll know that when "babe" slips out, it's an equal-opportunity babe.

Of course, some words are best unuttered. Bitch, for example, has few redeeming uses outside the canine world. Chick seems to be a word to avoid, though I admit I remember it with some affection and use it occasionally in certain circles. Generally speaking, words that characterize women as animals, fruits or vegetables are going to be met with consternation by feminists. Certainly, foxes and tomatoes have excellent qualities, but women prefer more original terms of flattery. Genius makes a very good substitute for fox, and prodigy will never offend anyone as a substitute for tomato.

When it comes to disparaging epithets, the C word is a must to avoid. For some reason it is a lot worse to refer to someone as the female sex organ than as the male sex organ. I have never been taken to task for calling someone a dickhead, but now I won't even call someone the feline P word when chiding them for lack of bravery. I've gone back to scaredy-cat and, heck, I feel like I'm enriching the vernacular.

Just as we must learn to separate men from boys we must distinguish the girls from the women. Girls are the ones under the age of consent. Some women like to be called girls, but this must be judged on a case-by-case basis. Gal, a term that can be used with true warmth, may be taken by a woman in the same way that a black man may take the term boy. You may get away with it in the usage "guys and gals," but otherwise it could be mistaken for a term of paternalistic condescension or overfamiliarity. A surprising number of women call one another guys, but it's probably not a good idea for guys to call gals guys unless there's an obvious level of understanding already at work. But maybe if you call the guys gals, occasionally you can call the gals guys.

Touching is a touchy area. It can be a warm and pleasant social grace and, of course, it can fall into the wrong hands. Where I come from, we kiss everybody we like. On the other hand, we don't pinch butts unless we know for sure—and I do mean for sure—that the person is waiting for it. But I know that in other parts of the country, kissing and touching are not such casual things and can easily be taken for, and in some cases be, aggressive behavior.

That's why I think our culture has to take the fear out of friendly touching. If you don't want women to be afraid of your touch, don't be afraid to touch other gentlemen. I think equal opportunity, Eurostyle double-cheek kissing is a good thing for the hetero guy. Consider it a strategy to make kissing women's cheeks politically correct as a part of a non-gender-specific cultural practice. Or you could consider it simply a warm way to express true affection. In either case, it's also great fun to do in front of, or to, your father-in-law.

As far as gentlemanly acts toward women go, I don't think it's a good idea to dump them altogether. Most of these practices are simply courtesies, and courtesies are not something the world can afford fewer of. Once upon a time, a man rose from his chair if a woman arrived at his table. He opened doors for her, he offered to help if she was burdened with packages. Today these practices have been abandoned by many who consider themselves gentlemen. Perhaps they consider themselves nonsexist, but many women who find a door slamming in their face consider their behavior inconsiderate.

Today we find nonsexist men keeping their seats on buses while pregnant women with bags of groceries stand lurching in the aisles. Courtesy should be genderless. Why not stand when a man you respect arrives at your table? Why not open doors for your friends regardless of gender and help anyone struggling with a burden? Remember, if everyone were truly courteous, there would be no need for armies, police or Clarence Thomas.

As to the question of whether a man should offer his arm to a woman, a man should offer his arm to anyone wearing very high heels, platforms or to first-time Rollerblade wearers.

The biggest problem encountered by hetero males in intergender relationships isn't so much getting along with feminist women friends as it is being attracted to feminists.

I am attracted to feminists. I am not what you would call a breast man or a leg man. I am a brain man. That's what I find most attractive about a woman. And that's not really so wacky, because the brain is the most sexual organ. And, basically, the women with the most desirable brains are feminists.

A real feminist is the best kind of partner a he-man could want. Who's going to pull the wool over a guy's eyes? Who's going to take him for a ride? Who's going to sit around eating bonbons all day while he's bringing home the bacon? Who's going to take him for all he's worth in divorce court? Not a feminist. Not a real feminist. A real feminist is enlightened and independent and the ideal sex partner for the ideal hetero man we hetero males should strive to be.

If a heterosexual man is looking for a real partner, he is looking for a feminist woman. Otherwise, he winds up unchallenged, unfulfilled and quite unhappy come the revolution.

•

But dating in the age of feminism presents many delicate problems, some of which don't have easy answers. Like, who pays? When on a date, should the man offer to pay? In my 1928 edition of *Etiquette*, by Emily Post, she writes on the "Awkward Questions of Payment": "It is becoming much less customary than it used to be for a gentleman to offer to pay a lady's way." Well, you've come a long way, baby. I don't mind paying for a woman once in a while, but I think it's good for women to pay, too. A woman who gets equal pay should get equal tabs. Especially if she can put it on her expense account. And there's always going dutch.

However, an avowed feminist friend of mine says that men should pay more of the cost of dates because women are required to spend much more on their appearance. I don't know if I go along with the high-upkeep theory, but I admit that I like manicured, pedicured, coiffured, made-up, thoroughly waxed, sublimely scented and erotically lingeried women. Also, I don't mind paying for a female companion's dinner. Does this make me sexist? Only my hairdresser knows for sure. When I pay for your dinner, I don't want you to think I'm expecting sex. So why am I contributing to your beauty endowment? I'm just trying to help make the world a more beautiful place.

I do think a man should offer to see a woman home after they have spent the evening together. This could be interpreted as seeking an opportunity to

(continued on page 160)

"Wow! The Marriott only puts little chocolates on your pillow."

THE CLASS OF '93

TODAY'S COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE HANGING OUT, HANGING IN AND CHANGING ALL THE RULES. HERE'S THEIR REPORT CARD

IN THE NOT so distant past, college was considered a haven—an oasis amid parental constraints and the demands of an adult working world, a precious unreality neither here nor there. Campus was a safe, often scenic place to learn to distinguish Keats from Yeats, brie from camembert, Shaker Heights from Brooklyn Heights. It was also the perfect place to develop critical thinking, to discover alternative lifestyles and to learn how to tap a keg. And all this self-improvement took place before a permissive jury of equally bewildered peers. You learned responsibility gently: It was far more difficult to get in than it was to get kicked out.

But colleges ain't what they used to be. Real life has crept onto campuses and it has brought its own set of consequences—discord, blights and conflicts. Students are strained and estranged by real-world conflicts that demand real-world solutions. Consequently, today's campus dwellers are more serious and more competitive and have strong beliefs and precise agendas.

Then there's the economy. The cost of a college education is higher than ever: Since 1981, tuition and fees for a four-year public college have increased 144 percent, while the average annual student loan has grown to $2084. Some haven. Meanwhile, a bleak job market constantly reminds students of how difficult real life will be. Yet, optimism remains. Students are still impassioned, reckless and eager. And they haven't forgotten how to have a good time.

We assembled a team of correspondents and had them touch base with students at campuses throughout the country. We knew our work was cut out for us: College students are infuriatingly unpredictable, constantly evolving, forever reinventing themselves—and one another. But, of course, that's the joy of it all.

A PRICE TO PAY

In 1962 the average salaried American worked 129.5 days to pay for a year's room, board and tuition at a private university. In 1992 that figure was 251.4 days—almost double the 129 class days in the 1992–1993 Yale college calendar.

THE NEW GREEK ETHOS

What would Bluto say? According to Sidney Dunn, president of the Fraternity Insurance Purchasing Group, premiums for college fraternities are beginning to level off after having increased in recent years. Dunn attributes this to "a new Greek ethos" in which students take more responsibility for their actions. As part of a risk-management policy, many frats have adopted "dry rush," "no hazing" and "no keg" policies to reduce their insurance premiums.

SERVE SOMEBODY

As job opportunities for college grads decline, nonprofit organizations such as the Peace Corps and Teach for America report an upsurge in employment applications.

In 1989 the Vermont Student Environmental Program began a source-waste-reduction campaign. One of the program's missions is to persuade the student association to supply incoming freshmen with

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD BRIANT

reusable plastic mugs. (The cups come with instructions.)

STINGIEST SAFE-SEX PLAN

The University of Illinois' student health center makes condoms available to all students but restricts them to a monthly allotment.

BACK TO BASICS

Berkeley students got an eyeful from undergrad Andrew Martinez, who, in a gesture of free expression, took to strolling on campus in nothing but a backpack and sandals. The lesson in First Amendment flexibility was a tough one: Martinez was expelled.

MELLOWEST ADMINISTRATOR AWARD

In his first memo to students after taking office, Teikyo Marycrest University president Joseph Olander wrote: "Latin, Asian and Mediterranean peoples have long known what contemporary medical researchers have just discovered: Naps are very good for us. Therefore, I should like to encourage each of you, sometime between one and two P.M. every day, to take a ten- to fifteen-minute nap."

CAMPUS BESTS

our compendium of college all-stars

BEST MARCHING BAND

The marching band at the University of Wisconsin conducts a regular "fifth quarter" dance on the field and in the stands. The band has also issued several tapes and compact discs.

BEST PROFS

Kenneth T. Jackson, Columbia University: Prolific author, captivating lecturer and campus favorite. Jackson takes students on an all-night bike tour through city streets as part of his History of the City of New York seminar.

Richard Caldwell, University of Denver: Along with former Colorado governor Richard Lamm, Caldwell teaches Hard Choices, a popular course that addresses current social and economic policy. Caldwell also has a collection of rare guitars.

Fanny Howe, University of California, San Diego: A seat in one of Howe's classes is a hot ticket. The syllabus for her poetry class features works by rappers Arrested Development and Queen Latifah.

BEST NEWSPAPERS

Indiana Daily Student, Indiana University: It's been said that the *Daily Student* can compete with any of the area papers. The reporting is well-balanced between local and campus news, and the articles feature great photography and sharp layouts.

University Daily Kansan, University of Kansas: Best known for its thorough news coverage, the *Daily Kansan* is indicative of the professionalism and high standards of the university's school of journalism.

The Daily Bruin, University of California, Los Angeles: The *Bruin* is a journalism machine. The first issue of the school year usually exceeds 250 pages, including a 40-page sports section. The interviews often rival the *Los Angeles Times'*.

BEST RADIO STATIONS

KSJS, San Jose State University: With no paid staff, this two-time Station of the Year Award winner broadcasts well-executed, community-minded news programs and is known for its sharp interviews.

KJHK, University of Kansas: Aired the popular, volatile call-in talk program *The John Boss Show*. Boss was considered the Rush Limbaugh of the college set.

WXYC, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill: The UNC station has helped cultivate Chapel Hill's thriving music scene by regularly hosting live studio performances featuring local bands.

BEST TV STATIONS

ICTV, Ithaca College: Comedy programming is consistently strong, as are its music performances. The staff also writes, produces and edits its own soap opera, *Semesters*. The show's players are now local celebrities.

Cable 8, Washington State University, Pullman: Strong management, side-busting comedy and the best music videos in college television make Cable 8 a campus and community favorite.

UND-TV 3, University of North Dakota: UND's cable station boasts outstanding local and campus news programs and a weekly morning show to rival the networks'. *Studio One* is broadcast opposite *Good Morning America* and the *Today* show.

BEST COMPUTER CENTER

The University of Texas has 18,500 Macintosh computers—the largest arsenal at any institution or corporation worldwide.

Our campus scouts searched for information from library reading rooms to counseling centers, from deans' offices to dorm rooms. But time and again they found that the best place to learn what was on the minds of students was wherever the party lamp was lit. Party life and the party state of mind remain alive and well, despite the excesses of political correctness and the new puritanism. Here's what we learned about the enduring rascal spirit, why people remember college fondly and what parents and Rhodes interviewers never hear.

MOST NOTORIOUS MAKE-OUT SPOTS

(Whatever happened to the dorm room?)

At Arizona State there is a mammoth letter A painted on the side of a nearby mountain. Adventurous students who score there call it "making the A team." Some other hot spots:

BOSTON: On the third floor of Mugar

Memorial Library.

CALIFORNIA STATE AT CHICO: In the rose garden fountain.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN: In the satellite dishes by the football field.

EASTERN KENTUCKY: At the amphitheater in the middle of campus.

GEORGETOWN: On top of Darnell Hall.

LSU: On the golf course.

MIT: Atop the dome at the campus' main entrance. "We feel that the institute is fucking us, so why not fuck on the top of the institute?"

RIT: On top of the bronze tiger.

SAN DIEGO STATE: On the baseball diamond, "usually the pitcher's mound."

FLORIDA: In the parking area near Lake Alice. "It used to be the fifty-yard line on the football field, but that stopped when we got rid of the Astroturf. The coach is very protective of his field."

UNLV: At Hoover Dam. "One couple allegedly screwed on both sides of the dam so they could say they did it in two time zones."

WISCONSIN: Next to the statue of Lincoln at the top of Bascom Hill.

VIRGIN LEGENDS

"If a virgin graduates. . . ."

BOSTON: "the statue of a flock of birds dedicated to Martin Luther King will fly away."

RIT: "the balls of the bronze tiger will fall off."

FLORIDA: "a brick will fall from Century Tower."

UNLV: "the lights on the Strip will go out."

MISSOURI: "the stone lions outside of campus will roar."

WEST VIRGINIA: "the musket on the statue of the Mountaineer mascot will fire."

MIT: "We don't have a legend like that. Too many virgins actually do graduate."

MOST FUN PROFS

Arizona State's human sexuality professor Owen Morgan (known affectionately by some students as Owen "the Organ" Morgan). "The first day of class he asked us to think of all the names we knew for vagina. Four hundred fifty students began yelling at once."

The Boston University prof who announces on the first day: "If you don't like the word fuck, this class isn't for you."

The human sexuality prof at Chico State who brings in transsexuals and transvestites as visual aids.

The constitutional-law prof at Georgetown who hands out recipes in class. Her mission: to teach students to distinguish between tort law and chocolate tortes.

The professor at Ohio University who is described as "an ultrafreak who assigns students strange projects such as carrying around a moldy banana for days at a time." Apparently, he's also a pushover for wild stories. "A student once told him he missed doing a project because his dog ate his parakeet, and he was so severely depressed about it that it had affected his whole semester. The prof changed the student's grade from a D to an A."

The marriage and family instructor at Southern Illinois who asks students to re-create the way they pick up one another and then critique it.

The Florida journalism professor who throws parties and asks students to come dressed as their favorite Beatles song.

The creative process prof at the University of Missouri who teaches metaphysically. "She instructs us to channel our energy. One day we balance our chakras, another day we find our magnetic fields."

FAVORITE COURSES

Ball State's Health Science 261: "This class is raw. We watch films about sexual arousal, then have relay races to see who can put condoms on a glass penis the fastest."

Georgetown's American Humor, a.k.a. Jokes for Jocks.

MIT's Social Psych 9.70: "At the end of the course, you grade yourself."

Ohio University's Introduction to Leisure.

RIT's Food Preservation and Packaging: "We brewed beer, packaged it, then drank it."

Texas' History of Rock and Roll: "You're guaranteed poor marks if you can't distinguish Buddy Holly from Chuck Berry."

Wisconsin's Music in Performance, a.k.a. Clap for Credit.

ODDEST CAMPUS PARTIES

BOSTON: Alpha Epsilon Pi's Welcome to the Womb bash boasts "a large vaginalike structure" at the top of their staircase. The stairs are converted to a sliding board and coated with peanut oil. Everyone who enters the party must dive through the vagina and slide down the board.

GEORGETOWN: The Drop Your Pants Dance. "No matter where you are during the dance, if you hear certain songs—like Garth Brooks' *I've Got Friends in Low Places*—you drop your pants and let your boxers shine."

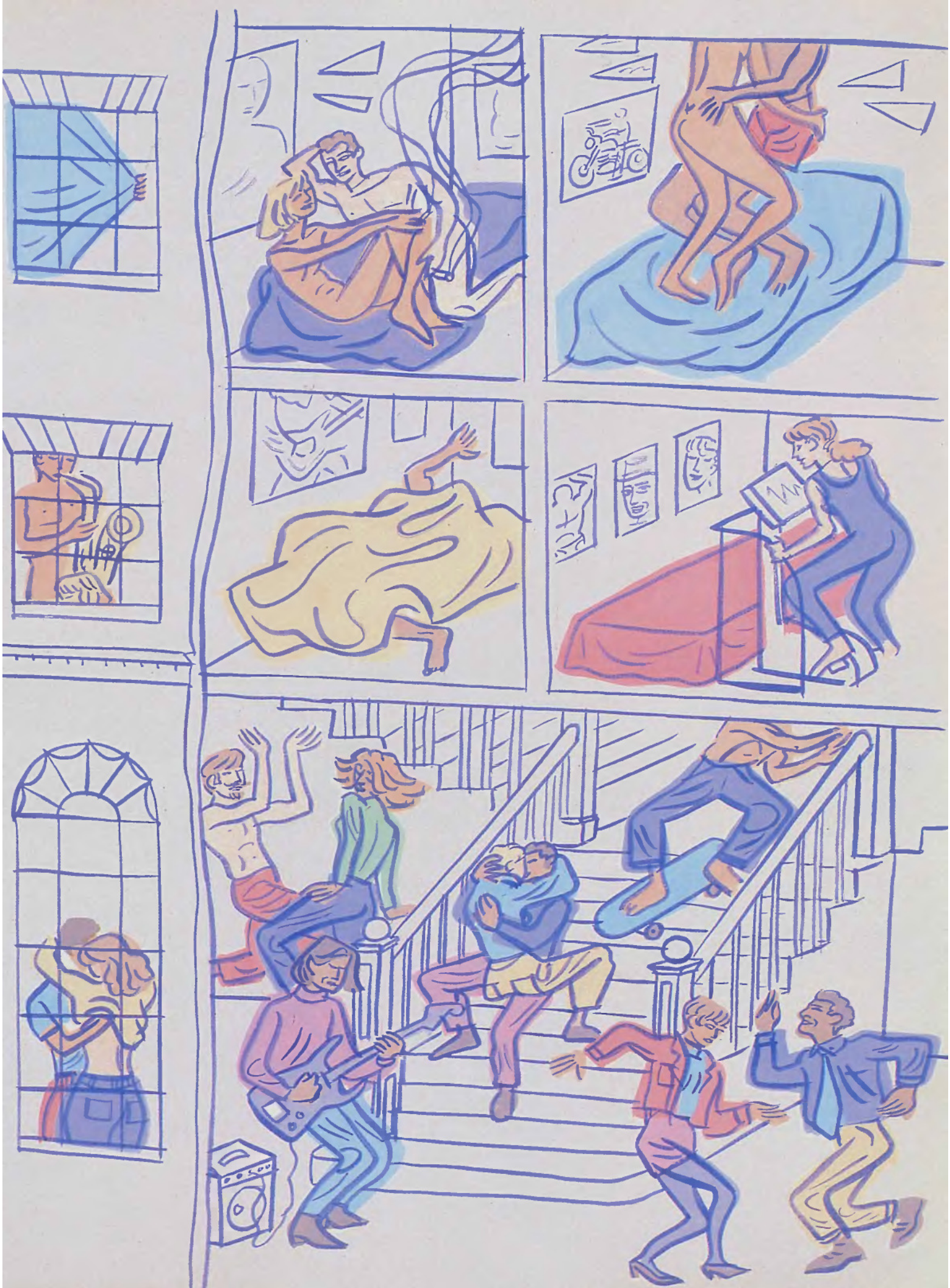
RIT: Spring Fling in the township of Henrietta, featuring car-rolling and nude mud-sliding. The townsfolk can't stand it.

BEST EXTRACURRICULAR

LSU: Nude golf, which is played at night with glow-in-the-dark golf balls. A Fiji favorite.

ALL-TIME PARTY STUNT

Still the reigning champ: MIT's Smoot Marks. In 1958 a Lambda Chi Alpha pledge named Smoot was used as a ruler to measure the bridge that leads into campus (he was turned end-over-end across the bridge). The structure was officially logged at 364.4 smoots—plus one ear—and is now a landmark.



UNTIL NOW, Murtaugh has lived life amassing the sort of history, carriage and mystique that makes blooming, disaffected women imagine themselves in bed with him. This is no easy job. At its expense, checkbooks go unbalanced and student poems go unread. Upkeep on his rented lodgings goes unkept. Phone calls to his daughters go unmade. Calls from them go unreturned. He does mean well. He loves his daughters and displays their pictures. When Tracy and Annie visit, he pulls out all the stops: movies, theme parks, concerts, ball games, rafting, skiing. He is that best and worst of divorced fathers: Mr. Entertainment.

Perhaps—even after the harassment scandal, even after his younger daughter stood hatless in a spring snowstorm and begged him to grow up—he hasn't changed. This year he took his usual one-year gig at a small college in a small town, where he stars (even at his age) in the usual lunchtime faculty basketball game and where he has the usual classrooms full of Christinas.

That's who takes poetry workshops at pricey church-run schools. Transpose the eighth and ninth letters and what irony! Willowy Christinas, dressed in black, with too much makeup or none at all. Vegetarians. *(continued on page 100)*

The Visiting Poet

beautiful, willing students come

and go from the bed of the visiting poet.

jill was certain to change all that

FICTION BY MARK WINEGARDNER

ILLUSTRATION BY BRYAN LEISTER

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

George Jetson would probably flip spaceburgers on the Thermal Electric Grill, but you'll have to settle for more earthly fare cooked on a supercharged grilling surface in a unique vacuum-insulated dome that seals in heat, a smoky barbecue flavor and moisture, by Thermos, about $300.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Nikon's Nikonos RS is the world's first integral-motor 35mm autofocus single-lens reflex camera designed for underwater use, $3486. R-UW AF Nikkor 28mm f/2.8 lens, $978.

Ideal for bedroom or office, the Sharp 25-watt CD-Q10 mini CD-cassette-AM/FM system measures 15.2" wide, one third the size of a standard compact stereo, $899.

The Global Man, a Special Editions Limited quartz analog-movement travel alarm with a folding cover, is from a Keith Haring illustration that appeared in PLAYBOY, $40.

Canan's 1.5-lb. UCS3 is the first Hi-Band 8mm camcorder that combines digital signal processing (for improved video resolutian) with a 12X pawer zoam lens, about $2800.

The custam-engineered hydraulic cylinders built into the 3'x6' Trimax hame gym help yau exercise every muscle in your body, including your heart, in just 15 minutes, $1300.

Where & How ta Buy an page 175.

Two for the road from Harley-Davidson: Extra-tall cowhide Tour Glide boots that lace up the front for a custom fit, $230, and leather goggles with antifog lenses, $60.

Visiting Poet *(continued from page 95)*

"He beds two or three of them a year. Sometimes one, rarely four, never five. So far, never zero."

Recyclers. Smokers. A Christina without the code would be a mere Shannon or Julie, those wholesome diarists who round out his classes, even the prettiest of whom accept their fates as taxpayers and yard-tending neighbors. Christinas are outside time. They exude uninjured, tragic beauty. They are the hippest young women at the squarest old schools, a plight from which Murtaugh offers brief deliverance.

Responsible people might see Murtaugh's life as a dangerous relic of another era. But that's part of it: Christinas like to shock themselves. He beds two or three of them a year. Sometimes one, rarely four, never five. So far, never zero. The Christinas find Murtaugh as tragic as he finds them, though their sense of tragic is forged by TV, which they claim never to watch. But in bed he gets them to sing the theme song to *The Brady Bunch*. Never yet has one failed to know the words. A sad thing, this, but he and the Christina laugh. He rests a hand on the lovely dent below her buttocks. She strokes his chest hair, comments on it. He goes down on her. When she can take no more, she pulls him up by what's left of his hair, handles on each side of his skull. She condomizes him; he enters her. Afterward, he tells her she has talent.

Murtaugh and the Christina then discuss the frauds they know, both at the college and in the world of art. Murtaugh drops names of writers and actresses he's met, drunk with, beaten and fucked. The Christina summarizes her sexual history. They fall asleep.

The scandal disrupted all this. Exhibit A: He's been here two months. He's had the chance to bed a Christina, an unusually busty one named Emma, with gray eyes and a knack for villanelles. She had her hand on his crotch, and he let the moment pass.

So maybe Murtaugh has changed. But into what? If he could answer that, he'd have changed a long time ago.

•

Last year Murtaugh's gig was at a huge research institution out in one of those rectangular states, a place where people get lost, the last place you'd expect people to be in your business.

Her name was Jill and she was no Christina. She was half Cherokee, half Irish and six feet tall, two inches taller than Murtaugh. They met after a reading by an old confederate of Murtaugh's who, like most of that circle, had quit booze, achieved tenure and married a plain-looking lawyer.

Jill wore go-go boots and earth tones, which should have tipped off her true identity. Academics rarely dress like grown-ups. It's like the old joke: Why do dogs lick their genitals? Because they can. Same deal with academics. Few could hold down real-world jobs, fewer yet could dress the part. People in academe comport themselves as they do simply because they can.

But Murtaugh mistook Jill for a student—she looked young enough. She was actually a 32-year-old newly tenured associate professor of music. He didn't learn this until after they'd slept together. Murtaugh had her pegged as a closet poet, but she in fact hadn't attempted a poem since fifth grade. It took him weeks to find out she'd grown up in the Ozarks and SAT'd her way into Harvard, where, presumably, she affected that Brahmin accent. He read her superficially, as quick to pigeonhole as the lit-crit colleagues he reviled.

Jill could play the hell out of the piano—classical, honky-tonk, anything—which she did their first night at his place, a sublet from a dean on leave, the usual farmhouse with a baby grand. Murtaugh had never seen a tall nude woman at a piano. She lit a candle and played, her long hair sweat-damp and mussed, back straight, breasts cast into relief by the flickering light, her deft fingers a metaphor for Jill herself.

The next day Murtaugh wrote a poem about her fingers. He showed it to Jill. She found it sexist. Three weeks later it was accepted by a national magazine. He started writing a series of poems about her body. Magazines snapped them up. He wrote a poem about her heart, based on an incident in which he and Jill snuck into the med school and did it on an examining table in a room ringed by chest X rays.

After Christmas break he invited Jill to move in with him. She accepted. Meanwhile, he continued to bed the occasional off-campus Christina. For a while, a good time was had by all.

•

This year Murtaugh also has the usual forlorn Ricks. Here's their Ur-poem: A *sensitif* looks into a hot red car, past an unworthy jock to the jock's stunning, captive girlfriend. The last lines concern walking into the wind on a rainy day. Rare is the Christina who falls for that. The best a Rick can hope for is a one-nighter, and it'll be the Rick who gets used and dumped. Ricks should find nice Pams or Lisas in the business wing, get married and underemployed, have kids, purchase a minivan, a house and a family pass to the zoo, grow miserable, get a paunch and a divorce, lose everything and get on with it. Even then they won't be able to bed Christinas. They'll be fat, bitter and desperate. Three strikes, grab some bench.

But, ominously, one of this semester's Ricks has talent. Worse, he's thick-skinned, athletic and—in that corn-fed Midwestern way—confident. One day the Rick (whose name is John Kilgore) catches Murtaugh after class, and they work interminably on a passably adept poem. They seem at last to be done, but the Rick won't leave.

"I don't know," the Rick says, stammering. "It's like, I don't know how to say it, to ask this, to ask you what I, like, need to." He looks down at his shoes. Scuffed black penny loafers. Kid'll go far. "But, well, Dr. Murtaugh, have you——"

"Mister," Murtaugh says. "I'm not a doctor." Murtaugh hates being called doctor. He is a master of fine arts, with four well-received books. That, he intones, is what entitles him to be a professor. He does in fact have a Ph.D., but even when he applies for these visiting gigs (he is more often invited, as was the case here), he conceals this residue from his past.

"Whatever," says the Rick. "What I'm trying to ask is if you were ever married." He points. "No ring. But I wondered."

Murtaugh frowns. "Why do you want to know?"

The Rick says that he's engaged but that he's scared he can't earn a living as a writer. Maybe law school? Or is that a sellout? His fiancée said she would give him the time and space he needs, but . . . blah, blah, blah. The Rick gets up. "Sorry. Forget it." He grabs his motorcycle jacket and backpack and leaves, closing the door purposefully behind him.

Murtaugh sizes up the closed door, knocked woozy by the horse hooves of one of God's heavy-handed ironies, the sort of coincidence even poets dare not contrive. And it goes like this: Once upon a time, Murtaugh, too, was an earnest young man with literary urges

(continued on page 171)

"Watch out for the fourth step."

KNOCK WOOD

miss april, nicole wood, has luck on her side

THE MUSCLE BOYS at the East Bank Club, Chicago's premiere health spa, are hunkering down under triple-digit poundage when Nicole Wood walks in. All of a sudden they decide to give their neck muscles a workout, snapping around for a peek at Miss April. Who can blame them? She's a vision in turquoise, a siren in spandex. Sorry, guys, but don't expect Nicole to look back. She's way too busy, what with a modeling career, a romance with an anonymous ("Let's make 'em guess") pro athlete and her debut as Playmate of the Month. "Everything's going my way lately," she says, smiling. "I barely have time to work out anymore." She stoops to conquer, hefting a 15-pound dumbbell for a few dozen curls. "Usually I do two body parts a day. Today I'll do chest and bis. Tomorrow I'll finish my upper body, then legs and abs on Wednesday." It's hard to believe this voluptuous 23-year-old was once "a skinny little tomboy," but she swears it's true. "You should have

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

seen me when I was fifteen. I had a mouth full of braces. Gross!" Braces and all, she managed to impress the judges at a Miss Teen New Jersey pageant: They made her a finalist. Modeling gigs and more than 70 swimsuit pageants followed. Her sister, Michelle, herself a former model, provided moral support back home in New Jersey. "Doing pageants is emotionally and physically draining," Nicole says. "Most of the girls are friendly, but I've seen some vicious stuff. Once, somebody stole my shoes right before I had to go on stage. Can you believe it?" Eventually the work paid off. Her prize for winning a centerfold contest was a trip to Chicago for a PLAYBOY test shoot. She came, she posed,

"I really love cowboys and the West," Nicole says. But the first time she rode a horse, she ended up on her rear—and decided to leave riding to cowboys.

DRINK
Hastings

"I'm modest," Nicole says. "Posing for these pictures, I was shy at first, but everyone wos so supportive that I relaxed and hod fun. When the magazine comes out, I know I'm going to blush."

As for local reaction to her pictorial, Nicole says, "They're going to say, 'That's my neighbor!'" We imagine a line of men at her door, feeling a neighborly need to borrow a cup of sugar.

she conquered. When it comes to love, Nicole's an old-fashioned girl: "I don't like promiscuity. It should be one person and that's it." She was briefly engaged to a chiropractor, but he didn't want her to model, and "I wouldn't let him stand in my way." Watching her sling another dumbbell, it strikes you that standing between Nicole Wood and her goals would not be a good idea. "I'm real eager and ambitious, so whatever I can get out of life, I'm going to get," she says. "I want to act, and I think being in PLAYBOY will open a lot of doors for me. I'm excited; I think I have some good years coming up." She's got the plan—and the muscle to back it up. —BOB DAILY

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Nicole Wood

BUST: 36C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 2-4-70 BIRTHPLACE: Canton, Ohio

AMBITIONS: to be a successful model and actress, to invest my money wisely, to come home to my husband and four kids.

TURN ONS: quiet, Rugged men in cowboy boots and jeans, mountains, candlelight dinners, bubble baths for two.

TURN OFFS: loud obnoxious men, men you can't trust, jealousy, and sloppy dressers (I hate wrinkled shirts).

DREAM DATE: We fly to the Grand Canyon, get a pair of horses, sleep under the stars and live like cowboys for a weekend.

FAVORITE MOVIE STAR: Bugs Bunny - he's calm, he's cool and he knows how to get the last laugh.

SECRET FANTASIES: Sky dive, fly a fighter jet, go on an African safari (to shoot pictures, not animals), to play quarterback for the Philadelphia Eagles and get Randall Cunningham's salary!

PASSIONS: working out, a new pair of cowboy boots, Garth Brooks' music, a bowl of Ben & Jerry's cookie dough ice cream.

7th Grade Picture
Gross!

New Year's Eve
Singing my heart out

Winning a pageant
Don't try swimming
in this.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The woman rolled over in bed with a big smile on her face. "Oh, Jules," she sighed, "I just dreamed that you bought me a beautiful sable coat."

Recognizing a trap when he heard one, Jules rolled over, pulled the covers up to his chin and grunted, "In your next dream, Myrna, wear it in good health."

Hear about the dyslexic policeman? He spent all Saturday night handing out IUDs.

As the Las Vegas showgirls were dressing for a performance, one of them noticed her friend was no longer sporting a flashy engagement ring. "What happened, Sonia?" she asked, pointing to the bare finger. "The wedding off?"

"Yeah," Sonia confirmed. "I saw him in a bathing suit last week and he looked so different without his wallet."

What did the Indian fakirs do when they received two new sacks of nails? They had a pillow fight.

In the bottom of the seventh inning, a lazy fly ball headed to the outfield. The left fielder parked under it, then scrambled frantically as it bounced off his glove. When he returned to the dugout, the manager decked him.

"Hey, why'd you do that?" the player asked.

"Because they scored a run, you idiot!" the skipper bellowed.

In the eighth inning, the left fielder repeated his error, allowing another run to score. The manager decked him again.

In the bottom of the ninth, the manager benched his left fielder, telling him to watch how the position is supposed to be played, and he trotted out onto the field. With the score tied, the manager went back for a long fly ball and dropped it. The winning run scored.

As the manager returned to the dugout, the regular left fielder was chuckling to himself. The manager decked him.

"Why'd you do that?" the player asked.

"Because you have left field so screwed up nobody can play it!"

When their favorite waiter died, several regulars decided to try to contact him through a medium.

"In order to communicate with the dead," the medium advised, "we must all hold hands and say his name as one."

Sitting at a round table, the group locked hands and then reverently muttered "Moe Iskowitz" together. Nothing happened, so they tried again. Still nothing happened. Finally, on the third try, Moe appeared as a spectral image floating above them.

"Moe," one of the men said, "it's good to see you, but why did we have to call you three times?"

"Schmuck," Moe said, "this isn't my table!"

Did you hear that Oprah Winfrey checked into a fat farm for two weeks? She lost 14 days.

We spotted this classified ad in a neighborhood newspaper: "For sale, cheap: one set of Jack Nicklaus golf clubs with bag and cart; one right-handed softball mitt; bowling ball and bag with assorted trophies. Call 555-1443. If a man answers, hang up."

What's the difference between a Yugo and a Jehovah's Witness? You can close the door on a Jehovah's Witness.

A 59-year-old man began to dress after his physical. "Doc," he said, "do you think I'll live another forty-one years so that I can reach a hundred?"

"Do you smoke?" the doctor asked.

"No," the patient replied.

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Do you fool around with women?"

"Of course not!"

"Well, then," the physician mused, "why the hell would you want to live another forty-one years?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Honey, I've got only twenty minutes to get to the course. Go sit in the fridge until I get back."

THE CAR SPY GAME

a long-lens look at what we'll be driving in 1994 and beyond

article by **KEN GROSS**

WHILE AMERICANS SHOP for 1993 automobiles, manufacturers are finishing work on 1994 and 1995 models. It takes three to five years for a new car design to move from conception to execution, and most of the development is shrouded in secrecy. Some photojournalists, however, make it their business to find out in advance what tomorrow's machines look like. Using hidden cameras, telephoto lenses, secret locations near proving grounds and great patience and persistence, these specialists take "preview photographs" of cars to come. Like a fox hunt, this game has its own rules. Here's how it's played: At some point in every new car's creation, engineers must take the vehicle out on the road for real-world testing. They try to disguise experimental models any way they can, which makes it tough for the lensmen but far from impossible. Two of the world's best preview photographers are Detroit's Jim Dunne and Germany's Hans G. Lehmann. GM, in fact, went so far as to plant a row of trees, irreverently known now as Dunne's Grove, to block its namesake's long lenses. And Lehmann, who has fallen out of a tree, been detained and even arrested in pursuit of his prey, has hired a crew of lesser-known accomplices to track car testers everywhere from northern Finland to southern Africa. They get the shots, he gets the credit. Not every spy, though, is a pro. For example, Ford's 1995 Mustang won't officially arrive for about a year and a half, but Brenda Priddy, a part-time bookkeeper and mother of two from Phoenix, got an early look. "I was dropping off my baby-sitter," she said, "when I spotted some disguised cars stopping every three hundred feet for air-conditioning checks." Priddy dashed home, grabbed her camera and was back in time to catch the Mustang testers stopped at her local Safeway. She got her shots and sold them to *Automobile Magazine*. One of them appeared on its November 1992 cover. Glenn Paulina of Highland, Michigan photographed the 1989 Thunderbird five years ago, a success that inspired him and his brother to make spy shooting an adjunct to their regular jobs. The two Paulinas took a photo of a four-door Porsche being tested in Detroit. They caught the attention of Lehmann, who retained them in the summer of 1991 to search Death Valley for manufacturers' prototypes. After several weeks in the desert, the Paulinas

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

bagged a new Nissan Altima, some Mustangs and two pairs of Alfa Romeo 75s. What kind of money do preview photographers get for their work? Magazines pay between $1000 and $5000 depending on the car—which may not be top dollar. Before *Automobile* published her shot, Priddy received a call from a Ford employee who wanted to know how much she was paid. Priddy asked why she cared. The Ford woman answered, "We would have paid you more." One obvious reason why car companies want to keep their new models under cover is to avoid giving the competition any ideas. They're also concerned that consumers may delay purchasing existing cars in favor of what's coming down the road. But thanks to the snooping of spy photographers, it's possible to get an early peek and advanced details. Here's the scoop on some of the cars they've captured.

AMERICAN MODELS

After a lackluster 1993 lineup, GM plans to bounce back with ambitious *(text continued on page 120)*

HANS G. LEHMANN/HIDDEN IMAGE

1994 Audi V8

Audi's new sedan with a 276-hp V8 (scheduled for a late 1993 debut) is sized between BMW's 7-series cars and the shortest Mercedes S-class cars. Built with an all-aluminum body, it remains a half ton lighter than the Benz—even with all-wheel-drive. Plans for an optional 60-valve W12 engine from Audi's Avus showcar have been dropped.

1994 Saab 900

Saab's connection with General Motors hos paid off. The aerodynamic 1994 Soab 900 pocks o 2.5-liter V6 engine (from GM's Opel), all-wheel-drive and a six-speed gearbox. Styling cues resemble todoy's Saab 9000s.

HANS G. LEHMANN/HIDDEN IMAGE

HANS G. LEHMANN/HIDDEN IMAGE

1994 Chrysler Neon

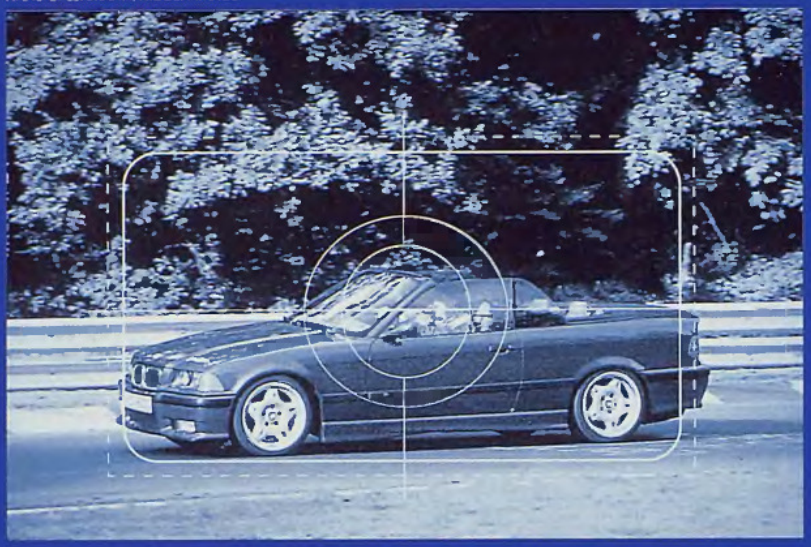
Designed to replace the Dodge Shadow and the Plymouth Sundance, Chrysler's 1994 Neon subcompact (left) features "cab-forward" styling and a price tag that will compete with GM's Saturn as well as with imports such as the Honda Civic and the Toyota Tercel.

HANS G. LEHMANN/HIDDEN IMAGE

1996 Mercedes-Benz E Series

The E series is Mercedes' successor to its 300-class sedan. Its trim design resembles top-line Benzes yet appeals to those buyers who feel the current S class is just too big. This handsome mid-range four-door is just two inches longer than the current 300 sedan. Its prime targets: Lexus and BMW.

HANS G. LEHMANN/HIDDEN IMAGE



1994 BMW 325i Convertible

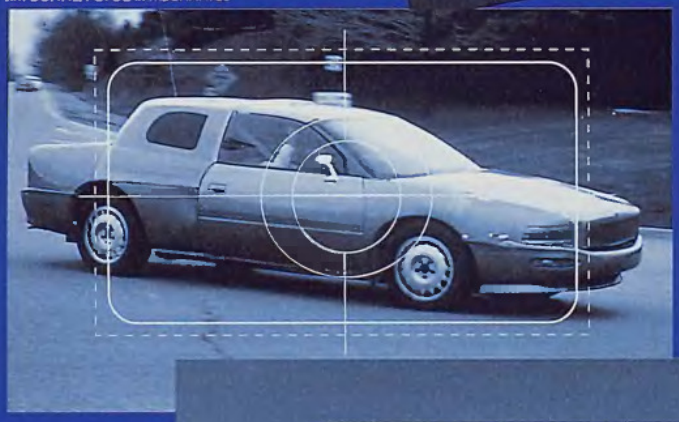
Styled ofter BMW's sleek 3-series coupes, the long-awaited 1994 3-series convertible (set to arrive this summer) looks even better minus the roof. The folding top has been substantially improved and there's pop-up rear-seat rollover protection. North American car buyers get 8MW's latest small, six-cylinder engine as well as an optional lightweight removable top.

1994 Ford Mustang

Hot on the wheels of Chevy's re-designed Camaro comes the 1994 Mustang. In addition to a sleek new sheet-metal body, it boasts one of three different engines: a 3.5-liter V6 (to placote nervous insurance companies), a classic 5-liter V8 and a high-performance 320-hp four-cam modulor V8.

KGP PHOTOGRAPHY

JIM DUNNE/POPULAR MECHANICS



1994 Buick Riviera

The current Buick Riviera is a styling disaster, but purists needn't worry. The 1994 Riv returns to its roots with a longer wheelbase and an overall length of 200-plus inches. It may get a smaller version of Cadillac's Northstar V8 rated at 250 hp and mated to an electronic four-speed automatic transaxle.

1995 Lincoln Continental

Slated to hit dealerships in the spring of 1994, the redesigned 1995 front-drive, faur-daor Lincoln Continental borrows the classy Mark VIII's toothy grille and 280-hp 4.6-liter V8 engine. New upper and lower control arms replace the MacPherson strut suspensian, permitting a lower cowl and a sharply raked hoodline. The result: a much more pawerful car with racy good laoks.

KGP PHOTOGRAPHY

THE CLINTON IMPACT ON CARS

Detroit is back. American carmakers are gaining market share, and sales of once-invincible Japanese nameplates are slipping. The question is: Will actions in Washington put the brakes on this long-awaited turnaround? We don't think so. While President Bill Clinton and his environmental champion, Al Gore, espouse a 40-miles-per-gallon standard, they know that American consumers have historically preferred bigger cars and pickup trucks. For classic full-sized cars such as Ford's Crown Victoria and Chevrolet's Caprice (two law enforcement and taxicab favorites), the high-mileage hurdle is virtually impossible. "If there is evidence the forty-miles-per-gallon goal can't be achieved," the new president said, "I've never said we should write it into law."

We do expect steady pressure to increase corporate average fuel economy toward a goal of 37 miles per gallon by the year 2000 and suspect that government incentives (as well as stricter state legislation) will accelerate that trend. Clinton's national economic strategy will include incentives to modernize plants and equipment. He knows that the German and Japanese governments support their automakers. He intends to do the same here.

How will all this affect car buyers? Don't expect to see the gas-guzzler tax repealed. But do expect to see more emphasis placed on zero-emission vehicles, such as electric cars. A repeal of the much-maligned luxury tax (ten percent added to the cost of a car priced over $30,000) is also unlikely, since it mainly affects expensive European and Japanese makes. And don't be surprised to see 25 percent tariffs on foreign sports utilities, pickups and maybe even Japanese minivans.

In terms of ecology, an auto industry insider hinted: "Gore may be Clinton's environmental attack dog, but he'll be on a short leash. A lot of people in Michigan voted for Clinton. He's not about to forget them." —KEN GROSS

1994–1995 development programs. Beleaguered Oldsmobile has already shown its bold $34,000 four-cam V8-powered 1995 Aurora sport sedan. Buick has been much more secretive, intending to launch a dramatic 1994 Riviera coupe that reportedly resembles the high-styled Bill Mitchell "Rivs" of the early Sixties. The 1994 Riviera will share the current Park Avenue's long wheelbase, as will an all-new four-door Oldsmobile Toronado. In 1994 Cadillac will launch a redesign of its Sedan De Ville. Chevy will present its new S-10 Blazer and hopes to get back in the volume business with its new Lumina, recently delayed to 1995. Also for 1995, the ancient Olds Ciera and Buick Century will finally be updated, Pontiac plans to present a new Sunbird, Chevy will revive its hallowed Monte Carlo nameplate and unveil a new Cavalier, and Saturn's sedans and hatchbacks are slated for major redesigns.

At Ford, the 1994 Mustang will arrive just as Chevrolet's sexy new Camaro finishes its first sales year. In addition to a sleek new skin, the long-lived ponycar will have a 205-hp midline V8 engine and also may get a Cobra-inspired version of Lincoln's 280-hp four-cam V8. Ford will also offer two new 1994 convertibles, a svelte Mark VIII Lincoln and an Escort with a much cheaper ragtop. It will introduce its new Tempo and Topaz in 1995. Dramatically restyled Tauruses and Sables are also on the way, but whether they'll be labeled 1995s or 1996s has yet to be determined.

Chrysler will continue a parade of hits with its Saturn fighter, the affordable 1994 Neon subcompact sedan (a.k.a. the Sundance-Shadow replacement). After that comes an exotic-looking fastback coupe that dramatically updates both the Dodge Daytona and the Chrysler LeBaron. But the big news from Chrysler is its long-wheelbase sedans: both the sporty LHS and the New Yorker look like sedans Jaguar should be introducing. And rounding out the 1994 lineup is Dodge's brawny V10 Ram pickup. In 1995 Chrysler will introduce the JA, a cab-forward design set to replace the current Spirit-Acclaim. There will also be an all-new T-115 minivan.

EUROPEAN MODELS

Mercedes-Benz will get back to basics in 1994 with a long-awaited replacement for its small 190-class sedans, called the C series. It's one and a half inches wider, one inch longer and 220 pounds heavier than the current 190. A 300-class replacement will follow at the end of 1995. Both redesigns will lift styling cues from the S class. Reportedly, Mercedes is also working on a new, smaller version of its classy 300/500 SL roadster. The car will come on an abbreviated sub-190 platform to combat the proposed 1996 BMW sub-3-series two-seaters and hatchbacks, which are expected to be built in a new factory in Spartanburg, South Carolina.

In the meantime, BMW's 1994 topline 7-series sedan won't be as large as the Benz behemoths, but it will have a radically sloped nose and tail, a slightly stretched wheelbase, the 850Ci's sophisticated multilink rear suspension, several V8 options and a 375-hp V12 engine. Later this summer, BMW will roll out its new-generation 3-series convertible, with rakish wedge styling to match the current coupes and an optional lightweight hardtop.

Audi has an aluminum-bodied update of its V8 Quattro on the drawing board. Innovations include semiactive suspension, four-wheel ride-height adjustment (to better use the car's four-wheel-drive system) and a possible 40-valve 320-hp 4.2-liter V8 engine. There's also a spin-off of Audi's next-generation European 80 in the works, which is expected to be a half-hatchback semicoupe that's shorter and wider than its current sedans. Good news: The price may be well below $20,000. Bad news: It may not be exported to the States.

For 1994 Porsche will introduce a reskinned 911 called the 993. Features include four-wheel steering and a 280-hp six-cylinder engine. A smaller, more affordable convertible—based on the Boxter showcar—is expected to follow in 1995–1996, and a completely new 911 will bow a year or so later.

Volkswagen will dramatically restyle its Corrado for 1995, offering both coupe and convertible versions. The car's lusty, narrow-angle VR6 engine will probably receive a 24-valve head. It's likely to get the all-wheel-drive system from Europe's Golf Syncro, electronically controlled shocks and four-wheel steering as well. The next-generation, Mexico-built Polo also will hit the States in 1995. And in addition to its tiny coupes and sedans, Volkswagen will offer an affordable 2013-pound spider (203 pounds lighter than Mazda's Miata but with a longer wheelbase) packing a 115-hp four-cylinder engine.

With help from Ford, Jaguar will soon have an all-new lineup. In late 1994 it'll update the current XJ6 sedan with the X300. The X100, a new sports coupe–cabriolet, is set to replace the long-in-the-tooth XJS in 1996. Jaguar's BMW 5-series fighter, the X200, is being referred to as a modern version of

(concluded on page 158)

"As I predicted, Mr. Farnsworth, management has frowned on your request for paid paternity leave despite your gut feeling that you have a hot prospect who'd like to get pregnant."

ECO WARRIORS

(continued from page 76)

"What kind of things? 'You know, monkey-wrenching. That's why they call me the Crazy Coyote.'"

Canadian Coast Guard officer Paul Watson, who left Greenpeace after he was accused of using methods that were too confrontational. His gang has sunk eight whaling ships and a drift netter, rammed a half-dozen other vessels and blockaded the Canadian sealing fleet.

The Animal Liberation Front also fits the definition. It is an underground network whose agents are unknown. It has claimed between 70 and 100 "liberation" actions at fur farms and research labs since 1981, occasionally using arson and explosives. Another group is the Hunt Saboteurs, whose members disrupt big-game hunts.

Finally, there are the scores of lone monkey-wrenchers who remain unaffiliated. One night at a party in Albion, California, I met an 18-year-old half-Choctaw man who called himself the Crazy Coyote. He was with 15 EFers from a group known as the Albion Nation.

"I used to do some things by myself when I lived over by Tahoe," Coyote told me, smiling. "I thought I was the only one." When I asked him what kind of things, he said simply: "You know, monkey-wrenching. That's why they call me the Crazy Coyote."

This personal approach to environmental struggle is what Gary Snyder—a poet whose book *Turtle Island* won a 1975 Pulitzer Prize—calls "the real work": fighting for a culture where all species have inherent worth and an equal right to exist—not for their value to humans as commodities or recreation but simply because they have an ecological niche, an evolutionary reason to be. Or, if you want to give it a Judeo-Christian twist, because God put them there.

The real work, according to Snyder and others, is to move yourself from an anthropocentric, or human-centered, universe to a biocentric one. This ancient worldview is no foreign import; it has American roots in the work of John Muir, Thoreau, the Transcendentalists and the 1830s wilderness romantics. In 1972 a Norwegian philosopher named Arne Naess coined the phrase "deep ecology," and it stuck.

The movement now surging around these principles is getting a huge push from science, particularly rain-forest research, which has indicated we are now in the middle of a global mass extinction. At least five such extinctions are known to have happened on this planet. The last one was when glaciers descended over North America during the Ice Age. This one is caused largely by human overpopulation.

I recently saw a roadshow by Australian EFer John Seed, who cofounded the Rain Forest Information Center in 1982, and he told a crowd of about 150 people in Berkeley that a million species of plants, insects, fish and mammals, most of them unnamed, will disappear forever by the end of this century. If Seed's addition is right, and a lot of biologists seem to agree with his figures, we'll lose about 400 species a day from now until New Year's Eve in 1999. Most of what human beings will stoop to "save," such as the California condor, will become what Dr. Daniel Janzen, professor of biology at the University of Pennsylvania, calls "the living dead"—still there but not able to survive without human intervention.

Seed and other deep ecology evangelists get their gospel from conservation biology. It is a young science, only ten years old, but it is already booming at universities worldwide. As scientists slowly come to understand habitats, the movement adopts their findings as the no-compromise position.

That radical agenda, however, is not limited to direct-action groups. A strong second tier of radicalism is emerging: ecosystem-based wilderness groups that EF cofounder Dave Foreman is now championing as the New Conservation Movement. They distance themselves from what Paul Watson calls "the compromise environmental movement"—the so-called Group of Ten biggies such as the Environmental Defense Fund, whose operatives massage the political reality and field lobbyists in Washington, D.C.

"It would be a big mistake to say that it is simply a matter of tactics," says Roselle. While a lot of the loud actions by EF or the Sea Shepherds are meant to grab media attention and sway the American public, Roselle insists that the more important goal must be to change public policy. He says, "You can have radical tactics and not have radical politics. But if you have radical politics you may not need radical tactics."

Erik Ryberg, an EFer from Missoula, Montana, made the distinction this way: "A difference between [the grass roots] and the mainstream groups is that just about every small grass roots group recognizes that what's happening is conflict. And we're here to be one side of that conflict. We're engaged in a fight. Right now, there's no avenue for compromise.

"The National Wildlife Federation and the Wilderness Society seem to think that, 'Well, there's not really a conflict. We just need to work out a few bugs in the system. We'll get some more wilderness and everybody will be happy. And we can still drive our jet skis around.' But you don't find us trying to work with the Forest Service to get some sort of weird power and weird compromise situation going. Our people say: 'The Forest Service is operating against the law and it needs to stop. We're just going to beat it over the head until it realizes that.'"

•

It is May 1992 on California's north coast. Stars drop through the night air like flaming pins. It's a little past three A.M., and I'm crouching in the wet grass next to a dying fire, holding a squawking FM transceiver in my hand, writing down what the woman in the tree is singing. The Albion River moves past the base of a knoll; six miles downstream, where the river meets the Pacific, a buoy moans weirdly over the giant trees.

A lovely, nervous woman with an explosion of wild red hair sits on the near bank of the river, listening. Across the river on a 4'x8' plywood platform rigged 75 feet up a redwood tree on the edge of this riparian meadow, an 18-year-old woman who calls herself Little Tree is singing.

"Why don't you shut up?" yells one of the Louisiana Pacific security men hired to monitor her vigil, grinding out the night shift with an endless cup of coffee. They've had this same exchange pretty much every night since she first went up the tree seven days ago. But Little Tree just seems to get more and more powerful. She sings louder, anyway. She isn't singing anything in particular, just singing, sometimes breaking off into howls or owl hoots. Sometimes she sleeps, sometimes she lies naked in the sun. The banner twisting under her platform says SAVE THE ENCHANTED MEADOW! EARTH FIRST!

Up the ridge, a couple of men named Emerald and Gray Cloud are on similar platforms deep in the canopy. From time to time we hear the three of them talking to one another over CB radios. Other men—Little Tree's support team—lie sleeping, knocked out by fatigue and brandy and

(continued on page 167)

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

what to wear, how to wear it—get the big picture. plus some key advice from designer Joseph Abboud

AS OFTEN AS we deny the adage that clothes make the man, the fact remains: A smart outfit creates a strong first impression. When you walk into a room, it's the well-dressed guy who stands out in the crowd. But being smartly tailored doesn't mean you should trade in classic styles for trendiness. Changes in men's fashion happen gradually, so the wise move is to build a basic wardrobe over time and update it seasonally as needed. This spring and summer there are several important looks to consider, as pictured on these pages. Our fashion coverage includes everything from the latest suit styles to sports jackets and the trousers and accessories that go with them. We've included tips from designer Joseph Abboud on how to wear one of the season's hottest fabrics, linen, and we celebrate the return of an old friend, the classic white shirt. In short, the menswear of spring and summer 1993 offers head-to-toe options to suit your tastes and lifestyle. Here are the details. *Suits:* Styles are less extreme than they have been in seasons past. The dark-on-dark gangster look, for example, has been softened. Tonal dressing is still important, but colors are lighter and more natural. In terms of cut, the suit silhouette is narrower, with softer shoulder pads, longer jackets (some designers have added as much as two inches to the length) and tapered pants. Lapels are holding steady at about three and a half inches wide. And there's a perceptible ease to the overall look, which makes the suits appear more comfortable. The most up-to-the-minute style—the three-button single-breasted model—features a higher button stance. Wear the coat buttoned up, or with either the bottom button or the top one undone. (We suggest the last if you're wearing the style for the first time—it's a comfortable way to adjust to the three-button stance.) If you prefer a double-breasted suit, look for styles with four or six buttons. Otherwise, go with one of the updated three-piece suits. Unlike the stuffy models of old, the latest looks are loose and generously cut, with vest stances that mirror those of the jackets. Regardless of suit cut, trousers should be single- or double-pleated or flat in front. Cuffs add a sharp, tailored look to each of these styles. Just be sure they measure between one and one and a half

The season's longer, leaner fashion silhouette is evidenced in the outfit above, which includes a cotton microfiber trench coat, by Joseph Abboud, $785; a lightweight wool three-button suit with notched lapels and double-pleated trousers, by Cerruti 1881 Couture, $975; a cotton shirt, by Ferrell Reed, $90; a washed-silk polka-dot tie, by Canoli USA, $75; and sunglasses, by Calvin Klein Eyewear, about $175.

fashion by **HOLLIS WAYNE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREGORY HINSDALE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

Pinstripes have softened. Instead of the stark white stripes of the past, suits are now featuring subtle brown or blue ones. Pictured here is a lightweight wool double-breasted pinstripe suit, $1250, worn with a cotton shirt, $95, both by Hugo Boss; a silk rep tie, by Joseph Abboud, $68; and a watch, by Bulova, $195.

inches wide. When it comes to color, think blue, whether it's a classic shade of navy, such as the one Hugo Boss uses in the suit pictured on the opposite page, or a bright, clear blue. Gray, a good second choice, is showing up with a muted, smoky-blue cast. And creams, ranging from ivory to oatmeal, are perfect colors to wear on those steamy summer afternoons. Lightweight fabrics such as crepe and tropical wool also help compensate for rising temperatures. Although the drape of these fabrics is far more flattering than it has been in the past, the real advantages are their longevity (you should be able to wear them at least ten months of the year) and their ability to travel without getting too wrinkled. Textured and patterned fabrics contribute to this neat look and are as important a quality as color. *Shirts:* Underscoring spring's polished look is the renewed interest in white shirts. This year's version, however, is anything but basic. White-on-white tones, textures, pocket detailing and French cuffs are only a few ways designers and manufacturers are updating this classic style. As a result, dress shirts are more refined and elegant. While slightly more casual, blue shirts (an ode to chambray and denim) are hot, and they look best when worn tonally with the new blue suits or as a color accent to neutral ones. A white linen shirt would also be a wise buy, but keep in mind that it, too, is considered more laid-back. Unfortunately, after only a few seasons, dark shirts are fading—they appear too hard-edged for today's softer styles. And interestingly, the shirt pocket has become a focal point, with larger flap detailing and besom treatments. If you opt for a shirt with French cuffs, choose one-of-a-kind antique cuff links or contemporary

Suits and sports jackets are cut longer and narrower yet retain their relaxed drape. Illustrated here is a lightweight wool mini-check three-button single-breasted suit, $1250, worn with a broadcloth cotton shirt, $150, both by Donna Karan; plus a silk tie with a pattern by Keith Haring, from Special Editions Ltd., $55; and suede cap-toe shoes, from Impulse by Steeplegate, $150.

graphic shapes, such as the donut-type ones by Robert Lee Morris pictured on the opposite page. Shirt cuts are generous, with collars that are either pointed (pictured opposite page, upper right) or have a modified spread (opposite page, center). For something contemporary, check out a blind buttondown shirt, in which snaps are on the underside. Traditionally European in style, the blind buttondown is featured in the collections of Giorgio Armani, Donna Karan and Hugo Boss, among other top designers. A casual alternative is the banded-collar (or peasant) shirt. The last time this style was popular, men simply took a pair of scissors to their dress shirts to achieve the collarless look. Now the style has been given the designer touch and is showing up under suits, sports jackets, vests and on its own. Wear it buttoned up all the way or leave the top button undone. *Linen:* Since this fabric is important this season, we've included comments on the subject from designer Joseph Abboud. No, we're not talking about the rumpled-linen looks of the past. The new linen suits and sports jackets are made with blends of linen and other fabrics such as viscose, cotton and rayon. These blends, along with new mill and finishing technologies, create a silklike material that is less prone to wrinkle. To camouflage creases even better, many of the top menswear designers, including Abboud, are using patterned linens, such as the plaid pictured on the opposite page. Those of you who've worn a linen suit know that comfort is one of its attributes. Versatility is another, particularly for guys who need to stretch

If you find the higher button stance of a three-button single-breasted suit a bit too Pee-wee Herman, then leave the top button undone, as illustrated at left. This stellar combination includes a linen herringbone three-button single-breasted suit with notched lapels, flap pockets and double-pleated trousers, $795, a cotton soft-point-collar shirt with an open chest pocket, $80, and a silk Jacquard tie with a zigzag geometric pattern, about $70, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren.

JAMES IMBRIOGNO

Top to bottom: Cotton Jacquard straight-point-collar dress shirt with two flop pockets, by Geoffrey Beene, about $40. Cotton soft-point-collor dress shirt with open patch pocket, from JA II by Joseph Abboud, $95. Cotton waffle-weove dress shirt with hidden buttondown collor and open chest pockets, by Canali USA, $195. Cotton Jacquard dress shirt (partially hidden at left) with straight-point collor, by V2 for Gianni Versace, $125. Cotton French-cuffed shirt with open chest pocket, by Geoffrey Beene, about $38; shown with gold-plated double donut-shaped cuff links, by Robert Lee Morris, $110.

The new linen suits and sports jackets have a less wrinkled look than their predecessors, thanks to new fabric blends and mill technalogies. At right is a linen glen plaid single-breasted suit with natched lapels and double-pleated trousers with on-seam packets, $860, warn with a woven rayon glen plaid saft-point-collar dress shirt, about $235, and a silk watercolor rep tie, $68, all from Joseph Abboud Collection.

their fashion dollar. Dress up a linen suit with a shirt and tie or go casual with a T-shirt and sneakers. There are numerous options. What's more, unlike suits made of other fabrics, you can break up a linen one, wearing the jacket on its own or the slacks as an alternative to khaki pants. In all cases, though, your best bet is to go with a tonal look—that is, a light-colored cotton or linen shirt with a similarly light suit. For something relaxed yet dressy, try pairing a linen suit with a finely knit polo shirt or a one-ply cashmere sweater of the same shade. Finally, contrary to popular opinion, linen requires about as much care as cotton. You don't have to dry-clean your linen suit each time you wear it. Just hang it up, give it some room and let it air out. And yes, you can wear it to the office. As Abboud says, "Men create their own self-contained barriers. There's nothing more beautiful than a navy linen suit. It looks fresh and clean—and professional." *Sports jackets:* Hesitating to invest in an updated three-button single-breasted suit? Then consider trying the style in sports-jacket form. As you can see on the following two pages, the sports jacket is probably the most versatile item in any man's wardrobe. When worn traditionally with a shirt and tie, it's perfect for the office; when paired with a banded-collar shirt and vest or a knit polo shirt, it can take on a contemporary look. If you prefer a classic cut, a one- or two-button single-breasted sports jacket is always a safe bet, as is a double-breasted navy blue blazer, which looks best on taller men. Choose colors and fabrics that are similar to those of the latest suits. Blue, for example, is one of the top hues, along with khaki and brown. There's also a wide selection of linen sports jackets (a few of our favorites by Canali USA, Michael Kors and Hugo Boss are shown here)

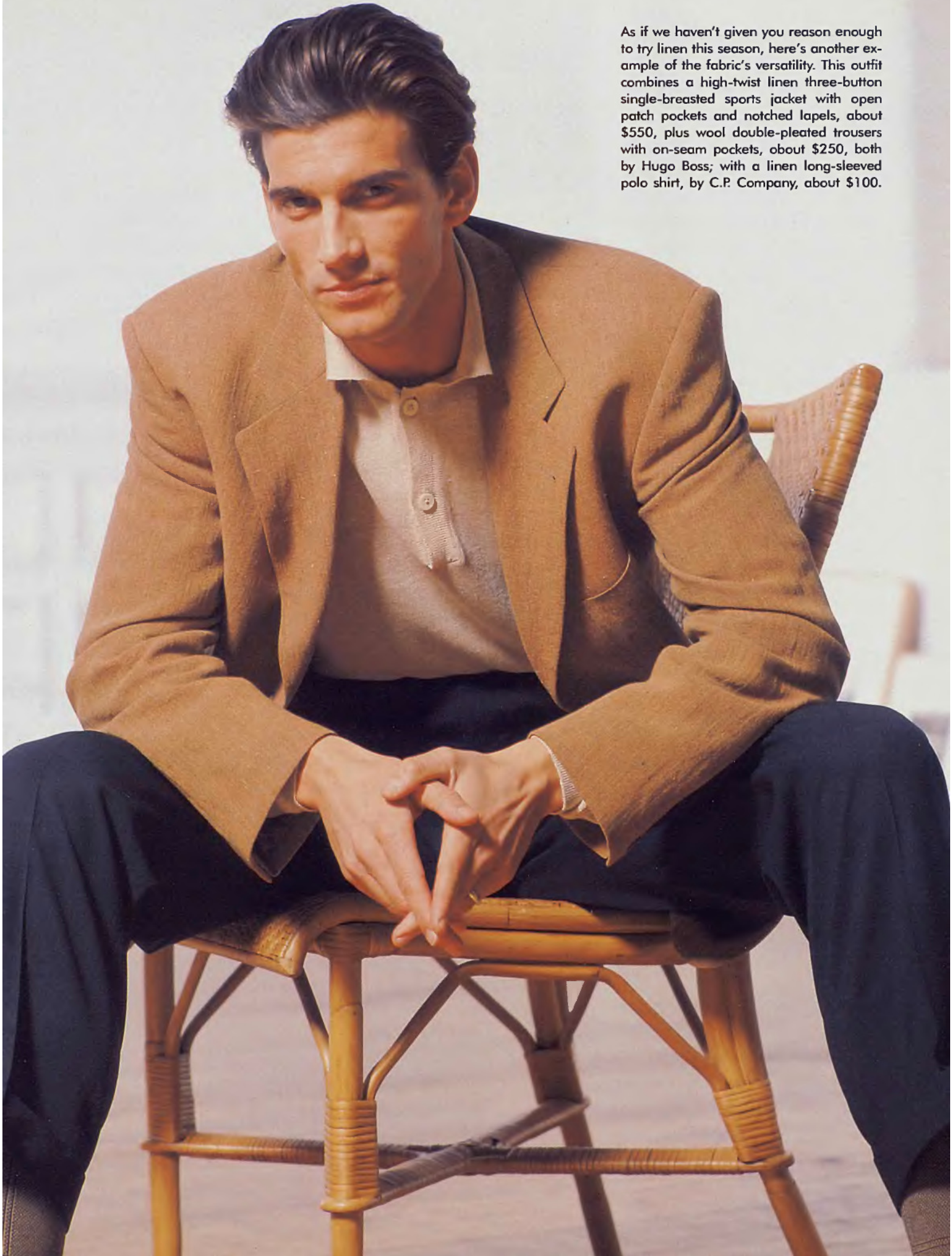
Texture is an important quality in linen because it camouflages creases. Above is a high-twist linen six-button double-breasted three-piece suit with a vest and double-pleated trousers, about $1130, paired with a melange soft-point-collar shirt, $250, and a silk tie with a diamond pattern, about $85, all by Calvin Klein Menswear.

As a dressy alternative to off-white, wear a linen sports jacket in navy, such as this three-button single-breasted model, $850, worn with cotton double-pleated trousers, $250, both by Canali USA; a cotton straight-point-collor shirt, by Jhane Barnes, $90; and a silk crepe tie, by Vestimento, $75.

suit, the split suit is a relaxed style designed so that the jacket and pants can be mixed and matched with other items. *Vests:* The highly versatile vest is another fashion trend that we advocate following this season. The key is to think subtle. Prints and patterns have toned down for spring and summer, and solid colors are equally subdued. When paired with a suit or sports coat as we've illustrated, a vest should have a relaxed fit and a button stance similar to that of the jacket. Button it up, leaving only the bottom button undone, and if it has an adjustment strap, leave it loose and comfortable. That also holds true when you're wearing a vest as a casual accent. With a T-shirt, for example, you can wear the vest open or closed, but it shouldn't be snug. In fact, about the only time you'll want to wear it fitted is when you're wearing as well as jackets made of lightweight tropical wools and crepes. Again, cuts are drapey, longer in length and feature notched or peaked lapels that measure about three and a half inches at the widest point. A bit of advice on buying sports-jacket ensembles: If you're uncomfortable matching separates, check out a split suit—that is, a suit in which the jacket and trousers are sold individually. Several designers, including Michael Kors and Calvin Klein, offer split suits. Aside from being color and pattern coordinated, they're ideal for guys whose jacket and pants sizes don't match. Economically, they're a great way to get more mileage out of your wardrobe. As with the linen

Casual and contemporary, this sports jacket and vest combination includes a linen twill one-button jacket, about $455, a linen twill five-button pinstriped vest, about $170, linen twill pinstriped trousers, about $170, and a striped linen bonded-collar shirt, about $170, all by Michael Kors.

Where & How to Buy on page 175.



As if we haven't given you reason enough to try linen this season, here's another example of the fabric's versatility. This outfit combines a high-twist linen three-button single-breasted sports jacket with open patch pockets and notched lapels, about $550, plus wool double-pleated trousers with on-seam pockets, about $250, both by Hugo Boss; with a linen long-sleeved polo shirt, by C.P. Company, about $100.

nothing underneath. Several designers have shown their vests this way. Consider it a sexy late-night look for the adventuresome and physically fit. *Accessories:* The season's best-looking ties are either textured with small geometric shapes that show a lot of ground color or have rep stripes with lines that are less rigid and appear to blend together. Traditional shades, such as green, navy and red, have been replaced by watercolors and unexpected combinations such as pink and olive green. Suspenders are still in the picture but are following ties in terms of subtlety and softer colors. A word to the unwise: Don't wear suspenders and a belt. One or the other is the way to go. Another fashion rule of thumb is to select brown and rust-colored accessories rather than black when wearing navy or gray. This applies to belts (the top look is thin and braided, with a brass buckle and a pebble or suede grain), to shoes (match cap-toe or wing-tip lace-up shoes with suits, and lower-vamped slip-ons with sports jackets and other casual attire) and to watches (an elegant chronograph watch with a brown leather band is a smart choice). With the return of the French-cuffed dress shirt, cuff links are another important accessory. Again, subtlety is important. Cuff links should be average sized and not draw too much attention to the wrist. Stay away from stones and instead choose something with an antique look or a geometric shape in matte gold. Finally, the best way to narrow the choices in accessories is to follow your instincts. If you think a tie or cuff link is too loud, weird or just not you, you're probably right. Don't buy it.

JOSEPH ABBOUD: ALL ABOUT LINEN

If you buy one new suit or sports jacket this season, let it be made of linen. A longtime favorite of European businessmen, this warm-weather fabric is making its mark Stateside thanks to new construction techniques that make it more polished-looking than the linens of the past. Since many American men feel they can't carry off the look, we went to Joseph Abboud, one of the top European designers, for some tips.

PLAYBOY: What makes linen more wearable today than in the past?

ABBOUD: Technology has made the fabric user-friendly. It's now blended with silk, cotton and viscose or, in its pure form, has a washed finish. Either way, it's more drapey. The lines are rounder, not hard-edged like knife blades. You get a more supple roll and the comfort level is great.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to those men who consider linen unkempt?

ABBOUD: Both the language and the perception of fashion are changing. Whereas we once said things were sloppy, the correct term now is relaxed. There's a difference. The stigma of the wrinkle is changing. It's being reinterpreted for the Nineties. We're getting away from the mindset, Oh, I wore my linen suit today, now I have to send it to the cleaner. With the new linens, the look appears to be more molded to your body. It moves with you while retaining a comfortable, easy drape.

PLAYBOY: But is the relaxed-style suit appropriate to wear to the office?

ABBOUD: Absolutely. If a man is wearing a shirt and tie, there's no reason he can't wear a linen suit to work. In fact, it's my opinion that there's nothing more handsome than a navy linen suit.

PLAYBOY: What accessories do you recommend wearing with linen?

ABBOUD: Bringing linen into your work wardrobe means that you can't get too funky with accessories. Take footwear, for example. Sandals or espadrilles won't work. But I love the look of a linen suit paired with classic English cap-toe or wing-tip shoes. A soft sneaker-type shoe is great, too, if you're wearing the fabric as sportswear. Beyond that, I believe in harmony. I don't want to see a white suit with a red tie. Rather, a beautiful, subtle blend of colors is preferred, such as a natural-colored suit with a soft blue shirt and a quiet tie with a hand-painted look.

PLAYBOY: Can a linen shirt and a linen suit be worn together?

ABBOUD: The nice thing about linen suits and sports jackets is that they look great with everything from classic cotton dress shirts to denim shirts to T-shirts. So yes, it is appropriate to combine linens.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the fabric has become so popular?

ABBOUD: It's part of our being less uptight. Formerly, if you wore a double-breasted suit, you couldn't sit down. It was just for posing. I think men have learned to take what they love about their jeans and apply it to their dress clothes. Linen does just that.

"Construction workers are all alike. Thirty years behind schedule and they're whistling."

no place to hide

IF YOU THINK YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE, READ ABOUT AL SCHWEITZER, PRIVATE EYE

WHEN AMERICA'S top tabloid, the *National Enquirer*, needed an instant profile on Jeffrey Dahmer, the editors' first call was to a 33-year-old private detective who plied his spookery in the shadow of Washington State's Mount Rainier. Today that source, Al Schweitzer, is facing prison for being too good at his trade. But in better times he billed himself as the nation's foremost information broker, and he still recalls with pride how he serviced the *Enquirer*'s request for background information on the murderer from Milwaukee.

"They wanted Dahmer's phone number, tolls and military criminal history," says Schweitzer. "I got it all. There were only three numbers on his phone bill. Two to gay bars in Chicago and one to the manufacturer of those fifty-five-gallon barrels he put the body parts in."

To scam Dahmer's numbers from Wisconsin Bell, Schweitzer posed as a lineman calling in for instructions. It was a favorite ruse, one he's also used to help the *Enquirer* and other clients play havoc with the private lives of Hollywood stars.

"I should put out a directory," he muses. "One of those star maps with every celebrity's unlisted phone number on it, plus a description of how you figure out new numbers and addresses when they change them."

Until the government stomped on him, Schweitzer was the unchallenged impresario of one-stop shopping in the underground privacy mart, the guy you could rely on to get just about anything not on the public record. Over three years, he earned $2 million by filching and fencing everything from unlisted phone numbers to confidential credit histories. He virtually invented the art of conning phone companies out of their deepest trade secrets. His client list includes 500 private investigators, as well as hotels, airlines and other companies. In fact, many of his job orders came from insurance companies looking for nonpublic Social Security information in order to verify routine workmen's compensation claims.

Not that people in high places aren't catching on. Twice the Justice Department has paid Schweitzer the backhanded compliment of making him the scapegoat for the U.S.'s privacy crisis.

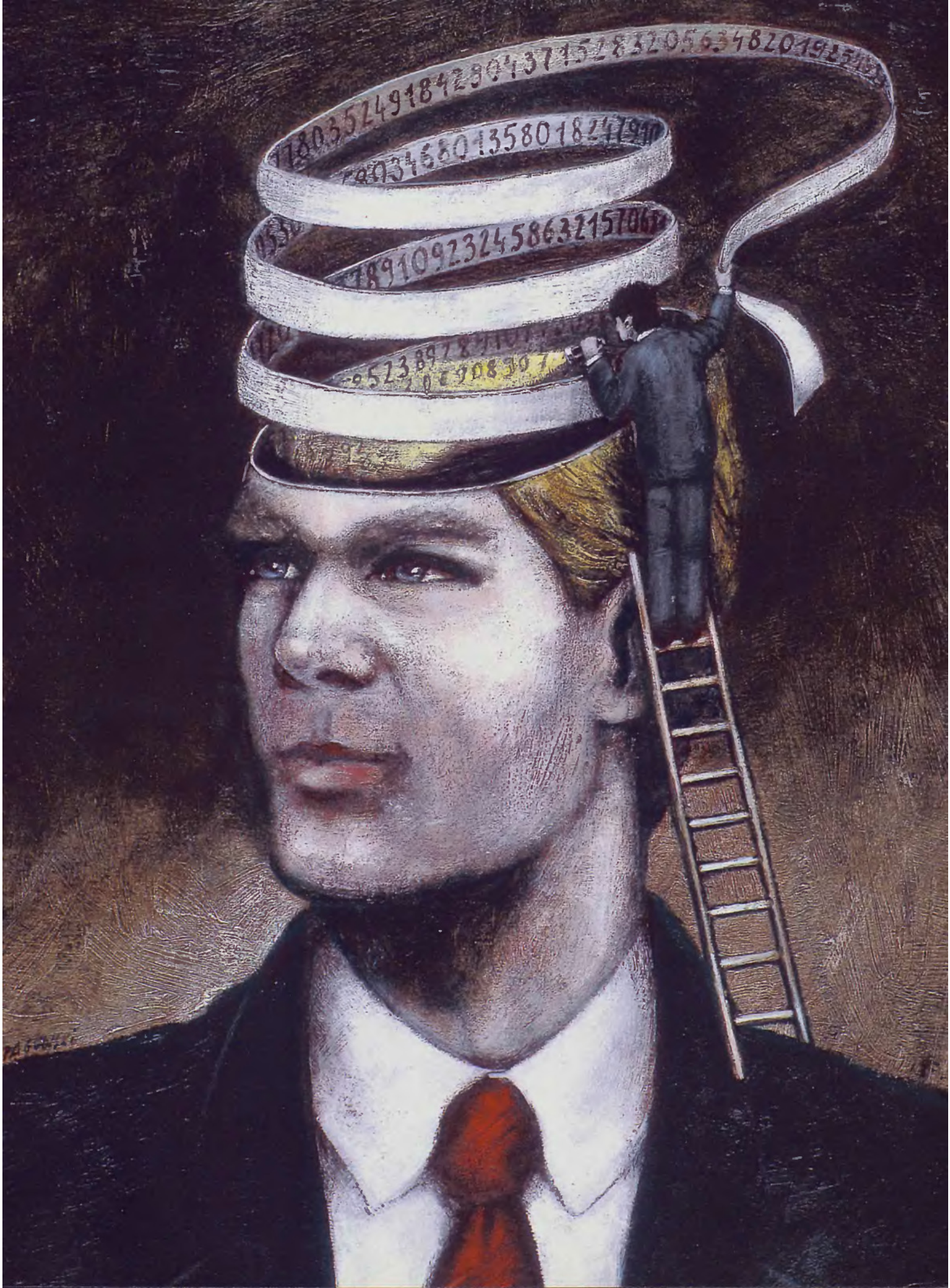
article by FRANK SNEPP

In 1989 he was indicted for allegedly trying to subvert an IRS agent. The case was dropped, but two years later he and 17 others, including his wife, were charged with attempting to compromise the Social Security Administration's central computer. All pleaded guilty, but only three—one of them Schweitzer—received jail sentences. The Justice Department called the roll-up one of the most important computer fraud cases in U.S. history. Yet, to an outsider, the truly striking thing is the case's selectivity. The government failed to go after the clients that Schweitzer serviced—all of whom were, in effect, his accomplices.

When Schweitzer complained that he'd been unfairly singled out, an FBI agent told him the government's objective was to cripple the info-brokerage business by "cutting off the legs." Schweitzer says such action will only drive up the price of purloined "private facts" as newcomers who have learned his tricks step in to take up the slack.

Al Schweitzer didn't exactly step out of a Raymond Chandler novel. OK, he once shadowed a woman to a pharmacy in the *(continued on page 142)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDRZEJ PAGOWSKI



SEATTLE GRUNGE HITS BIG, RAP RAGES, MADONNA IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS AND BILLY RAY ACHES

PLAYBOY MUSIC

LIKE SAN FRANCISCO in the Sixties, Seattle in the Nineties is a state of mind. Seattle is music: Nirvana, Soundgarden, Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains, Mudhoney, Mother Love Bone and Temple of the Dog. And as Haight-Ashbury was home base to hippies, Seattle is the birthplace of grunge. As in the Haight, fashion, art, style and a new vocabulary dominate the scene. What's grunge power? Pearl Jam, Nirvana et al. overwhelmed the music charts in 1992 and the big screen in *Singles*, a romanticized movie about grunge and its followers. Even the birth of grunge baby Frances Bean Cobain, daughter of Nirvana's Kurt Cobain and his wife, Courtney Love, of Hole, was big news. Can this sustain itself? In some other town, in other garages and small clubs, we'll be learning a new word for it. And just as hearing *White Rabbit* on the radio brings to mind the Airplane, *Smells Like Teen Spirit* will be playing on some oldies station 25 years from now.

What else happened in 1992? Sex, money, censorship and country. As in other years, Madonna and Prince commandeered the sex and money stories. Time Warner coughed up a $60 million package for her and a $108 million one for him. But Madonna's book, *Sex*, and the accompanying CD, *Erotica*, and Prince's CD and video, *Sexy MF*, pushed their fans' sexual buttons more than those of cash registers.

Rap is a big tent now and it covers the angriest artists, such as Ice-T and Ice Cube, with the same canvas it does the newer faces: Arrested Development, Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, P.M. Dawn and even Marky Mark. If you listen carefully, you'll discover similar messages coming from completely different messengers. Some menace, some cajole, but all tell us things we need to know. If you had listened to West Coast rappers before the South Central riots, you would have heard the warning shots. At issue again is the First Amendment. What can an artist say and how free is his speech? Ice-T voluntarily took *Cop Killer* off his *Body Count* CD, but Ice Cube's *The Predator* spared no one and shot to the top of the *Billboard* charts, anyway. Don't think we're selling women rappers short. Salt-N-Pepa, TLC, Monie Love and Ya Kid K are making music to balance the battle of the sexes. TLC, however, had a hard time getting their responsible-sex message across on the public airwaves.

Don't assume for a second that all the energy coming from African-American artists is coming only from rappers. The beautiful harmony sung by Boyz II Men, especially on *End of the Road* from *Boomerang*, filled up the airwaves and made it the top-selling single of the year. More sweet sounds came from Jodeci, En Vogue, Vanessa Williams, Whitney Houston, Caron Wheeler and Mary J. Blige.

Soundtrack LPs were major sellers, thanks to the musicians who were willing to make a great song and not put it on their own albums. *End of the Road*, *I'd Die Without You*, *Forever Love* and *I Wanna Love You* come immediately to mind. As we go to press, Whitney Houston's single *I Will Always Love You* from *The Bodyguard* has gone triple platinum. But the champ on the charts and with our readers is *Wayne's World*, which spent 44 weeks on the charts in 1992.

Music never just stays in its own place. Consider Sinéad O'Connor's visit to *Saturday Night Live* in October 1992. She tore up a picture of the Pope, blaming him for the world's

Body decoration for the Nineties: nose rings, tattoos, multiple earrings, exotic hair. Visual grunge.

Doc Martens were invented in 1946. The jeans of footwear are now so popular that 160,000 pairs are made a week.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES CAULFIELD

In the mosh pits, bandannas are passé. Look for flannels and baggy clothes— anything from Amvets.
Some advice: Don't rush off to Seattle. You may be too late. We hear Chapel Hill is next. Check out Superchunk.

problems. Two weeks later, after being booed at the Bob Dylan tribute concert, she announced her retirement from music. Maybe it's just a hiatus. Who knows more about taking a break than Elvis, who is still dead but is a marketer's dream? In 1992 the postmaster general appeared on Larry King's show to announce that people would be able to vote for the Elvis stamp they liked best, and they did. (The young, sleek Elvis won.)

Just as R&B was stuck in a musical ghetto until Motown—Marvin, Smokey, Stevie and Diana—pulled it into mainstream America, country was stuck in a world of cowboys, steel guitars and the Grand Ole Opry. Not anymore. The new kids—Garth Brooks, Clint Black, George Strait, Trisha Yearwood, Mary-Chapin Carpenter and Vince Gill—took traditional country subjects and broadened and modernized them. The result was an explosion in ticket sales and in spots on the charts. Brooks had five LPs on the charts at the end of 1992 for an incredible combination of more than 350 weeks. Even *Achy Breaky* Billy Ray Cyrus had legs. His album *Some Gave All* went platinum five times over. Further proof of country's newfound mainstream acceptance are its young women, who have put the wigs and sequins on hold to tackle love and loss in a more contemporary vein.

Contrary to the gloom-and-doom crowd, rock isn't dead or even bleeding. Rock is annoying, challenging, loud and occasionally boorish, but in 1992 it went a long way toward electing a new president. Fleetwood Mac's *Don't Stop* was President Bill Clinton's campaign theme (his Elvismania, by the way, is real). More important, Clinton took his case to MTV, faced a tough audience and prevailed. Is it a coincidence that first brother, Roger Clinton, reportedly got a record contract and sang a Sam Cooke ballad at the MTV Inaugural Ball? We may not see a White House rap concert, but we're not ruling it out. It was also a solid year for the perennials—Neil Young, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen and Eric Clapton. In fact, Clapton's *Unplugged* LP (taken from the MTV series) was a major hit, and he earned nine Grammy nominations. R.E.M., U2, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Spin Doctors, Genesis and Bon Jovi all kept the concert halls and the charts rocking.

If we overpredicted jazz's mainstream success, it's because we're wowed by the Marsalis brothers, Wynton and Branford, and we've kept a close eye on Harry Connick, Jr.'s hold on concert audiences. But the truth seems more modest. Sade, Kenny G, Tony Bennett and Shirley Horn pushed through, but no revolution is in sight.

Other highlights in 1992: no more free sampling (rappers will have to pay for what they borrow), no more CD long boxes (who needed them, anyway?), no more stiffing Fifties acts out of their original royalty payments (Frankie Lymon's Teen Agers may soon get theirs) and no more Judds' farewell concerts. Things that music lovers ought to own: Motown's *Hitsville 1959–1971* CDs; the video of Bob Dylan's pay-per-view 30th anniversary tribute concert (a.k.a. Bobfest), laced with a few gems from old friends—Lou Reed, Johnny Cash and Neil Young—and new ones—Eddie Vedder, Chrissie Hynde and Shawn Colvin; k.d. lang's latest incarnation, *Ingenue*; anything by Stevie Ray Vaughan and the memorable boxed set by the great Bob Marley, *Songs of Freedom*.

The past year closed the songbook on Roy Acuff, Mary Wells, Eddie Kendricks, Jeff Porcaro, Roger Miller and the great bluesmen Albert King and Willie Dixon. Death took them but not the music. Finally, every year we check out where the music has been and where it's going. Well, it's going strong. It's slammin', jammin', rockin', rollin'. It's even wearing its clothes backward, like Kris Kross. It's getting older and getting younger. Keith Richards turns 50, Tevin Campbell is 16. It's only rock and roll, but we like it . . . still.

What a year for Madonna (top left), Prince (top right) and Boyz II Men (bottom). Madonna's book, *Sex*, streaked to number one on best-seller lists, while her CD, *Erotica*, reached number two on the charts. Prince had a new LP, a hot video and got ready to open a second dance club, this one in L.A. But it's Motown artists Boyz II Men who get our loudest applause. *Cooleyhighharmony* went platinum times four, and *End of the Road* had the best harmony.

MUSIC POLL RESULTS

OUR READERS SPEAK TO US

MUSIC VIDEO

RIGHT NOW

VAN HALEN

SOUNDTRACK

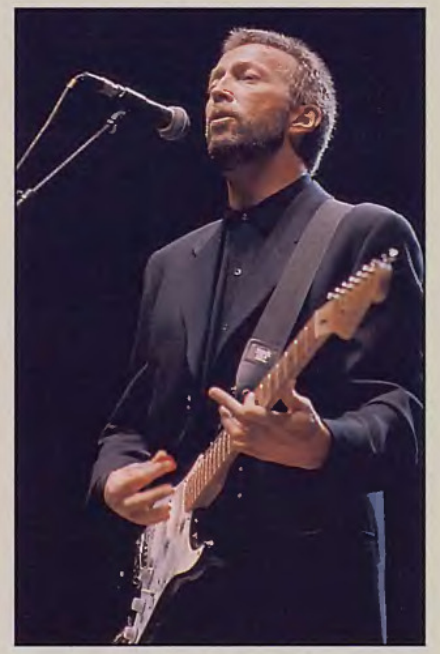
WAYNE'S WORLD

When *Wayne's World* went from the small screen to a full-length motion picture, it bombed big. Not! Superstuds Wayne and Garth selected their favorite tunes—including Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody* and Hendrix's *Foxy Lady*—for the 1992 hit movie soundtrack. So party on, dudes—this one's gone platinum-plus and has sold 2 million copies worldwide.

CONCERT OF THE YEAR

ERIC CLAPTON

Performing 37 shows in 30 cities, with ticket sales of more than $22 million, British rocker Eric "Slowhand" Clapton awed millions of fans this past year with his guitar prowess. Clapton was a favorite on the concert circuit in the Seventies and Eighties, and in 1992, his was one of the top ten tours in North America. It was no surprise to us that PLAYBOY readers voted Clapton's the best concert of the year. In the Sixties his fans left graffiti on the walls proclaiming him God. Nearly 30 years later, history repeats itself and a new generation confirms Clapton's stature as a music legend.



VJ

STEVE ISAACS
MTV

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

ROCK

ACHTUNG BABY
U2

COUNTRY

WYNONNA
WYNONNA JUDD

JAZZ

BLUE LIGHT, RED LIGHT
HARRY CONNICK, JR.

R&B

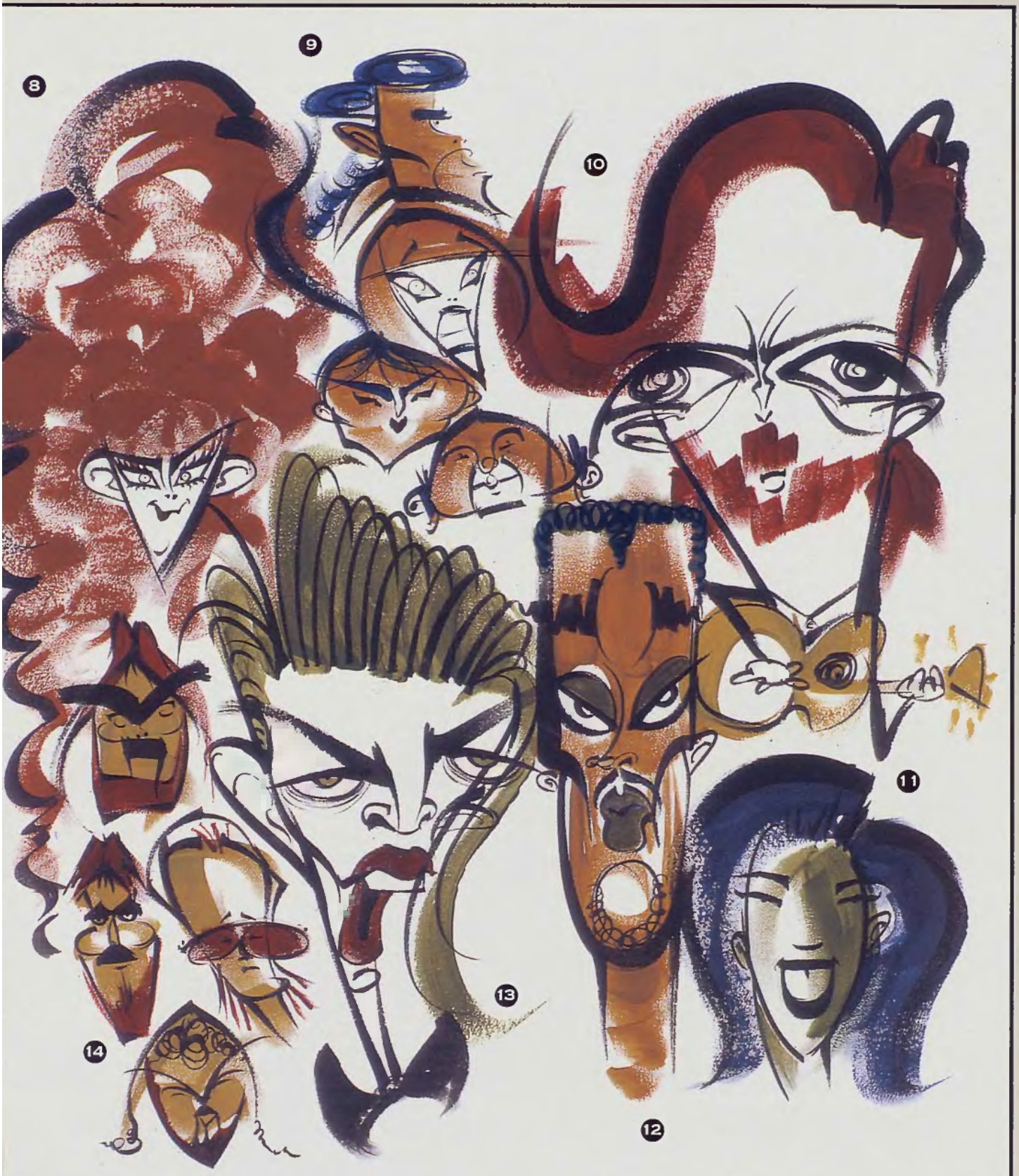
FUNKY DIVAS
EN VOGUE

HALL OF FAME • FRANK ZAPPA

A genius of avant-garde rock, Frank Zappa has provided fans with a healthy dose of insanity for the better part of three decades. With his 1966 landmark LP *Freak Out*, featuring the original Mothers of Invention, Zappa's general craziness established the group's reputation as America's premiere underground band. Zappa started working on solo projects in 1969, but he continued his irreverent commentary, both musically and personally, in his battle against censorship of rock lyrics. He's been called a musical charlatan, an impostor and a put-on. But Frank Zappa is never boring. How many guys can write a ballet and *Call Any Vegetable*? PLAYBOY honors and applauds our latest inductee into the Playboy Music Hall of Fame.

1993 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS

1 GENESIS, GROUP/ROCK 2 VANESSA WILLIAMS, FEMALE VOCALIST/R&B
3 KENNY G, INSTRUMENTALIST/JAZZ 4 MARIAH CAREY, FEMALE VOCALIST/ROCK
5 ELTON JOHN, INSTRUMENTALIST/ROCK 6 EN VOGUE, GROUP/R&B
7 GARTH BROOKS, MALE VOCALIST/COUNTRY



8 Reba McEntire, female vocalist/country 9 The Manhattan Transfer, group/jazz 10 Eric Clapton, male vocalist/rock 11 Natalie Cole, female vocalist/jazz 12 Luther Vandross, male vocalist/r&b 13 Harry Connick, Jr., male vocalist/jazz 14 Alabama, group/country

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE FOURNIER

no place to hide *(continued from page 134)*

"'Let's say I'm out to get your bank account. I'll just call up the phone company and be you.'"

Seattle area to find out what medication she was on (it was for herpes), and occasionally he'll rifle a target's trash cans. But fieldwork is not his choice and his favorite weapon is not a snub-nosed .38. It is a telephone, which he uses to seduce potential sources and even Ma Bell herself. His rule of thumb: Never show your face.

To reach Schweitzer you call his private 800 number, which is a telling introduction. Any call to an 800 number automatically produces a toll record of the caller's location, but competitors who try to tease that file out of a phone company will discover that 800 records are the hardest to find. Right off the bat, Schweitzer is a step ahead of his competition.

For his first on-the-record press interview, Schweitzer shows up in baggy purple shorts and a cutoff Hard Rock Cafe sweatshirt. His bristling haircut and his chain-smoking are holdovers from his days as a peacetime U.S. Army enlistee, and he speaks with the bluff staccato of Claude Akins pitching Aamco auto repairs. On first encounter, this premiere information scavenger comes across like an aggressively genial repo man, the twitching mustache and piano-key smile poor camouflage for a personality brimming over with yuppie acquisitiveness.

At his home in Sumner, Washington, a half hour drive from Seattle, the ravages of multiple lawsuits have left Schweitzer short of furnishings. He has managed to hold on to a dachshund named Dynamite, as well as a Ranger bass boat and an extensive weapons collection. The only thing wrong with his state-of-the-art stereo is that he plays it a little too loud. This, he explains, is to frustrate eavesdroppers.

Not far away, on Sumner's Main Street, Schweitzer's two-room office sits atop a bar named Sharkey's, within earshot of the railroad tracks where the freights rumble past five times a day. The FBI brought in dollies a year ago and cleaned out the place, leaving only a few sticks of furniture and a World War One helmet. When a visitor arrives, Petra Schweitzer, a striking baby-faced blonde who doubles as her husband's secretary, offers coffee and then disappears to let the two talk.

Schweitzer has another rule of thumb: Never tell on yourself.

But like all con men, he is an actor, unable to resist a bit of grandstanding. He eventually cracks the door on himself, while letting you know that there's no place to hide from the likes of him.

After leaving the Army in 1980, says Schweitzer, he worked as a bouncer and a pile driver in California. He then became an apprentice P.I. doing undercover jobs for the cops in Silicon Valley. Both he and his wife posed as coke brokers inside some of the Valley's toniest firms, hauling down 20 buyers in one sting alone.

In this capacity he honed the acting skills that would later serve him well. But he also burned out fast and became disenchanted with the way private investigators operate. Most of them, he says, are retired FBI agents or cops who don't have the foggiest idea how to get information without a badge or subpoena power.

Schweitzer decided to make up for that deficiency by cobbling together a network of sources whose wisdom he could sell back to his gumshoe friends. In 1986, with $5000 in his pocket, he and his wife hung out a P.I. shingle in rural Washington. They dubbed themselves the Information Desk and went hunting for what they needed. "While everybody was chasing clients, I was chasing sources," Schweitzer recalls gleefully. "Sources make the world go round."

The search was improvisatory. There are no rule books. Schweitzer staked out bars and airline terminals, striking up conversations with strangers, taking names and addresses when he happened upon someone who worked for a phone company or utilities firm. He haunted employee parking lots outside banks and credit bureaus and noted the license-plate numbers of the shabbier cars. The condition of the vehicle, says Schweitzer, is a clue to those who may be willing to spy for extra cash. Meanwhile, he raided the source lists of other P.I.s, slyly inserting himself between client and provider, always offering the source a little more than he was already getting.

Above all, Schweitzer listened to the cupidity in his soul and made it his guide. "Everybody has a price," he says. "It's just a matter of finding out what it is." In two years he paid one source $80,000 without tax vouchers, an oversight that eventually got Schweitzer in dutch with the IRS. He compromised three or four other sources for $15,000 a year, but more often the going rate per job was $100 to $200, depending on what he was looking for. Information and instructions were invariably traded over the phone, and payments were made in cash by way of Federal Express overnight letters with blind return addresses—all in keeping with Schweitzer's passion for anonymity. Often, he'd have a particularly productive source set up a front company and receive payments through it so a contract employee's 1099 form could be issued at year's end to keep the IRS happy.

Schweitzer wasn't above pressuring sources into working for him, either. When he'd discover, for instance, that a customer-service rep or utilities account manager at a phone company was already servicing another P.I., he'd cold-call the compromised soul and warn that if he or she didn't come to work for him, the boss might find out.

Eventually, though, the reach of Schweitzer's expanding business outstripped the reach of his sources. Particularly disruptive was the forced breakup of the phone companies, which immediately multiplied the number of targets he had to access for unlisted numbers and phone tolls. To compensate for the resulting gaps in his human circuitry, he began relying on his thespian skills to con what he couldn't steal. He quickly mastered the finer points of the computer-age scam.

"It's important to remember," says Schweitzer, "that customer-service reps are there to be helpful." Also vital: "By claiming to be the person whose records you are requesting, you can get ninety percent of what you're after." And finally: "Creditors talk to creditors, banks talk to banks and phone companies talk to phone companies. So if you pretend to be a rep from one of those outfits and call for information from another, you're likely to get it."

In the argot of the trade, such scams are known as "gags" or "pretexts," and you have to be shameless—with a touch of Brando—to pull them off.

"Let's say I'm out to get your bank account and I already know your name, address and phone number," Schweitzer posits. "I'll just call up the phone company and be you. I'll say, 'You're not going to believe this, Ma Bell. I know I paid you last month, but I forgot to write it in my check register. Can you tell me what day you got that and how much it was for? And by the way, when is my next bill due and for how much?' The customer-service rep will be glad to help.

"Now I change hats," Schweitzer continues. "With this information, and pretending to be the phone company,

(continued on page 162)

"What have you done with my dinosaurs?"

LOOK AROUND. Only three years into the Nineties and already there's an attractive, smart first lady in the White House and four new, energetic female senators—as well as a coast-to-coast army of women working daily to change the stubbled face of the nation. Forget the year of the woman—this is shaping up to be the decade of the woman. As we pulled together our spring college package, we began to wonder if hope and optimism are as evident on America's campuses as they are on Washington's front lines. The answer, as they say in Congress, is a unanimous aye. PLAYBOY Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey visited quads nationwide and discovered that today's female college students are feeling good about their futures—and themselves. They can juggle premed studies with a workout at the gym and still have time for an all-night bacchanalia. They're looking great and are proud to show it. Have a look. You'll see what we mean.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY

STUDENT BODIES

higher learning never looked better

Revelers at Southern Illinois University wave hello (above), and classmate Tamara Unverzagt (right) catches some rays. "I love being outdoors," says Tam, a nursing student who likes to relax on horseback. A yen for the equestrian life is shared by Arizona State's Marlee Ravenscroft (top right), who makes a hobby of showing horses. On campus, Marlee's an accounting major.

Amanda Roberts (above right) is a senior at the University of Georgia. While good looks run in her family—Mom was Miss Arkansos in the Fifties—Amanda hopes to step to the other end of the lens and create "erotic" photography. Doni Thompson (above left), o psych mojor at Central Michigan University, also has a laudable ambition: "to pioneer a sex education curriculum far school children." Bravo, we say—as might her classmates (left), who unfurled the Rabbit banner in our honor.

Lisa Parafinowicz (abave) is a model and avid dancer who is studying health fitness at Central Michigan University. A Michigan native, Lisa hopes a physical therapy career will take her out of state. Says San Diega State's Shelley Nunn (above right): "I like driving fast and listening ta my boyfriend play his guitar." But the junior saves her highest praise far Mom—as does Geargia's Kelley Collins (right), wha studies family consumer science and journalism.

Moving clockwise from above, meet University of Colorodo's Judy Hernandez, o senior who (sorry, guys) loves "spending time with my husband." Freshman Shannon Frontz studies fashion merchandising ot Boll Stote University, with time out for gymnastics and cheerleading. Ball State classmate Ayanno Smith loves watching children learn. Her passion is perfectly suited to her mojor: elementary education. San Diego State's Sherry Norton is o southern California girl who wos one of those lote bloomers. "So to be in PLAYBOY," she says, "is just a dream." Catrina Falbo (opposite page) is also from San Diego State. The sophomore is a business major who's determined to become "a big-time marketer." We're sold.

TEXAS

Caitlin Bishop (below), an SDSU junior, has a taste for the ramantic—the art and language of France, where she lived far ten years.

A tria from the University of Texas: Colleen Raberts (left) relaxes by lifting weights. The radiant junior is a biochem major and a future neurascientist. Seniar Jennifer Campbell (bottom left) is a music lover eyeing a doctorate in biolagical psych, while Jennifer Dagnan (below) would like to become a doctor—or a Cawboys cheerleader. Why not both?

Hotly pursuing titles in fitness competitions is Natasho Alberico (below) from California State University, Chico. Her credo in life is "to excel."

Hitting the showers (right) are Amanda Stites (at left) and Toby Tibbet from Arizona State University. Mandy likes "anything adventurous," while Toby hopes to become a news anchorwoman. Meet Janice "Jams" Krish (bottom right), a University of Vermont English major and aspiring saxophonist. Below, a study-breaking crew from Arizona State sets sail under the desert sun.

San Diego State freshman Sonja Fulton (above left), a model-actress, claims half-Russian, half-German roots. She likes to globe-trot, in part "to find my true love." Budding writer Cee Cee Layton (abave), from Chico State, confesses ta a certain eccentricity. "My sister calls me a wild lady," she says, "and I have to agree." Straight from the dean's list at Arizona State comes DeLisa DeLeo (left), who's double-barreling her way through biology and chemistry studies. Belaw, undergrads from the University of Colorado let aff steam with a tug-of-war-of-the-sexes. Chico State's Stacie Smith (opposite page) is a genuine down-home girl. "You can take the girl out af the country," she says, "but you can't take the country out of the girl." Stacie, we'd never try.

20 QUESTIONS

CINDY CRAWFORD

In 1989, New York *magazine called supermodel Cindy Crawford, now 27, "the Face . . . a model for the Nineties." But even then it was clear that Crawford didn't need anyone to make that pronouncement. She had already been on more than 200 magazine covers and had become part of the Revlon pantheon, snaring millions of dollars for a few days' work a year. Crawford, though, is no rich slouch. She also hosts an MTV show, "House of Style," has put out best-selling provocative solo calendars and has posed nude for* PLAYBOY. *She married Richard Gere after a four-year courtship and has just released her own exercise video. Now when she graces a magazine cover, the story is often about her rather than fashion. Contributing Editor David Rensin talked with Crawford poolside at the home she shares with Gere in Los Angeles. Rensin reports: "Soon after we began, Gere came home and ambled over to say hi. An hour later, he returned to say 'I want my wife. The interview's over.' I bargained for more time. Later, Gere and Crawford tooled around their kitchen discussing schedules. Suddenly, Gere said, 'By the way, I'm going to knock up my wife tonight.' Crawford winced. 'Richard!' she groaned. 'Now that's going to be in the interview.' She was wrong. It's only in the introduction."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Do women know what they're showing every moment they're showing it?

CRAWFORD: Models learn early that the camera could be shooting at any second. So even if I drop an earring or I'm fixing my shoe, I do it in a way that I think would be aesthetically pleasing. However, when models become actresses, we are sometimes too aware of the camera and forget just to act.

america's favorite working model on stalkers, how to cook and eat corn and the day she got her life in gere

2.

PLAYBOY: A woman decides for herself whether or not she will pose nude. What are the best and worst reasons—including your own—for posing in the nude?

CRAWFORD: Women are particularly hard on themselves and their bodies, so if you trust the photographer, to capture a beautiful moment is great. In the mirror, you mostly see what's wrong. Seeing yourself through another person's eyes helps you appreciate yourself. Then you can say, "God, all that working out is paying off," or "I'm going to save this until I'm fifty, when everything's down to my knees." The worst reason to do nudity is for money. You live to regret exploiting yourself. When I did PLAYBOY, I got letters from women who didn't consider it feminist to do nude photographs. I thought the whole point of being a feminist was that you got to make your own choices.

3.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line? What wouldn't you do in front of a camera?

CRAWFORD: For one photo, I was asked to carry a gun. They thought it would look cool. I disagreed. It added nothing. They said, "You're a model and that's what you do." So I said, "Listen, I'm for gun control. I don't want to promote people running around with guns just because you think it's chic."

4.

PLAYBOY: When you find a guy staring, how do you interrupt his reverie?

CRAWFORD: Usually it's easy to ignore. But today I was on the freeway and a good-looking guy in a Miata was driving next to me. He kept looking over, speeding up, slowing down. I hate that! I kept looking over to see if he was gone, and he probably thought I was looking at him. I don't think it registered who I was. He probably thought I was just some cute girl. Most people don't flirt with me now because they know I'm married and to whom. So, message to the guy in the Miata: You're cute, but I'm married.

5.

PLAYBOY: When you married Richard Gere, you chose a quickie Vegas wedding. Was it everything you imagined?

CRAWFORD: A major delight was the absence of paparazzi hovering in helicopters. Also, since I had only a couple hours' notice, there was no planning, no figuring out who to invite. I didn't have to worry about a wedding dress, either. I've worn so many wedding dresses for *Bride's* magazine that the thrill was gone, anyway. The rest was just like a traditional wedding. We were both laughing and smiling and looking at each other. And it was serious.

6.

PLAYBOY: What domestic behavior in men drives you crazy?

CRAWFORD: When they offer to help and then they don't. Like, "Can I do anything?" and you say, "Yeah," and then they stand there looking lost.

7.

PLAYBOY: What tells you a photographer doesn't know what he's doing?

CRAWFORD: I look at the lighting. I know what good lighting is. I know what makes me look good. So if the light is going to make me look like Frankenstein's bride, I don't trust the photographer. It's not good for me to have bad pictures out. No one says the photographer is terrible—they say Cindy looks terrible. They forget I don't control the light. I don't care how good the makeup is, how beautiful the hair is, in bad light you look like shit.

8.

PLAYBOY: Complete the sentence: Fashion photographers are frustrated. . . .

CRAWFORD: When they work past five. And so is Cindy.

9.

PLAYBOY: You're a corn-fed Illinois girl. Tell us the best way to prepare and to eat corn.

CRAWFORD: I usually throw it into boiling water for eight to ten minutes. I eat it typewriter style, with butter and pepper but no salt. And no corn holders. I'm too lazy to stick them in.

10.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman once did a top-ten list of models' complaints. One was that Paulina Porizkova's husband, Ric Ocasek, gave geeky guys the impression that models really could be interested in them. Is that just a funny line, or do average guys really have a shot at a beautiful woman? What's your advice for men who find themselves in love with an impossibly beautiful woman? Are there typical mistakes to avoid?

CRAWFORD: Ric is a strange-looking guy. But he's nice, and if a guy is nice, why not? There are two reasons so many

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LANCE STAEOLER

models are with famous people: One, they happen to be the people they meet, and two, famous people can understand each other's lifestyle, the pressures of being a celebrity, of just walking through an airport. If my husband were Mr. Wall Street, don't you think it would be hard for him to see me doing nude pictures or running all over the world? But if you're with someone who has to go off to make movies and who does love scenes with other women, it creates a certain kind of understanding.

Every woman wants to feel beautiful. Sometimes when a guy is with a beautiful woman, he doesn't compliment her because he thinks, Oh, she knows already. Not true. I have fat days, ugly days, blimp days, days that I just feel terrible about myself. And then there are guys who make you feel that all they care about is how you look. I don't want to have to be beautiful all the time. I want to be able to look cruddy in my weekend sweats, with a pimple on my face and pimple cream on top of the pimple. The expectation to always be beautiful bothers me.

11.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things don't look good on you?
CRAWFORD: Hats, except for baseball caps. And bicycle shorts.

12.

PLAYBOY: What is the toughest topic you have covered on MTV's *House of Style*?
CRAWFORD: They wanted me to interview Madonna, but I was too scared. I've seen interviews she's done with women, and I didn't want her to be mean to me. I don't think she wanted to be interviewed by me, either, so my producer did it. I wasn't ready for that kind of humiliation. That's probably something I should work on.

13.

PLAYBOY: What is the most interesting conversation you have had with a designer?
CRAWFORD: I asked Jean-Paul Gaultier how he got started in designing. He said he used to have a teddy bear when he was seven years old, and he would make cone bras for it—like he does now for Madonna. Apparently, he was intrigued by what he found in his grandmother's lingerie drawer.

14.

PLAYBOY: On *House of Style* you did a show about breast implants. All the models you interviewed said, "Not me, mine are real." What do you know that we don't?
CRAWFORD: [*Laughs*] We had a little trouble with that. I thought it would be cool for these women to talk about implants, that it might be helpful to others who had them or were considering them. But no one wanted to get personal. They wouldn't answer the questions. And because they're friends, and since I don't believe in negative gossip, I didn't feel it was my business to tell whose were real and whose weren't. [*Smiles*] Of course, this is easy to say because I have real ones, and I'm not that attached to their size. Maybe I can't relate to their problem. But the idea of putting something fake into my body scares me. Women say they do it for their boyfriends or for modeling. Well, Linda Evangelista is a top model and she's very small. It's an interesting women's issue, especially since lots of eighteen-year-old girls are running out to get implants. We also had guys talking about the implants. I wanted to know if they liked them, and most didn't. Most of my guy friends hate the way artificial breasts feel. So why do it?

15.

PLAYBOY: When isn't a model beautiful?
CRAWFORD: Ugly behavior makes everyone ugly. Temper tantrums. Acting like a slut. If we're shooting bikini bottoms at a hotel, you don't walk topless through the lobby. You cover up until you get to your little area. I'm not an exhibitionist, but some models are, and I get embarrassed around them because I think people then think all models are that way. Also, showing up late. Tardiness is the biggest disrespect. It's saying that your time is more important than everyone else's. Unfortunately, my husband is always fifteen minutes late, but I forgive him because at least he is dependably fifteen minutes late.

16.

PLAYBOY: Should kids model?
CRAWFORD: No. A set is not a healthy environment for a kid. I've seen five-year-old girls putting on mascara, and it makes me sick. And they won't share their hair ribbons with other five-year-old models because they want to look better. It's: "Those are *my* hair ribbons!" When puberty hits, you're already so self-conscious of the way you look. It shouldn't happen any faster. So when people ask me about this, I say, yeah, your kid's cute, but a kid's not really going to make that much money modeling. There are hundreds of kids on every go-see. Maybe you get one big commercial, but some parent has to schlepp these kids around. And if they're in a bad mood the day the director's looking at them, you're out of luck. When I have kids, they won't model unless they get the idea on their own.

17.

PLAYBOY: Have you experienced celebrity stalking firsthand?
CRAWFORD: When I was modeling in New York, a guy started following me. He found out my address and phone number. When he saw me leaving my apartment with a suitcase, he broke in. Once in, he had my keys reproduced. He was a professional burglar. Then he slept in my bed every night. He would call before he came over, and if no one answered, he figured the coast was clear. One night he called when I had just gotten back from China. I picked up the phone, said hello, and he said, "Is this Cindy?" and I said yes. He said, "You

"Single male seeks single female of any age with compulsive cleaning skills."

know the top left-hand drawer of your dresser, where you keep the two-dollar bill that your grandmother gave you for your sixteenth birthday?" I got very scared, but I pushed the record button on my answering machine and taped the conversation. He wanted to meet right then. He said he was coming over—it was two o'clock in the morning. I said, "I'm out of here, but I'll meet you for lunch tomorrow." I told him I was bringing someone because I wouldn't meet him alone. He said, "Yeah, but you better not bring any cops." We made arrangements. Then I called the police. The next day I didn't have time to get wired, so the police told me to get a confession from him in front of my friend and then get back the keys to my apartment as evidence. They said I should take my sunglasses off the table and put them on my head, and that would be their signal to arrest him. So I was drinking iced cappuccino, waiting, trying to keep it together, and the guy walked up. He looked around to find out where the exits were, then just came over and threw the keys down. He said, "Here are your keys back, I'm sorry." And my friend just lost it. I asked, "Are you on drugs? Are you out of your mind? What do you mean, you're sorry? You don't live in someone else's apartment. Exactly how did you get in?" And the guy started to tell us. Then I put my sunglasses on and the undercover cops arrested him. He plea-bargained and went to jail. He's since written me to say that he's sorry.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the deal with bikini waxing?

CRAWFORD: I know. It's weird, isn't it? But if you want to wear those little things, it's necessary.

19.

PLAYBOY: Your bio says you never received less than an A in school after the sixth grade. Really?

CRAWFORD: I bet my dad two hundred dollars in sixth grade that I would get straight A's all through junior high school. And high school, also. And I did. I occasionally got a B on a paper, but not on my report cards. I was afraid I was going to lose my bet. I realize now what a fool I was. Seven years of straight A's is worth a lot more than two hundred bucks!

20.

PLAYBOY: Of what animal noises do you have a virtuosic command?

CRAWFORD: None. I have a stupid human trick, though. [*Demonstrates*] I can touch my nose with my tongue.

If you haven't visited Jack Daniel's country, we hope you do soon. The hills are particularly nice about now.

A TENNESSEE MORNING is a fine time to catch up on things with your neighbors.

The talk may be of crops, government or the value of a good bird dog. But sooner or later it's bound to get around to whiskey. You see, we began making Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey in these hills in 1866, so the subject is always top of mind. Especially when the day rolls around to a Tennessee evening. A time when you'll hear fewer people talking about our whiskey. And more of them enjoying it.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

CAR SPY

(continued from page 120)

"It's rumored that Lexus will be offering convertible versions of the sexy SC 300 and SC 400 coupes."

the Sixties' 3.8 Mark II compact sedan. Contrary to rumors that the badly needed affordable four-door will share a Topaz-Tempo platform, we're certain it will be rear-drive, all-Jaguar and not available here until 1998. By 1996 Jaguar will have its own modular engine family, which will include everything from 2.5-liter V6s to 6-liter V12s.

Saab's 1994 900 successor will be seen later this year in Frankfurt. Top-of-the-line versions join a 2.5-liter GM V6 engine with components from the Opel Vectra (GM Europe owns Opel and 50 percent of Saab). Rumors persist that all-wheel-drive and a six-speed gearbox are part of the update.

It's still unclear whether we will see combination models from recent partners Volvo and Renault. But imagine an extremely safe car with French flair. *Formidable!*

"Well! And what's a nice girl like you doing in a clichéd situation like this?"

JAPANESE MODELS

In addition to unveiling a Lexus coupe–inspired Celica complete with dual air bags, an improved engine and more, Toyota will introduce a Camry coupe in 1994 that has been designed to challenge the Honda Accord. United States vendors have leaked Toyota's plans for a full-sized, six-passenger, America-only sedan, which may be built at its Camry plant in Georgetown, Kentucky. Despite a lackluster initial reception for its V6 T100 pickup, Toyota denies it is considering a V8 version, reportedly with a GM-supplied engine, but it'll eventually have to have a V8 to be competitive here. Unfortunately, rumors persist that production of the nimble but slow-selling MR2 may be discontinued at the end of the 1993 model year. We hope not.

Toyota's Lexus division has been extremely secretive about its plans for the upcoming model years; however, it's been rumored that it will be offering convertible versions of the sexy SC 300 and SC 400 coupes. Sorry, V12 engines aren't in the picture.

Honda's hot-selling Accord sedan will be all-new for 1994. Expect conservative styling changes and an optional V6 engine at last. Honda's long-awaited minivan is a distinct possibility for 1995.

Acura will introduce a much sportier, wedge-shaped Integra by this summer, reportedly with a 175-hp full-time all-wheel-drive in top versions. Look for an even hotter 2-liter Integra variant, code-named ZR-X, to appear later. And for 1995, the slow-selling Acura Vigor will get a major overhaul.

Nissan will update both its 240 SX and Maxima for 1994, but with limited mechanical changes. And its Infiniti division plans variants of its Jaguaresque J30 sedan, but not until 1995.

Mitsubishi will present a totally redesigned Galant in June 1993 and a completely changed Eclipse will bow the following spring. Its 3000 GT flagship will be redesigned in 1996.

Coming off a major new-product program, Mazda will have few all-new models for 1994 and 1995. The long-rumored "stealth" MX-5 Miata may be a no-show, but we can expect a mild freshening of the Explorer-based Navajo sports utility, followed by an all-new MPV.

Subaru's first new subcompact in eight years, the Impreza sedan and sports wagon, will hit the streets shortly.

Finally, Isuzu has pulled its cars out of the U.S. market to focus solely on trucks and sports utilities. It is even building a version of their Rodeo sports utility for Honda. This will stall the redesign of the Impulse-based Geo Storm until 1995.

Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.

There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"! Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series.** It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Video

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sex Video** today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy. All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders,
Call Toll-Free (800) 888-1900
(24 hours / 7 days a week)

VIDEO	QTY.	PRICE EA.	TOTAL
Vol. 1, Better Sexual Techniques	_____	$29.95	_____
Vol. 2, Adv. Sexual Techniques	_____	$29.95	_____
Vol. 3, Making Sex Fun	_____	$29.95	_____
The 3-Volume Set - save $20	_____	$69.85	_____
Format ❑ Beta ❑ VHS		Postage & Handling	$ 3.00
		TOTAL	$_____

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard
❑ Check *Make checks payable to The Townsend Institute. Sorry, No cash or COD's*

Card#_____ Exp. _____

Name_____
I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Mail To: The Townsend Institute, Dept.ZPB27, P.O. Box 8855, Carrboro, NC 27515

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable In U.S. Dollars. An Additional $5.00 Is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquieies Welcome.

FLIRTING

(continued from page 88)

"There's nothing wrong with the woman making the first move. Matter of fact, it's an act of charity."

make sexual advances, because it could be seeking an opportunity to make sexual advances. On the other hand, a man should help ensure that his companion gets home safely, and that may mean seeing her home. There is no crime in seeking a goodnight kiss or more. There is a crime in not knowing the meaning of the word no. A feminist man knows that no is not maybe. In fact, a feminist man knows that playing hard to get works for men just as well as it does for women, so long as you make it clear that you are an enlightened, sexually interested he-man and not a friendly, platonically inclined nancy boy. A man can always say: "You may kiss me now."

OK, we love you women for your brains, but let's face it, those secondary sexual characteristics are also quite compelling. So what is the politically correct position on the thong? (Part of me is tempted to answer "on top," but that is the old me talking.) As feminist sympathizers, how are men to react to clothing that is erotically stimulating? I'm not quite sure. I guess with careful enthusiasm and guarded ardor. I don't believe that low-cut dresses and high-heeled shoes are wrong. But I am definitely opposed to foot binding in any form and you can take that to the bank.

In any sexual relationship, or potential sexual relationship, there is an elaborate courting behavior, and that code is being changed by feminism. Not only is it OK for a woman to ask a man for a date, I think it's necessary. Not all the time, but some of the time. If women can fly military aircraft, they can also call me up for a date. (Not that I'd go out with a combat pilot, that was just an example.) The same is true when it comes to making a relationship more intimate. There's nothing wrong with the woman making the first move. In fact, with the burden of political original sin carried by males, it's an act of charity for the woman to make the first move. Perhaps our restraint is borne out of respect for a woman's right to choose and to control her own body. So hurry up already. We're waiting by the phone. We're waiting for a kiss.

When it comes to actual seduction, feminism has altered the rules a bit. Flattery is still OK, but it had better be realistic. Promises are still OK, so long as you keep them. But remember, surveys have shown that many women consider verbal coercion a form of date rape. This would seem to make pleading an obsolete strategy. I find the most modern seduction line to be the simple, elegant and touching "I just want to be held."

Has your girlfriend referred to your relationship as sleeping with the enemy? You could be on the verge of serious trouble. She could be making a general observation about the war between men and women, but she may be dropping a hint about the specific location of your differences. One of the best ways to promote peace, love and harmony with a feminist lover is to make sure she comes and comes again. There are few more legitimate gripes a hetero woman can make about a hetero man than that his interests in bed are selfish. When in bed with a feminist, use your head.

The thing we must always remember in our dealings with feminists is that things can only get better. In the short term we may have to accept blame and anger that we feel we don't deserve. It may be caused by the actions of other men. But, as in the case of race relations, we must be understanding and tolerant. Women have reason to be pissed. As our culture straightens out, things will get better on a personal level. We must be prepared to question our own behavior, but we must always remember that we are men, and that is OK. But if we aren't part of the solution, yo, we're part of the problem.

The point at which we should get worried is when we start wondering if heterosexuality is sexist. At this point we can only hope that it is not too late for us. On an episode of *Seinfeld*, Elaine carries a gift on the subway on her way to a lesbian wedding, a fact that she lets slip to an older woman who reacts with horror. "Oh, no," Elaine says. "I'm not a lesbian! I hate men but I'm not a lesbian."

Let's face it: We live in a world where there are many heterosexual men and women whose attraction for the other gender is proportional to their dislike for that gender. But if things are ever going to improve, if men and women are ever going to find love, they had better find like first. Think of the thousands of songs, poems and films devoted to the subject of love between man and woman. And think how few are devoted to the subject of like.

If you are a man who is interested in women sexually but has no women friends, then you are a dinosaur. You may as well turn yourself over to the authorities right now, darling. Maybe you'll receive some consideration as an endangered species. Either that or take a

"In what other ways have the new tax laws affected you?"

course in feminism. The more you learn about women, the more you'll learn about yourself. And maybe you'll meet some informative and educated females in the process. Male chauvinism is a dead end. Male feminism is the only way to achieve the desired bonding (or what you might call "getting laid") in today's political climate. So you'd better support the feminist agenda before it sends you reeling into the past with a historical sucker punch.

One way to support the feminist agenda and bring joy into your life is through affirmative action. Hire more women and pay them more than you would men in a similar position. To hell with equal pay. Give them more. I'm paying war reparations. And I hire women every chance I get. Every person I have employed in recent years has been a woman. You may question my motives here. I know I have. But I am comfortable working with women—and besides, the last male assistant I had would routinely apologize for mistakes by saying, "Sorry, I must have spaced on it." My female assistants have generally not apologized at all, and they have never spaced.

But as men dealing with feminists, we must always be prepared to apologize, and when it comes to our behavior toward our beloved, esteemed and desired sisters, we must never, ever space on it. We must examine our lives, our words and our ways of thinking and behaving. In a way, men and women grow up in quite different cultures, and what we say and what they hear us say, and what they say and what we hear them say are sometimes radically different. Above all, we must learn to speak the same language.

How do we do that? The simple truth is that honesty is the best policy. It's more attractive than a Macho-vellian bedside manner based on cornball seduction rhetoric. If you don't want your love life to be a war, stop seeing women as conquests. Because if it comes to a war, you'll be the loser. History is not on your side. Women will not be denied. And women's equality is the cause of every man who truly loves women. Don Juan was just another bimbo. In the future, heterosexual bliss will be known only by the feminist male, dudes. Surrender. It's the only way you'll win this one.

On the other hand, there are many ways we can help the women we love achieve freedom. If you want to know the tune I'm singing as I bop around the house dusting and vacuuming, it's Rahsaan Roland Kirk's *Volunteered Slavery*. It goes something like this:

If you want to know how it is to be free, woman,

If you want to know how it is to be free,

You've got to spend all day in bed with me.

Tattoo You

(continued from page 82)

hugged me, kissed me and said, "It's probably all bullshit, but I believe it, anyway. You have no idea what that rainbow meant."

Which was true. The rainbow was beautiful, maybe even spectacular, but it was nothing compared to her, as far as I was concerned.

I didn't see her again until the middle of that winter. She saw me first, coming off Ajax with my skis over my shoulder, light snow falling.

"Hey Gemini," she yelled. She didn't remember my name, but somehow, my birthday was burned into her memory. She was wearing a pink jumpsuit that melted the snowflakes the instant they hit it. "I knew I'd see you again," she said. "The triple rainbow."

"I remember," I said, not meaning the rainbow.

"When I got to Denver," she said, "I told my girlfriends about it and they couldn't believe it, either. I mean, that's a once-in-a-lifetime thing, and they all said I should get a ring or a necklace with a rainbow on it, but even if I had, it wouldn't have been a triple rainbow. So guess what? I got a tattoo."

Then she smiled and whispered something that made me believe in magic, astrology, talismans and every other mystical thing you can think of: "Do you want to see it?"

"I'd like to, but I'm allergic to seafood."

no place to hide *(continued from page 142)*

"'I could have your phone bill within the hour. Your credit-card charges, I'd have in minutes.'"

I'll call you and say, 'Sorry to trouble you, sir, but we haven't received May's payment of $109.32. Is there a problem?' You protest and pull out your checkbook to prove you've paid. I then say, 'What account was that drawn on so we can run a trace?' Even for the guy who pays his bill regularly, this is a chance to poke corporate America in the eye. He'll tell you the account number and the bank."

Another example: "I know that you're trying to buy a car from Sunset Chevrolet. I call up Sunset and pretend to be another creditor looking for you, complaining that you've been with us for sixty days and we're getting returned mail already. Sunset's credit department is going to be more than willing to pull the application you just filed and give me the address and phone numbers you provided, plus your references and bank account number.

"Or maybe I pretend to be from the jury commissioner's office and call you and say, 'You've failed to respond to our summons for jury duty, so a warrant has been issued for your arrest.' In this scenario, I would then offer to straighten out everything and at the end nail you by saying, 'You know, you're entitled to a per diem sent directly to the bank of your choice. Where would you like that deposited?'

"Once I find out that information," Schweitzer continues, "I can then attach your account, if I'm into a credit action, or I can call up your bank, pretending to be from another bank or credit-card company, and scam your average monthly balance right over the phone. I'd say, 'Hi, this is Al Smith over at Citibank. We have a cardholder who's asked for a major increase in his credit line. Could you rate his account for me?' Most banks will give you round figures over the phone, plus the date the account was opened and the number of returned checks within given periods."

As Schweitzer describes his gigs, his face flushes, and you can tell that this is where he lives. He tells you other war stories, about how, posing as a hapless traveler who has just lost his credit cards or checkbook, he can trick account numbers out of the bank or credit-card company. Or how, in the guise of an oppressed husband whose wife has heisted his Visa card and gone on a shopping spree, he can persuade the credit-card company to give him the real husband's account number and the latest charges against it. Or how Petra Schweitzer, posing as a doctor's aide, can cajole your doctor's secretary into giving up your latest prescriptions.

"Banks, credit-card activity, phone numbers, long-distance tolls, nonpublished addresses all can be done by pretext," Schweitzer explains. He then dares you to test him. For argument's sake, you tell him you want something simple, like an address. He smiles patronizingly, as if this is child's play.

"I can pose as the local radio station offering you prize tickets. Where do we send them?" he says. "Or, I'm the welcoming committee in your town. Or the squinty-eyed UPS dispatcher who can't read the address on a package for delivery. So I call you to check it. That's wonderful at Christmastime.

"There are a thousand variations. And the more stupid I sound, the more information I get. It's almost a double joke because the guy at the other end of the line hangs up and says, 'God, what an idiot!' And I hang up and say, 'What an idiot!' since I got exactly what I wanted."

Actually, it isn't always that easy. Flicking through his own advertising brochure, Schweitzer points to certain offerings that can be had only through an inside source. The Internal Revenue Service is a tough target, he explains. So is American Express, because it has a rule against sharing information on the phone with representatives, genuine or otherwise, of other credit-card companies. Nor is it simple to trick Swiss bankers out of client information, or to dupe the FBI or local police departments into giving you data from the National Crime Information Center, a computerized data bank that links all police blotters in the country. In these instances, says Schweitzer, you have to know somebody on the inside.

Still, the expanding links among information systems, the pooling of information in the NCIC, the lack of adequate policing mechanisms within credit bureaus—all these factors have helped ease the poacher's burden. Even the formidable IRS, Schweitzer found, will share information if the seeker, posing as a state official, can claim that the handout is to be used to track a parent who's defaulted on child support.

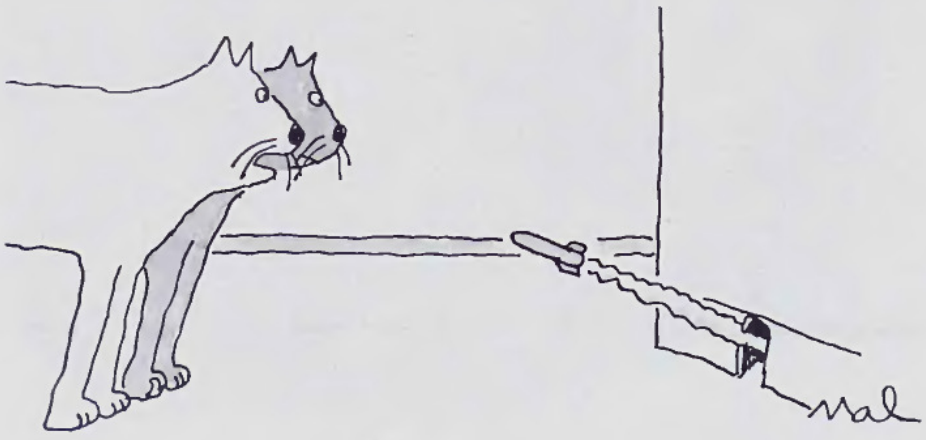
Such hard-learned lessons quickly boosted Schweitzer's income. By keeping his overhead low and by billing clients at least double the price of each piece of information he filched, Schweitzer banked $287,000 in his first 15 months on the job and four times that amount in 1988.

Soon everybody he'd ever worked for was a client. He picked up the *National Enquirer* by apprenticing with, and then replacing, a senior P.I. who had long serviced the tabloid. He saved a mercenary from prosecution by linking him through phone records to a top-secret U.S. spy agency. When major-league baseball asked an investigative firm to profile prospective Texas Rangers owner George Bush, Jr., Schweitzer supplied the information. He also assisted a Texas group that specializes in locating abducted children.

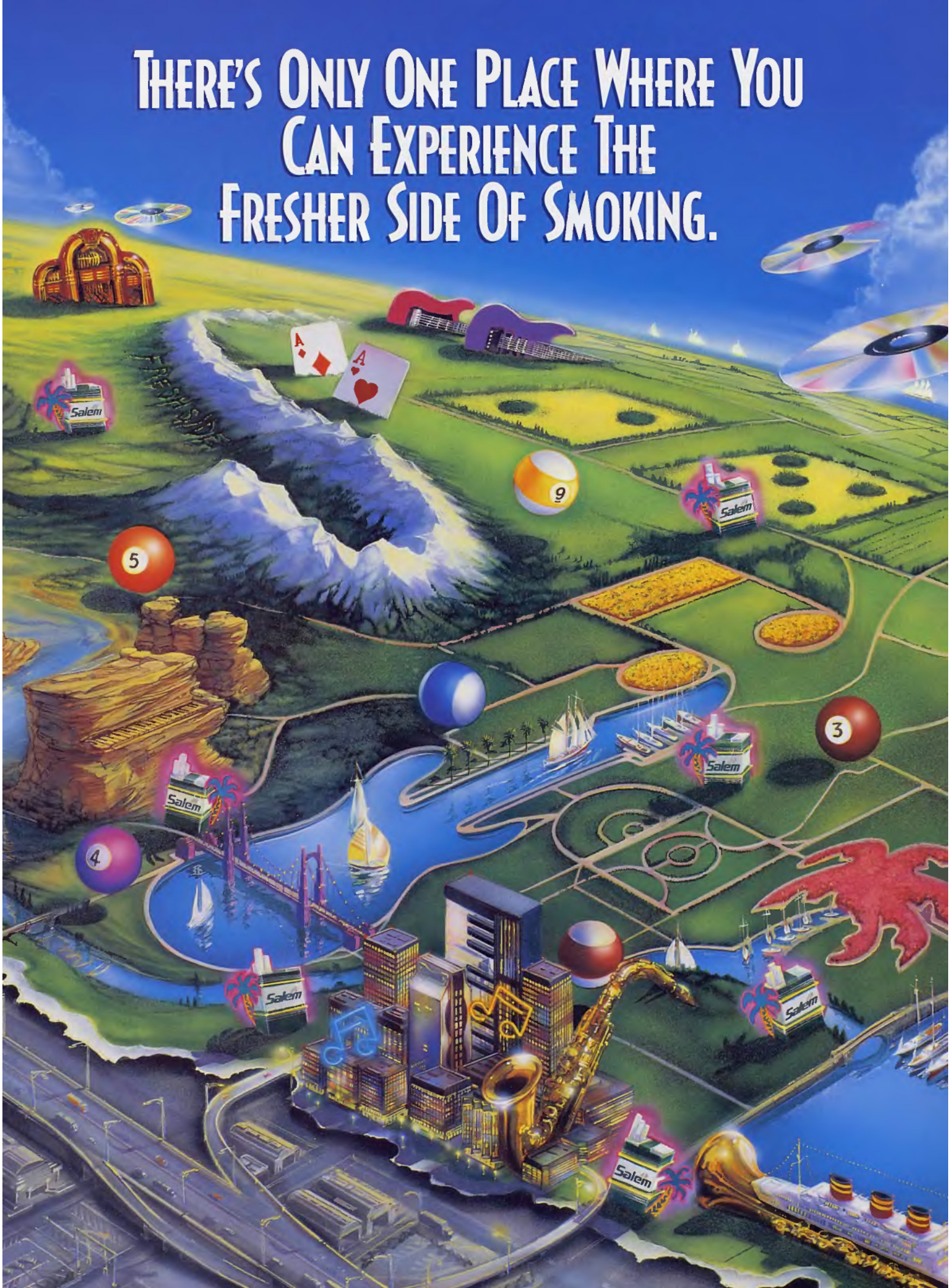
In the process, he helped transform the bootleg information industry. "When I started doing this business," he says, "there was maybe the guy who could get you a phone number, or the guy who could get you a federal form. But no one had one-stop shopping, and that was the key."

Schweitzer earned a reputation for working fast and selling cheap. "I could have your phone number in three minutes and sell it for fifty dollars," he boasts. "I could have your phone bill within the hour and sell it for a hundred and a half, no matter how big it was. Your credit-card charges, I'd have in minutes."

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Schweitzer quickly qualified as



"When did the mice get Patriot missiles?"


THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE WHERE YOU
CAN EXPERIENCE THE
FRESHER SIDE OF SMOKING.
Salem
Salem
Salem
Salem
Salem
Salem
9
5
3
4

©1993 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
CONSUMER RELATIONS, WINSTON-SALEM, NC 27102

ENTER HERE.

ESCAPE TO THE FRESHSIDE™

THE FRESH TASTE PLACE™

FreshWrap™ guarantees the smooth taste of Salem stays fresher longer.

FRESH TASTE GUARANTEED

LOOK FOR YOUR FREE FRESHSIDE™ SOUVENIRS CATALOG IN STORES.

If unsatisfied, return the unused portion of your purchase and Salem will replace your product. Void where prohibited by law.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

the odds-on favorite of his peers. Within a year of his professional debut, P.I.s around the country began peddling the same services he did and then subcontracting their work to him. Ronald Saranow, once the IRS's chief investigator for Los Angeles, bought information from him. Business Risks International, a company later acquired by the Pinkerton Detective Agency, paid Schweitzer more than $80,000 for a variety of services. Star gumshoe Vincent Parco of New York, Nicholas Beltrante, the dean of Virginia's P.I.s, and Bill Roemer, the ex–FBI agent who wrote *Man Against the Mob*, all turned to him for help. And when "Gentleman P.I." Bill Dear appeared on *The Pat Sajak Show* and offered to demonstrate how a small piece of information like a license plate could be turned into a full personality profile, it was Schweitzer who performed the magic.

Particularly gratifying for Schweitzer is the number of ex–law enforcement officers who flocked to him. By his own estimate, 90 percent of his clients once carried a badge, and nearly half were formerly with the FBI. It is a source of dark amusement for him that the P.I. who bought the Social Security information that got him indicted a second time had worked for the bureau.

There is a sobering lesson in that, Schweitzer says. "It means that whenever a former cop begins looking for a second career, he's going to gravitate to what he knows best—the information business. And that means the business will just keep on growing."

•

In early 1988, to keep up with his mounting work load, Schweitzer hired a bag girl from a grocery store, a waiter from a four-star restaurant and a repo agent. He trained them, wrote scripts for them so they could imitate his methods and turned them into a crack office staff. He soon discovered, however, that they preferred tapping his sources to playing their parts, so a year later he dismissed them all. He watched as they hustled off to New York and Los Angeles to spread their knowledge viruslike among other P.I.s. Meanwhile, by his own account, he developed a bad attitude and got overly greedy. Above all, he wanted to penetrate the IRS. So when a girlfriend—his marriage was on a brief hiatus—offered to introduce him to a potential IRS informant, he bit. It was a setup: The IRS man coaxed him into offering a bribe. An indictment, the first one against him, came down in March 1989.

Afterward, Petra persuaded him to sell Information Desk to a friend, who, he says, reneged on the deal. That, plus legal costs, forced Schweitzer back into brokering. But no sooner had he activated a dormant company known as Security Group and got the phones humming again than he was lured into another trap. This one was set up by a pal, an ex–FBI man turned P.I. who was cooperating with the Justice Department. When Schweitzer dutifully tried to fill his friend's request for Social Security data by approaching a middleman with an inside source, the trap was sprung. A second indictment, in December 1991, gave Schweitzer second thoughts about staying in the business.

How a man of his wiliness could have been twice duped is a question even Schweitzer can't answer. Perhaps greed explains it.

But the most sobering part of his story is what it tells us about our own vulnerability. Schweitzer argues that privacy is dead, though he's not ready to lay the blame principally on people such as himself. The real culprit, he maintains, is the consumer, who, in the name of convenience, routinely trades away the keys to his private kingdom.

"As part of daily life, we file for a driver's license and register our cars," he says. "Do you know how much that compromises us? If I run your plate through DMV [Department of Motor Vehicles] files, which are completely open, I'm going to get the name and address of the registered owner and of the legal owner, your bank or finance company. To track down a driver's license, you have to have a source in law enforcement. But driving records can be bought legally from any P.I. dealing in public documents—for about eleven dollars.

"Ditto boat or aircraft registration files, which can also be purchased directly from the county registrar or the FAA. All this can be a big start in undressing somebody."

Another lucrative public source, says Schweitzer, is the property registry in the local tax-assessor's office. He once found singer Janet Jackson's address in California through such records. Anybody could have unearthed it.

"And what about voter registration?" he continues. "I don't vote because my name, Social Security number, date of birth, occupation, address and phone number all go into the registrar's file, which is totally public. One phone call could get it. You don't even have to use a scam."

Schweitzer also places great stock in trash receptacles, which he characteristically compares to mirrors under a dress. He also relishes going through open court files, which, he claims, can be equally revealing. "In the muni [municipal] courts," he says, "speeding-ticket files may show a home phone number, occupation and whether or not you own another vehicle. A small-claims action may tell us if you pay your bills and if you're pursuing a second occupation under a DBA [doing business as] filing. In the past I have found cops on the take through DBA records because they often try to hide the bribes as additional income."

Along with criminal and civil records in the superior courts, Schweitzer looks hard at county files for background on divorces or inheritances. "If I uncover a divorce file," he says, "I've struck it

"You don't trust me, do you, Maxine?"

rich, because often a financial accounting has to be made so the judge can divide property. I'm apt to find bank-account balances and numbers."

Of all the personal indexes generously given away by the unsuspecting, the most potentially damaging, says Schweitzer, is the Social Security number. It is, in his view, the "ultimate identifier, the key that unlocks most doors." With it, a deft P.I. posing as a creditor or a Social Security Administration official can lever private information out of the credit bureaus or even the administration itself. The nation's three major credit bureaus—TRW, Trans Union and Equifax—are legally barred from giving full reports to anyone who doesn't meet the criteria laid out in the Fair Credit Reporting Act. But every creditor—from jewelry stores to finance companies—can qualify for access under these standards. All the con artist needs to do to get a corrupt one to run a check is slip about $100 under the table, along with the target's Social Security number.

Anyone armed with a Social Security number, moreover, can legally purchase the "top" of a credit report from the bureaus without meeting the criteria. The top has enough information to jump-start an investigation, including the name, address and date of birth of the number holder, plus similar background on five of his or her closest neighbors.

From his own business brochure, Schweitzer ticks off the offerings that are particularly Social Security sensitive.

- Credit history. "To get it legitimately," he says, "you go through a credit bureau and meet the legal requirements. I would call a friend at a repo or finance company and have him run the request."
- Social Security records for six years. "This would be had through a source at the federal Social Security office, or by pretexting a Social Security office in the guise of someone calling from another office where 'the computer is down.'"
- Wages for one year. "Nearly every state has an employee development office that keeps track of everybody's earnings for a year. I'd pretext these documents by calling, for instance, the California interstate unit and pretending to be from the Arizona office."
- Credit-card information. "I can identify your account at most credit-card companies simply by putting in your Social Security number. The data base will run a search and produce your name and address. I could then use that to set up a credit check."
- FBI criminal histories. "Given a target's name, birth date and preferably a Social Security number," says Schweitzer, "I can break out every charge and petty complaint ever lodged against that individual, whether he's guilty or not. If I was looking for files out of the NCIC, I'd need a source in law enforcement."
- Military criminal records. "For these files, you have to have a Social Security number, since that's how the military does business. The files are maintained in D.C. and aren't computerized. I'd call a source at the file center, and all he'd have to do is give his badge number and code and he can get whatever he wants."

Given the many ways a Social Security number can be exploited, it ought to be the best-kept secret. But as Schweitzer points out, it is offered freely to banks, phone companies, voter registrars and, in some states, to the DMV as a driver's license number. When spouses break up, it's left in divorce files, and when arrests are made, it winds up on the police blotter. No one would be so forthcoming with personal banking information. And yet, Schweitzer reminds us, anyone can access the automated phone teller at your bank simply by punching in your Social Security and account numbers. It's a trick he's used himself.

•

A few years back, someone slipped Schweitzer salacious Polaroids of the

Keeping the privacy pirates at bay

So you want privacy? Then forget everything your parents told you about being courteous to strangers. Private detectives are notorious for their smooth telephone manner, and they prey on people who volunteer information in the name of helpfulness. Says New York private investigator Terry Lasky, "You call up because maybe you'll get a friendly person. It happens all the time." College alumni offices pass on an address. Hospitals detail visits. There's a lesson there: Never, ever, conduct business with a caller.

The dark side of the information age demands we develop a keen sense of when to say, "That's none of your business." And resign yourself to the fact that in the privacy war, a delaying action is the best you can hope for.

"You're stuck in a system with records that reflect your life and your being," says Lasky. "You have a history that can be pieced together." Lasky, who specializes in locating witnesses and financial assets for law firms and insurance companies, makes a strong case that he can so easily put together a bio from publicly available data that he doesn't have to pass cash under the table. He says, "I've never paid a bribe. I've never paid an illegitimate source."

Lasky and other P.I.s do pay for lots of computer time, though. They're on-line with state motor-vehicle departments, tax assessors' property valuations, address info services derived from postal records, among other data bases. What's not available on-screen may enter a case file via a phone call or a visit to a town clerk's office or a vital-statistics registry. Even the Freedom of Information Act has been a boon to investigators.

Like every P.I., Lasky covets a legal look at the personal credit data collected by the nation's three big reporting outfits. When he has been able to subpoena the information for a case under litigation, he can probe a subject's finances all the way down through bank accounts and credit-card activity to checks and deposit slips. He warns individuals not to be sanguine about their financial privacy. When a person signs an application for a mortgage, credit card, auto or personal loan, he or she allows lenders' employees to tap into the financial data flow. All those taps make for leaks.

Novelist and privacy seeker Andrew Vachss claims an unpublished phone number isn't worth the trouble. Numbers are readily available for a price, he contends. Vachss advises getting a phone installed under an alias—and not revealing that name to anyone.

Vachss also suggests an extreme measure: Wangle plastic in an assumed name and pay the bill (the instrument is photographed by card companies) with a money order. The card's billing address will be a post-office box. What you gain in privacy you lose in airline miles.

There are other obsessive privacy seekers, and Lasky ticks off the price of the truly low profile: no credit cards, no telephone number, no registered ownership of a car or real estate. Earn and disburse only cash. Forget mail delivery or forwarding. Don't bother to vote, of course. Try to stay out of hospitals. Use only a nickname. Do not get into the newspapers. Finally, avoid dying. Death certificates are public records.

—WARREN KALBACKER

main squeeze of a famous American entrepreneur. He resisted the temptation to sell the pictures to a tabloid. "I have a certain set of morals," he explains. But he didn't rush to dispose of the photos, either. "I think I just liked having the pictures in my drawer for a while," he says.

Schweitzer likes to speak of knowledge as power, and that's what the Polaroids symbolized for him: the power to muscle others.

Questioned about this, Schweitzer is quick to deny ever having used the power he's acquired for anything but professional ends. He's never dipped into his bag of tricks to settle a personal vendetta, he says. His work has been solely for his own financial gain, in keeping with his "moral values."

•

At the time of arrest, Schweitzer was making his big money from the tabloids, helping them expose celebrities. In this connection, he is pretty upfront about lacking scruples. But he is a little defensive, too. "I didn't write those stories," he says. "All I did was track down particular pieces of information that they asked me to get."

Since a celebrity's privacy usually begins with an unlisted phone number and address, that's the kind of information Schweitzer specialized in. And despite his experience with Janet Jackson, he discovered that most high-profile types don't give themselves away in public property records or voter registration files. Instead, they have an accountant or business manager to front for them. To Schweitzer, though, such camouflage was barely an inconvenience. He simply worked around it by hustling the phone or utility company that serviced the celebrity or his or her next of kin.

To get an address out of a utility company, says Schweitzer, he would typically pose as a credit representative from an out-of-state utility firm. "If you call Southern California Edison and say you're from Puget Power in Washington looking for a skip who beat you for money, chances are they're going to come up with an address."

Another way he scored was by masquerading as the celebrity himself and querying a utility or phone company for the location of property purchased in the star's name. He once pulled this off by posing as singer Harry Connick, Jr. "I called the utility company and claimed to be him," Schweitzer recalls. "The girl on the other end gets all excited. I say, 'Listen, I don't mean to sound like an imbecile, but I have several homes. I've never been to this one.' She was more than helpful. I even offered to send her something for her trouble."

In duping the phone companies, says Schweitzer, the key was always knowing which department to contact and what slang to use. Over the years he has filched employee handbooks from scores of phone companies around the country, so he knew the names of many department heads and operators, as well as the designations and extensions of countless internal offices that never deal with the public. He also compiled a catalog of internal codes and colloquialisms that he used to gain the confidence of unsuspecting operators.

Posing as a repairman, for instance, he would typically call "Assignments," one of the most secret internal offices in any phone company, and ask for "cable and pair" information (if he was dealing with the Bells nationally) or "blocking" information (if he was targeting California GTE). These disparate code words would elicit the same data: unlisted addresses and phone numbers.

"Assuming I already knew the star's address and needed his phone number," says Schweitzer, "my basic repairman's pretext would run something like this: I would call up Assignments and say 'Hi, Mabel,' because I know her name, 'I'm out here chasing trouble on Main Street. Could you check for me and see if there's working service?' She would say, 'Yeah, I see two lines there.' Now, I'd come back (I don't hesitate, that's fatal) and say, 'What are they?' and she would give them to me."

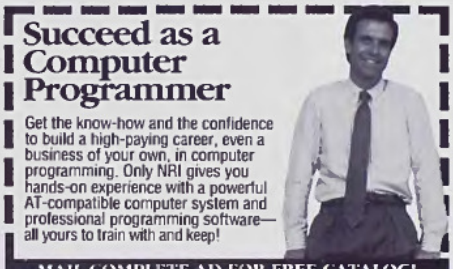
Schweitzer says that working such cons is now getting harder because Ma Bell is getting wiser. Some phone companies, for example, now require repairmen to repeat a code when calling in, or insist on hearing a special tone or recorded music before parting with inside information. In each instance, Schweitzer claims, he's defeated the safety mechanism.

"And when all else fails," he adds, "there's always Mama. If any family members have called the star, that unlisted number is going to be on their bill, and I'm going to get it. Maybe I call Mama's phone company, pretending to be a phone rep from out of state looking to verify charges on an account. Or maybe I just call Mama herself and claim to be the local phone company chasing down false charges to her number. Either way, I'm going to get it."

Before the FBI shut him down, Schweitzer had compiled a virtual who's who in Hollywood for the *National Enquirer*. When Julia Roberts split from Kiefer Sutherland, Schweitzer used her phone bill to track him to his ranch in Whitefish, Montana. He copped Brando's tolls to locate his daughter in Tahiti. He discovered that Whoopi Goldberg's real name is Karen Johnson and that Ted Turner and Jane Fonda often hole up at their Montana ranch.

When Oprah Winfrey went on a diet, Schweitzer located her cook in Chicago. He also identified the lesbian lover of a

The Perfect Easter Gift
Panty of the Month.
Because lingerie is the gift that touches her when you can't℠
Enroll for 3, 6 or 12 months and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep—perfumed, gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a personal note.
April's edition arrives with a stuffed bunny rabbit and a special note reading:
"This gift is sent in good humor and cheer
In case you wanna little tail this time a year."
This delighful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, USA Today and the Wall Street Journal.
24-hr. information hotline
1-718-P-A-N-T-I-E-S
718-726-8437 or 718-670-7000
©1992 L.A. Williams

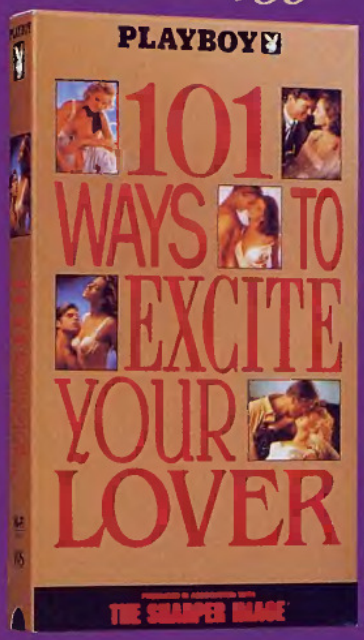

Succeed as a Computer Programmer
Get the know-how and the confidence to build a high-paying career, even a business of your own, in computer programming. Only NRI gives you hands-on experience with a powerful AT-compatible computer system and professional programming software—all yours to train with and keep!
MAIL COMPLETE AD FOR FREE CATALOG!
NRI Schools
4401 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Washington, DC 20008
Name (Please Print) Age
Address
City/State/Zip
5449-0493

CONDOMS BY MAIL!
50% OFF SAVINGS!
Get the best condoms available today! Your choice of the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!), textured condoms for maximum satisfaction, SLIMS (slimmer condoms for a snugger fit), plus TROJANS, LIFESTYLES, more! Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Free brochure describes the features and differences between the brands.
Send check or money order to: DKT Int'l. Dept. 5PB37 55 Enterprise Way, P.O. Box 8860, Chapel Hill, NC 27515
Please send in plain package under your money-back guarantee:
❑ #6403 Super 100 Collection $19.95 $9.95
❑ #1232 21-Condom Sampler $6.00 $3.00
Name
Address
City State Zip

Playboy's

101 Ways to Excite Your Lover

Was $39.95 Now Only $29.95



Beautiful nude couples demonstrate 101 ways to achieve heightened sensuality. Learn how sight, scent and sound can act as aphrodisiacs to intensify pleasure. Master these techniques and add a new dimension to your shared sensual experiences. VHS. 1992/color/53 min.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for the item number NT1631V (VHS) for $29.95. (Source Code: 39518)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39518, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1993 Playboy.

World Class Tour

Especially for our North American readers, *Playboy's International Playmates* have been brought together from all points of the globe, courtesy of PLAYBOY's International Editions. Don't miss our collection of the world's most spectacular women. It only takes a trip to your favorite newsstand. On sale now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #NBFT9304. (Source Code 39506)
ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #NBFT9304. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39506, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

© 1993, Playboy

young star, uncovered Delta Burke's real name and tracked Lou Ferrigno, Aretha Franklin, Mary Tyler Moore, James Franciscus, Shirley MacLaine, Michael Jordan, Madonna, Richard Dreyfuss, Kim Basinger and countless others with hidden addresses and phone numbers.

•

Facing bankruptcy and a jail sentence, Schweitzer remains reluctant to part with his most valuable trade secrets. He might need them, as he puts it, "for a rainy day." He is particularly loath to elaborate on the innermost workings of the phone companies, though he is careful to couch his reticence in altruistic terms, claiming that any greater candor on his part could force Ma Bell to curtail certain services.

Somewhat incongruously, he is prepared to peddle his expertise to celebrities who wish to pay for help in protecting themselves from the likes of Al Schweitzer. He has even set up a new company, Privacy Consultants, to handle job orders once he disposes of his jail sentence.

On a public-policy level, Schweitzer feels, "we are in a big circle" that precludes any real progress toward greater privacy protection. The only way the government can limit the pilfering of information from criminal or Social Security files is through further access restrictions, he says. But the trend is actually in the opposite direction. Worse, there is no real constituency for change, in his view, because recession-squeezed citizens like their credit quick and easy and are far less sensitive than media stars to their vulnerabilities.

Despite the recent Justice Department crackdown, Schweitzer thinks the law has pulled its punches. "If the government actually wanted to put a stop to my industry," he says, "it would have to indict every client who bought information from me. That's fifteen hundred to two thousand people, including huge companies. I am no more guilty than any one of them."

The spectacle of Al Schweitzer coming on like a law-and-order Reaganite is perhaps a measure of how complex the privacy crisis has become. But even if the government followed his advice and punched out the big "end users" of purloined personal data, would that really make a difference?

Schweitzer again flashes a wry smile and shakes his head. "Anybody who thinks they can make themselves totally immune to privacy invasions is living in a fantasy world," he says. "As long as there are relationships between P.I.s and people who handle personal information, that information will be obtainable. You're not going to escape from somebody like me."

ECO WARRIORS

(continued from page 122)

a few fatties of Mendocino County's finest weed, wrapped in makeshift bedding of coats, sheets of plastic, one blanket.

"When I come down," she says into the quiet night, "they are going to kill my tree right away. Just because I was in it. I really want to come down. But I can stay here a little longer."

Little Tree has been trespassing in corporate timber owned by Louisiana Pacific. Because it is illegal for LP's fallers to risk harming the tree sitters, the three of them are slowing efforts to slash the trees off this ridge. Big wilderness is not at stake here. But a few people in the local community are working to restore the Pacific salmon run in this river, wiped out decades ago by logging, and they want community control of this meadow as a start.

"I tell the security people who are creeping around below me that this is my future that they are destroying," she said. "I have to watch what's going to happen to this planet in the next thirty years. It's going to be my fate.

"I've always worshipped differently from mainstream Christian values, but at this point I worship the earth as a living being, just like you and I are living beings. What's happening is absolutely a sacrilege. We're killing ourselves."

EF started the campaign to slow the cut on this coast back in 1983, to preserve the last five percent of the ancient forests left here. That campaign grew into the Redwood Summer of 1990, when thousands of activists occupied the forest for four months. I camped with the EFers on and off in 1990, and it was a weird and ominous summer kicked off by horrifying violence as two organizers were car-bombed.

The bomb's targets were Judi Bari, an articulate and tenacious union organizer living in Willits and single mother of two daughters, and Darryl Cherney, an EF organizer and songwriter. In May 1990, before the Redwood Summer campaigns had begun, Bari and Cherney met in Berkeley with a movement-support collective called Seeds of Peace, nailing down the Seeds' commitment to build kitchens and shitters and such at Redwood Summer camps. This meeting was private but not secret.

The next morning they jumped into Bari's car, and as they drove across Oakland, a motion-activated pipe bomb under her seat blew the car into twisted chunks of metal. Nails wrapped around the bomb were driven into her body. Both Bari and Cherney survived the explosion, but Bari needed more than a year to learn how to walk again.

The suspects are legion, from loggers to timber company operatives to personal enemies. In fall 1992 a federal circuit court judge ruled that the two can sue the FBI and Oakland police department for allegedly engaging in conspiracy, false arrest, illegal searches and falsely portraying Bari and Cherney as responsible for the explosion. Meanwhile, both continue their mission, working with the Albion Nation.

Deep ecological consciousness stuns people slowly, one at a time. But once they convert, they rarely go back. This could probably never be a mass movement or a political party. The movement is about personal radicalization, and these people carry the oral history of the dirt under our feet and the battles fought over it.

The ten-year saga is already loaded with tactical lessons and legends—how Dave Foreman got dragged under a truck fighting logging roads in southern Oregon, or how Jumping James Jackson had two trees cut out from under him on a tree sit in Texas. Place names are now symbols: Cache Creek, Wyoming, site of the first EF resistance in 1981; Glen Canyon Dam, mythically targeted at the start of *The Monkey Wrench Gang*; the ten-year battle to halt a new observatory on Mount Graham, Arizona; the battle to halt logging in Illinois' tiny Shawnee National Forest.

Add Albion to the list. Little Tree stayed up in her tree two more days. Crazy Coyote mysteriously replaced her and held the tree another week. A man calling himself Dark Moon replaced Emerald and stayed in his tree for 33 days, an EF record. Meanwhile, a lot of other people raised hell by blockading roads and cat-and-mousing with the fallers in the woods. The lumber company reciprocated by suing more than 100 protesters, seeking damages for lost timber revenues. Later in 1992, however, a court injunction stopped the logging.

•

Of course, not all of the eco radicals' actions are as benign as tree sits. The *Earth First Journal*, a fat volume issued eight times a year, features a column called "Dear Ned Ludd," which offers field-tested revisions on the book that started it all, Dave Foreman's *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkey-wrenching*.

It costs thousands of dollars to flush the engine of an earth mover after somebody dumps grinding compound into the oil, and hundreds of thousands to rehab a timber feller-buncher that mysteriously burns in the woods. A couple years back, published estimates of the cost of so-called ecotage in the U.S. reached up to $25 million a year.

Rod Coronado knows ecotage. In 1986 he and fellow Sea Shepherd David Howitt (chief engineer on the stormy mission I was on) sank two whaling ships at anchor in Reykjavík harbor. Iceland

INTRODUCTORY SALE!

SAVE 80%!

CONDOMS BY MAIL

Adam & Eve, one of the largest, most respected suppliers of condoms, offers you condom variety, including *Trojan, Lifestyles, Skinless Skins*, plus *Prime* with **nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubricant** and *Texture Plus*, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of Japanese brands—the finest condoms in the world. All delivered right to your door.

As an introductory offer, you can get our 100-condom collection featuring 16 leading brands—a full $50 value—for only $9.95. **That's an 80% savings over the retail value!** Or try our 21-condom or 38-condom samplers at fantastic introductory prices.

Here's our no-risk guarantee: If you don't agree that our products and discreet, direct-to-your-door service are the best available anywhere, we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Use the coupon to claim your savings now!

VISA or MasterCard orders call toll free 1-800-274-0333 24 hours, 7 days

Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve
P. O. Box 900, Dept. PB114, Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush me in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee:

❑ #1232 21-Condom Sampler....**$3.00**

❑ #6623 38-Condom Sampler....**$4.95**

❑ #6403 Super 100 Sampler.....**$9.95**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

was then whaling in defiance of an International Whaling Commission ban.

Coronado and Howitt got jobs at Reykjavík's meat-processing plant. After casing the operation for a month, the two trashed a computer room that facilitated whale processing. They drove down to the docks, searched the ships, then pulled the sea cocks on two ships while a guard slept on a third. The boats sank while the two men drove to the airport and left the country. Coronado was then 19, Howitt in his mid-20s.

Coronado is underground as I write this, saying he's afraid of being killed by the FBI. A spokesman for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms calls him a "person of interest," wanted in connection with a 1991–1992 Animal Liberation Front campaign in which five fur ranches, processors, feed co-ops and research offices were set on fire, resulting in more than a million dollars in damage.

I interviewed him in Venice Beach, California just before he submerged last April, and he gave one of the most eloquent defenses of wrecking shit I've ever heard. "We consider any action that prioritizes life over property to be nonviolent," Coronado said. "And any action where property that is used to destroy life is destroyed, we consider to be the highest degree of nonviolence, because it prevents a greater degree of violence.

"With the level of global awareness that's been raised toward the destruction of the earth," he continued, "we feel that people should be connected with direct action. The Native Americans were so spiritually connected to the earth. They defended it and they died for it.

"When people identify the type of direct action that's necessary, it's scary. That means we are going to lose people. And people are going to start dying, on both sides of the camp."

I asked Coronado if he was afraid of that. "I'm not. I'm waiting for it to happen. Because it's the only thing that's going to do it."

Many people in the movement would disagree with Coronado's philosophy of monkey-wrenching, which includes arson, explosives or any tactic that works (so long as it doesn't hurt anyone). One who disagrees is Judi Bari, who has already survived two attempts on her life.

"All this male bullshit got saddled onto the idea of deep ecology," she says with her usual candor. "I think monkey-wrenching has been developed to the limit of its possibilities. The culmination of it was the jailing of the Arizona Five."

Bari is referring to the monkey-wrenchers caught by an FBI undercover operation in 1989. An agent named Mike Fain spent a year working his way into a small EF action group in Prescott and helped them try to cut an electrical tower that was part of a huge irrigation project. EFer Mark Davis got six years in prison and Peg Millett got three.

The morning after the desert bust, Dave Foreman was dragged from his bed by agents with drawn .357 magnums. He later chose to plea-bargain in order to reduce the others' sentences. Foreman resigned from Earth First shortly thereafter.

"They failed to learn any lessons from the American Indian Movement or the Black Panthers," says Bari, referring to the way both were crushed by the FBI. After a moment, she laughs, "I'm including myself in that, by the way."

•

Whether or not eco warriors agree with Coronado's all-or-nothing tactics, they have, by definition, experienced a similar spiritual transformation.

In Bill Devall and George Sessions' book *Deep Ecology: Living as if Nature Mattered*, that transformation is one in which the personal self becomes the much broader Self, which includes the biological community:

> This process of the full unfolding of the Self can also be summarized by the phrase, 'No one is saved until we are all saved,' where the 'one' includes not only me, an individual human, but all humans, whales, grizzly bears, whole rain-forest ecosystems, mountains and rivers, the microbes in the soil, and so on.

We're wading into spiritual waters here, and all eco warriors are baptized in them to some degree. When the Self-realization manifests itself in ritual, EFers jokingly call it "woo-woo." The woo-woo tends to get deep at the Round River Rendezvous, their yearly national meeting in the wilderness, at workshops such as John Seeds' Council of All Being and in the heat of raging eco defense.

During an October action at the Nevada nuclear testing site in the desert about 65 miles northwest of Las Vegas, I decided to plunge into those spiritual waters in a sweat bath led by a Native American. As the temperature rose in the dense little skin hut, men offered prayers in turn.

In the midst of all this, I realized that the kid sitting next to me was whispering "fucking faggots" over and over. Then the man currently praying was rattling off statistics on global warming that were undoubtedly part of his canvassing rap, and I just broke. I heard "fucking faggots" again and I plowed my way out the door into the cold night air.

The women in their hut were singing in unison, chanting, laughing. Somehow I was sure their Self-realization was going better than my own. It's no one's fault, really. We've just forgotten the language for this kind of thing.

•

Mike Roselle, current editor of the *Earth First Journal* in Missoula, Montana, is hardly an archetype among EFers, especially since about half of them are women. But when I think about them as a species, I always come up with him as a model. He's beery, unkempt, larger than life, just plain large, red-bearded and rednecked. But it's mostly his feral eyes, which say "Fuck the rules. I might just decide to go off. Nobody is safe."

He was looking a bit lost at the new high-rise offices of the Rain Forest Action Network in San Francisco, of which he is a cofounder and board member, pacing the foyer in a smelly Malcolm X T-shirt and blown-out high tops.

We talked about big wilderness in the northern Rockies, an area encompassing northern Utah and Wyoming, western Montana, all of Idaho and eastern Washington. In 1992 EF began a campaign against road-building in Idaho's Nez Perce National Forest. At the same time, the Alliance for the Wild Rockies uncorked a wilderness bill titled the Northern Rockies Ecosystem Protection Act, or NREPA, to preserve 6 million acres of wilderness in Montana and more in adjoining states. It was one of three big Montana wilderness bills that died in the

$1 REBATE

XS® WORKS WHEN MODERATION FAILS.™

XS® before bed relieves "morning after" symptoms in cases of moderate overindulgence.

Get **XS®** liquid ***before*** you need it from the analgesic or antacid sections of better drug stores.

You can't buy a more complete hangover relief medicine.™

Call 1-800-542-4004 for the name of the store nearest you.

Not intended for minors.
Read and follow label directions.

SERIOUS HANGOVER MEDICINE.™

Don't drink and drive.
© 1993 Barnett Laboratories, Inc.

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater. © 1990 GEN MED CO

Send for free information.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-54
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER

SIZES: 5-12
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES

Looks just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Choose from a wide selection of Elevators, including dress shoes, boots and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look 2" taller in almost no time. TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB34
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

WAKE UP TO A BEAUTIFUL PLAYMATE WHISPERING IN YOUR EAR!

Call today and choose a beautiful Playmate "Wake-Mate" to wake you any time, day or night!

1·900·820·WAKE

Only $2 a minute — 18 yrs. or older.

© 1993 Playboy. A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611. Service not available to residents of LA. or OR.

House of Representatives in 1992.

"Many of the people who are in the Alliance [for the Wild Rockies] started out as EF activists," says Roselle. "They no longer say: 'I'm an Earth First activist.' They got short hair. They wear ties. But they have taken the campaign to a whole new level. They're talking about the same things we [EF] are talking about—big wilderness, wildlife corridors, an ecosystem approach, no compromises, big visionary stuff—and making it real."

The more moderate politicos in Montana are sure the Alliance will get its ass beat like a gong, but that doesn't worry Alliance members.

"We don't think that it's extreme at all," says Dan Funsch, program director for the Alliance, representing about 2900 individuals and 300 businesses and groups. "This region is the place where we have the potential to preserve intact ecosystems.

"That's the problem with our existing system of protected lands. They're based on a human construct: that we want to preserve samples of these areas. They are relics, museum pieces. That's totally different from trying to preserve a functioning ecosystem."

NREPA is a piece of a new wilderness atlas not many people are aware of yet. But they will be. There is a plan that may define wilderness advocacy in the U.S. for the next century.

Spearheaded by Dave Foreman, the staff of the deep ecology journal *Wild Earth* and conservation biologists Reed Noss and Michael Soulé, the Wildlands Project is a master plan that would define a biodiversity reserve system across North America. Within the next few years it will include a series of maps and conservation projects that identify core wilderness reserves, multiple-use buffers around the reserves and wildlife corridors connecting the reserves.

Noss has already laid out the criteria by which local groups can identify candidate areas and begin the long-term work of preserving their piece of the system. That might mean legislation or lawsuits or direct action.

"What we're trying to do is marry conservation biology with grass roots conservation activists," says Foreman, a furry, squinty ex-Marine known for his rousing lecture-circuit orations in defense of wilderness in America and wildness in people.

"Being a conservationist, you are forced to react to brush fire after brush fire," says Foreman. "Now we're trying to step back and chart where we're going. If we had it our way, what is our vision? How would we make the future? I think that we put an agenda on the table that nobody else ever has. That suddenly becomes the new agenda that the conservation groups, government and industry have to respond to. It's redefining the terms of the debate."

When Foreman and his comrades talk about big wilderness, they mean big. In his *The Wildlands Project: Land Conservation Strategy*, Noss writes: "At least half of the land area of the 48 conterminous states should be encompassed in core reserves and inner corridor zones (essentially extensions of core reserves) within the next few decades. I also believe that this could be done without great economic hardship."

The wise-use people—the anti-environmentalist, pro-development backlash—puke when they read that stuff. But Foreman and Noss are thinking in terms of centuries, or, as Native Americans say, in terms of the next seven generations. That might mean that a rancher with a particularly big spread is encouraged to keep ranching but to will the land to the wildlands system after he and his children die. That way, it doesn't become a subdivision. Presumably the grandkids can find another line of work.

•

In the summer of 1992, a dozen EFers from Montana and Oregon set up an action camp around a kitchen bus run by the Ancient Forest Bus Brigade, a beachhead for the eco defense of a roadless area in the Nez Perce National Forest near Dixie, Idaho. I was there for the first few days, and it was a frightening prospect. There had never been an EF campaign in the state, so there was little community support. During a first meeting with the U.S. Forest Service's Red River District, the rangers were clearly nervous about the ten well-informed hippies in their office.

I left the office with Phil Knight, of the Predator Project in Bozeman, Montana. I said to him, "That was a really great meeting."

"Those lying bastards," he replied.

The Red River District had just released the two largest timber sales in recent U.S. history, a total of 76,000 acres, and had begun punching in 145 miles of logging roads. These are areas the Alliance wants to protect, smack in the middle of the largest contiguous chunk of roadless wilderness in the lower 48, between three federal wilderness areas: the Frank Church/River of No Return, the Gospel Hump and the Selway-Bitterroot areas.

The sales are in some of the northern Rockies' finest recovery habitat for gray wolves, pine martens, lynxes, fishers, wolverines, bighorn sheep, mountain goats and, of course, grizzlies. Grizzlies are the lower 48's biggest, deadliest predators, and they pose the true test of our commitment: Saving them means honoring home ranges of several hundred square miles per bear. And saving those bears could also guarantee the survival of all the other animals with which they share the range.

I talked about the grizzly bears with wildlife biologist Derek Craighead last November outside his converted log-cabin office in Missoula. "The American people haven't faced up to the fact that we're at that critical point where we need to decide: Do we want bears or don't we? If we don't, fine. Let's proceed as if we're not going to try to save them. If we do want them, then we have to stop the continued release of national forest lands for logging and increased use of bear habitat by recreationists."

Craighead is an NREPA backer, and he knew about the resistance actions in Idaho's Red River District. Without that tiny, almost unnoticed EF resistance, another piece of griz habitat would be disrupted for a decade or two. As it was, the EF campaign in Idaho got heavy. As many as 60 armed, camouflaged USFS special agents, the "pot commandos," tracked and videotaped the EFers in the woods. ("We always knew roughly how many USFS law enforcement there were," said Erik Ryberg, "because the café in Dixie had been hired out to feed them and we'd count the lunch bags every morning.")

They stayed for only eight weeks, and there were fewer than ten arrests, as EFers pulled off a tree-sit blockade of the new road, locked themselves to front-end loaders and made a habit of violating Forest Service orders for them to stay off the land. But they cost the USFS $260,000 in additional law-enforcement expenses. More important, the EF campaign put Idaho on the action map, where it never had been before.

•

I asked Derek Craighead for his assessment on the state of the bear.

"I think it's doomed," he said quietly. "It'll survive for maybe four decades, maybe ten decades, but as a permanent, viable population in the lower forty-eight—no, I don't see enough change in people's attitudes about putting a real value on grizzly bears."

Phil Knight had his own, more hopeful griz story to tell: "On my first backpack trip in the West I saw two grizzly bears and walked in their fresh tracks in the spring snow, and it made my hair stand up on end. I got a taste of what it's like to be around something that I don't control, and that really keeps the edge on life. As [ex–Green Beret and griz lover] Doug Peacock is fond of saying: 'If there isn't something big enough and mean enough out there to eat you, then it's not really big wilderness.' That's attractive to me. And it reflects something I think the human race needs a lot more of: humility."

Visiting Poet

(continued from page 100)

and a fiancée, a redhead who is now a buyer for a chain of discount bookstores that do not stock poetry. At the time, he and the woman were in the hormonal bliss that the young mistake for love. Yet Murtaugh took seriously the job of artist and feared how marriage would change him. So, suffused with the zealotry of a good student, the pretense of an overpraised boy and the panic of a prospective groom, Murtaugh had asked the young professor of his undergraduate fiction workshop the same thing, more or less, that the Rick had just inflicted on Murtaugh.

Looking back, the professor was a cliché of academe: aging golden boy who had never published anything beyond his lone, sweet book of early promise. "You poor bastard," he'd said, leaning back in his squeaky chair, chuckling, twisting his wedding band. "The old life-versus-art question."

Murtaugh, choosing art over love, broke the engagement. Then, alone, he lost his nerve, became a hobby writer, attended a top-drawer grad school for his doctorate. His dissertation was so tediously clever, he's forgotten what it was about.

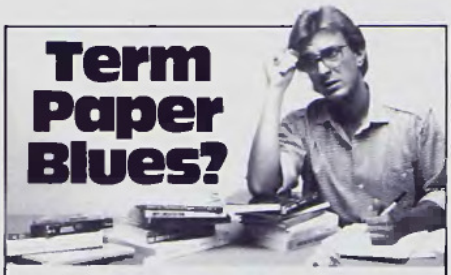
•

Murtaugh is such an ugly name that he threw up his hands and ceded his daughters' christenings to his wives. (Murtaugh so rarely uses his first and middle names that he wouldn't react to them; his byline involves initials.) The wives, in his opinion, chose good names and raised the girls to be the canny, street-smart beauties you'd expect from mothers burned by having once been reckless enough to marry Murtaugh.

His older daughter, Tracy, is 17 and lost to him. She saw too much: broken plates, ruined holidays, bad arguments in the dark. Murtaugh thought he loved Tracy's mother. They were grad students together, had hoped to get tenure together. Except that she never published word one. Murtaugh, on the other hand, carved his dissertation into six chunks and published them all. It was too easy. He started having affairs, which, in memory if not in truth, was tied to his decision to become a poet.

Murtaugh and Tracy's mother took

"Would you like to see something with more headroom?"



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (310) 477-8226
Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS...

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 30 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE**
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206 - KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip ____

– SAMPLE –
20 FREE CONDOMS

To introduce you to the finest quality condoms from Federal, we'll send you 20 FREE! Send for yours today! For over 40 years, Federal has offered the world's largest selection of condoms at discount prices direct to you through the privacy of mail.

Condoms, when properly used, are highly effective against STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases).

CHECK ONE ONLY

❑ 20 FREE CONDOMS (Send $2 handling)

❑ **SPECIAL BONUS OFFER** 6 glow in the dark condoms plus 20 free condoms. Send $5

Send cash, check or money order to: Federal Pharmacal Inc. 28835-218 N. Herky Drive Dept. PB493, Lake Bluff, IL 60044

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Void where prohibited. Limit one per household.
Shipped in discreet packages © 1993 Federal Pharmacal Inc.

jobs at different schools, he in Boston, she in Cleveland: a commuter marriage. Meanwhile, Murtaugh snuck off to get an M.F.A. at Columbia, where he started writing poems, partly because they were short and could be written on the train, partly because he'd started a novel he couldn't finish (he still has it, filed under "Buick Title"). Back in Ohio, Tracy's mother volunteered for committees, kept office hours, graded papers and tried to raise a child more or less alone. The last nail in the marital coffin was a vacation at her parents' lake cottage in Michigan. Murtaugh stashed his teaching assistant from Tufts at a motel two towns away. Tracy's mother found out. Tracy witnessed her mother's attempt to drown her father underneath an aluminum dock, which can't be a good thing to see.

When Tracy came to visit last year, she took a quick liking to Jill, who gave Tracy piano lessons and taught her to drive. After the harassment charges hit, Jill called Tracy to explain. Tracy congratulated her. "I'm with her, Daddy," Tracy said. "She *had* to tell. I mean, that's disgusting. Gross. At my last school they fired the band director for that."

Murtaugh started to point out that he had slept with young women who were of age. Then he remembered he was speaking to his daughter, a girl less than one year from being lawful prey for men like her father. He stopped explaining and tried to apologize.

Apology. He had, with Tracy, gone to that well too many times. She hung up.

His daughter Annie is 14 and another story. Murtaugh was in one place for the first three years of her life, during which time he changed diapers, mowed grass and gave pony rides. That marriage ended well, brought about not by infidelity (Annie's mother, Karen, never knew) but by the strains of their divergent careers. You'd think no one could wind up in two commuter marriages in a lifetime, but a human life tends to be an exercise in what you wouldn't think possible. It was, he and Karen agreed, nobody's fault.

Karen was and is smart (Phi Beta Kappa, 16th in her med-school class at Duke and now a surgeon and professor in Phoenix), athletic (varsity swimmer in college, triathlete now) and too wonderful for words (patron of the arts, gourmet cook, careful gardener, unassailably terrific mother). This wonderfulness was the problem. Men think women like Karen are overcompensating, repressing or in some way inferior to their beer-swilling selves. Maybe someday men will catch up. Studies suggest not.

When Karen reproduced, did she ever. Annie is Karen, only more so, which makes Murtaugh fear for her. At 14 she is gorgeous in a coltish way that boys her age are—thank God—too thick to see. She's read *Anna Karenina* and can discuss it more sensitively than any undergraduate that Murtaugh ever had. Taught.

•

Murtaugh, the oldest man on the court, takes the ball at the top of the key, holds it in front of him, taunting the taller, younger history prof assigned to guard him. Murtaugh isn't fast, but at this level, competing against the bitter, myopic Caucasians who staff schools like this, it's enough to be quick. He head-feints one way and goes the other, slicing across the lane past the other defenders and in for a lay-up. "Game," he says.

"Jesus pleezus," says the professor of history.

"*Muy* bad," says the dean of humanities, a blond priest named Frank. "Should have helped on D." He's 35, too young to be a Frank, too young to be a dean, too hunky to be a priest. He's clearly being groomed for bigger things; priests who are capable of making it in the real world blast through the ranks. "Good take."

Murtaugh accepts Frank's casual side five. "Thanks."

"No one with a shot like that," Frank says, "should be on a one-year contract."

Murtaugh laughs—not that this is funny, just that he figures that's how Frank means it, as a joke.

Murtaugh spreads the scoring around. But whenever a game gets tight, he cans one from outside. His team cannot lose.

Afterward, he and Frank hit the weight room and wind up on adjacent treadmills. "Seriously," Frank says. "We need someone with a vita like yours. Good for our image." Frank is going twice as fast and is half as winded as Murtaugh. "How does tenured full professor sound? We can talk money in my office."

Murtaugh shrugs, using his windedness to dodge this bullet.

Frank finishes, steps off and admires himself in the mirrored wall. "I know," he whispers, "about the incident with the woman." He mops his brow with a red towel. "Come see me. We'll talk."

•

Last year, on a humid March afternoon, Murtaugh lay sprawled and sated on his living-room floor alongside a Christina. Her name, as fate would have it, was Christina. She had a fiancé and wouldn't do the actual act, not even oral sex. They'd kissed and dry-humped and masturbated each other; then, at her suggestion, taken turns masturbating themselves while the other held on. This was a new one on Murtaugh. He'd found it surprisingly sexy. The Christina's orgasm was a bucking and wondrous thing.

Murtaugh hadn't expected Jill for hours. "Hello," was all she said at first.

She stood for a while in the doorway to the kitchen. The Christina covered herself with an afghan. "Have we been introduced? I'm Jill." She shook the young woman's hand. "I live here."

"I'm Christina." She was ash-white. "Hi."

Murtaugh rose, hands fig-leafed over his genitals. He nearly claimed this wasn't what it looked like. Instead, he took the offensive. "You and I are through, Jill. I found someone else."

He felt like a small, mean animal.

Jill went to pack a suitcase. On her way out, she paused to say a civil goodbye. Dressed now, the Christina sat shivering in a wing chair, her head in her hands. Jill pointed at her. "I know you. You were in my music-ap survey. And I've seen you at readings." She turned to Murtaugh and smiled.

Another thing about Jill that Murtaugh was slow to learn: She was vice-chair of the campus committee on sexual harassment.

•

Fiction teaches you that people change. History, experience and poetry all teach you this is a lie. Murtaugh, who'd fancied himself a novelist, who'd published stories in fine places, grew to be exclusively a poet, reversing the usual pattern.

This did not go uncommented upon. He was working that year at a Lutheran college in Minnesota. A colleague, a married woman named Jane, sold her first novel for $40,000. Half drunk at someone's retirement party, Jane announced that she would never write another poem. "The money's on the right margin, Murtaugh."

"But the truth," said Murtaugh, "is on the left." He stood ramrod straight, a parody of rectitude.

"Fine," she said. "Go left, young man."

He and Jane had an affair. They met at rustic inns, where they spent Jane's money on sex toys and the repair of antique canopy beds. They went skydiving and had the needy sex couples have after tempting death together.

Are there male Christinas? Murtaugh doubts it. Too bad; name an earnest young man who wouldn't benefit from a fling with an older, smarter woman. Women would have fun in Murtaugh's usual position. They'd handle it better. Murtaugh would encourage women to try, but who'd want to bed a Rick?

Speaking of Ricks: John Kilgore got a poem accepted in a journal that paid him. Murtaugh was ten years older than the kid before he'd published a poem in as good a place. He'd encouraged the kid to submit, mostly to get rid of him, and now the Rick is awash in gratitude. To celebrate, he throws a party, which Murtaugh is begged to attend. The Rick lives in a townie neighborhood, in a ramshackle group house. A sign outside reads LA CASA DE PEPE.

Murtaugh arrives just late enough. Many, many pretty young women are drinking and dancing. A motorcycle is parked in the living room. The Rick rushes to the door to take Murtaugh's leather duster and Brooklyn Dodgers cap. Murtaugh keeps them on, claiming he can't stay. But the costume is part of the persona.

He spots two women he presumes he can have, a Christina from his Tuesday workshop and some psych major whom he's never seen before. She eyes him but good. That he and the psych major eventually leave together, can you call that change?

•

Jill had discounted the rumors about Murtaugh and students until she'd seen a smoking gun. After that, she hunted down leads like a good scholar, finding all three Christinas he'd bedded that year. One he'd been with only twice. She was unstable, and Murtaugh tried not to sleep with anyone crazier than he was. The woman had subsequently convinced herself she'd slept with Murtaugh to raise her grade. That was all Jill needed. But, citing her conflict of interest, she didn't participate in the hearing.

The truth was, Murtaugh slept with

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

From *Sexual Secrets, A Couples Guide to Sexual Ecstasy*, available from the Xandria Collection

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us... thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is The Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee. We've had the same, no worry guarantee for the past 18 years (since 1974).

First, we guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. If a product seems unsatisfactory, simply return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee the quality of our products for one year. If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection... a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0493
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco, CA 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

the Christinas because they were going to get A's, not the other way around. But he gave the committee what it wanted: the facts, not the truth. Yes, he had slept with the women in question. No, it had not affected anyone's grade. Yes, he knew he had shown poor judgment. "But with all due respect," he said, as decorously as he was able, "could someone show me what policy I violated?"

He had them dead to rights. The policy was a morass of committee-encoded doubletalk that could mean anything, but, in fact, meant nothing. Had the school possessed the guts to adopt a direct policy (say: *Amorous activity between faculty members and enrolled students is unethical; unethical faculty members will be fired*), the committee would have had him. But no institution in academe is that direct. Rarely is anyone in Murtaugh's position in any real danger of getting in any real danger.

•

Last year Annie came to visit him during her Easter break, as she always does. He had not told her about the harassment thing; he was using her as an escape from all that.

He picked her up at the town's airport and they embarked on the usual fusillade of fun: college baseball, the Cowboy Hall of Fame, a rib burn-off, a rock concert by musicians Murtaugh's age in an arena 215 miles away. On the drive back from that, Annie stared out the window of his old station wagon, a souvenir T-shirt and program in her lap. "I want to know," she said after a hundred miles of empty chatting, "who you are."

The rain had turned to spring snow.

Murtaugh pretended to be confused by the question.

"I come all the way out here," she said, "and all I get is a tour guide. Let me guess what's next. The zoo?"

Lucky guess. "I don't get to see you that much, honey. I want us to have fun together, sweetie."

"I want you to be a dad," Annie said. She turned in her seat to face him, a lawyer pleading her case. "Why don't we ever rake leaves or go grocery shopping or, like, wallpaper the half-bath?"

"It's not my house. I can't very well wallpaper the half-bath in somebody else's house."

Annie swore at him and went into the kind of adolescent funk Tracy used to affect. They rode the rest of the way home in silence, through wet snow that piled up before you knew it. Murtaugh wondered if classes would be canceled. They were, for only the third time in the school's history.

In the morning Murtaugh made pancakes. If domestic was what Annie wanted, that's what she'd get. She still wasn't talking. She sat at an oak dinette, hunched over Murtaugh's copy of *Death in Venice*, handling her silverware with the efficiency of a surgeon's daughter. "Why don't you get a newspaper?" she said.

"They don't deliver the *Times*. And the local rag's a rag."

"I need a sports section. Box scores." Another flash of Karen, who is a walking encyclopedia of baseball.

Murtaugh drove Annie to the Safeway at the edge of town and handed her 50 cents. She rolled her eyes. "I got it." She returned with copies of *USA Today* and the local daily.

Theirs was the only car on the road. The snow was coming down in flakes the size of dimes. He let her out by the front steps and parked the car in the barn. He sat listening to the ticking of cooling metal and the rustle of barn sparrows. Annie was right: He'd gotten into the habit of being a certain way, so much so that he couldn't think how to turn things around. But if he lost her, what then? How low can you go?

As he walked to the house, he saw her. She'd just come outside, without a hat or a coat, a section of the local paper held before her like a torch to ward off beasts. She was crying.

"I can't believe you," she said, as menacing as a 14-year-old can be. "I cannot fucking believe you."

He stopped in his tracks. He nearly told her to watch her mouth, as if he were the one with the upper hand. But he knew what had happened, what she had read.

"I don't know you," Annie said. Snow had already covered her head. From where Murtaugh stood, it looked as if the news had shocked her hair white. "I don't want to know you. It's like you're this person, this terrible person, who doesn't believe the rules apply to you. Jesus, Murtaugh, would you please, please, *please* just grow the fuck up?"

•

Jill had goaded the unstable Christina into going to the school paper, which had, thus prompted, done a series of articles on sexual harassment in which it named names. Other papers and TV stations picked it up. In the middle of all that, when Murtaugh feared he might never live things down, might never escape from himself, he'd been invited to this sad little school back East. It felt, at first, like a pardon from the governor. And he was off.

Once, Murtaugh would have argued that people never truly change. Perhaps it's just wishful thinking, but now he'd argue otherwise. This, ipso facto, represents change, doesn't it? Maybe Murtaugh has been too long in academe, home of the split hair.

If change is possible, Murtaugh is certain it's not linear. He's had moments of progress and regress. He's tried mending fences. Tracy was warmer to his overtures than he'd expected. He calls her every Wednesday night, and he's only forgotten twice all year. She goes to a third-rate nonresident coed prep school and thinks she might major in accountancy. Seventeen years old and that's what she says: accountancy.

Annie went back to Phoenix and did not speak to him for months. He'd call and she'd hang up. He asked Karen for advice. "Give it time," Karen said. "She's as angry as they come right now, and part of it might be her age." He detected a sad smile in Karen's voice. "But most of it's just you."

Murtaugh gave up on the telephone and began mailing Annie a letter every Monday. He vowed to keep it up, whether or not she ever replied, for the rest of his life, if need be. After a few weeks he stopped getting around to it. In November Annie sent him a birthday card. "I wouldn't have minded it if you'd have begged a little more," she'd written. "But I'm ready to be your daughter again, which must mean I'm even crazier than you are, especially since I doubt you'll ever be ready to be my dad." The letter included six lines from a Stevie Smith poem.

•

Frank closes his office door, presses a slip of paper into Murtaugh's palm and motions for him to sit. On the paper is a number, half again what Murtaugh now earns. "Have a Frangelica," the dean says. Two cordials are already poured. It's noon. "It's a new thing I've started doing when I have visitors."

"I'll pass." Murtaugh points to his tennis clothes in demurral. He has a court date with Annie, who is in town and waiting outside. "I warn you," he says. "I'm on leave all the time. I don't serve on committees. I don't counsel students. I don't respect authority. And if you're not careful, I might take you up on your hastily tendered offer."

Frank laughs. "Writers," he says. "You creative writers." Priests go on retreats to learn fake badinage. He downs his drink and picks up the other glass. "Between men now: This sexual harassment madness these days is really something, isn't it?"

What do you say to that? Murtaugh nods. "Something."

"Women can say anything. People find scandal inherently believable. What defense do you have?"

"None," Murtaugh says. He has become the world's foremost authority on

delivering the right answer.

"This used to be an all-boys college. Once, half the faculty were Franciscans. Now, five percent. I often feel I was born too late." He gets up, walks to the window, as dreamy as an old dog. "I'd have been more at home in another era," Frank says. "The Forties, let's say. Don't you decry the demise of the men's hat?"

Murtaugh smiles. This is the first time he has heard anyone utter the word decry. Despite himself, he does like Frank.

Frank picks up the faculty newsletter, in which Murtaugh mentions his collection, *Nude Pianist: New and Selected Poems*, coming from Knopf. "We don't get people publishing like this. That must change. You can help pave the way."

"Ah," Murtaugh says.

"I've seen everything," Frank says. "The newspaper accounts of everything." He turns and sighs, exasperated. "I know how women can be."

Murtaugh is so close to laughter that he bites his cheek. But because Annie's on his mind, the mention of the newspapers stings. "I don't want to know if those allegations are true," Frank says. "I don't want to know anything you don't want to tell me. Except this. This and only this." He refills his glass to the brim. "Why on God's green earth have you moved around so much?"

Murtaugh is caught short. This should have been a question he had been asked before, a question he had asked of himself, but it's neither. Moving around is who he is, a force of his nature. His circumstances have allowed it, and when they haven't, he's altered his circumstances. At first he affects a bad-boy grin. Then he lets it fade, dropping the role and telling the truth: "I don't know."

He accepts tenure.

•

Murtaugh bounds down the steps of the administration building, past a rusting sculpture of Saint Joseph.

Annie will be happy to hear this news, he's sure of that.

When he catches sight of her, she's sitting on the tailgate of his beat-up old station wagon, dressed in a blue Phoenix Firebirds hat and a plain black T-shirt. She's smoking a cigarette. Beside her, holding what are undoubtedly some new poems Murtaugh will be asked to read, is John Kilgore, also smoking. His motorcycle is parked beside the wagon. Annie and Kilgore have their legs crossed toward each other. She is holding his helmet, rubbing it, and they're laughing. Murtaugh stays in stride, making his way toward his daughter, moving through the sunlight as if it were water, overcoming the urge to run—to her or away, he's not sure which impulse is stronger.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 25: "Fishy Fashion": **Vests:** By *DKNY-Men*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *Willis & Geiger*, to order, 800-223-1408. By *Columbia Sportswear*, to order, 800-MA-BOYLE. By *Woolrich*, for store locations, 800-995-1299. By *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores. By *Wathne*, to order, 800-942-1166. "Jeans Scene": **Jeans:** By *Island Trading Company*, at Cuoco, 1601 W. Passyunk Ave., Philadelphia, 215-468-4081. By *J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud*, at select I. Magnin stores. By *French Connection*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Cignal stores, for store locations, 800-888-4422, ext. 2723. By *Michael Kors*, at select Bloomingdales stores. By *Men Go Silk*, at Go Silk, 424 Sutter St., San Francisco, 415-391-2474. By *Barnestorm*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. "Hot Shopping: April In Paris": Jean Paul Gaultier, (42 86 05 05). Loft, (42 65 59 65). Charvet, (42 60 30 70). Bastille Optic, (48 06 87 00). Angelina, (42 60 82 00). Paraboot, (45 49 24 26). "Clothes Line": **Suits:** By *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani, 815 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-988-9191. By *Hugo Boss*, at fine department stores. **Shoes** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, at 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-888-5107. "Good Scents": Romeo Gigli per uomo, at fine department stores. Versus by *Gianni Versace*, at fine department stores. Safari For Men by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren shops. Joop! Homme, at fine department stores. New West by *Aramis*, at fine department stores. Cool Water by *Davidoff*, at fine department stores.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Page 96: **Thermal electric grill** by *The Thermos Company*, for store locations, 800-435-5194. Page 97: **Camera and lens** by *Nikon*, for information, 800-NIKON-US. **Mini-stereo** by *Sharp*, for information, 800-BE-SHARP. **Travel alarm** by *SEL*, to order, 800-258-1995. (This travel alarm was created without the participation or approval of Keith Haring or his estate.) Page 98: **Camcorder** by *Canon U.S.A., Inc.*, for information, 800-828-4040. **Home gym** by *Trimax*, for information, 800-866-5676. Page 99: **Boots and goggles** by *Harley-Davidson, Inc.*, for store locations, 800-443-2153.

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

Page 123: **Suit** by *Cerruti 1881 Collection*, at Barneys New York and Chicago. **Shirt** by *Ferrell Reed*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000. **Trench coat** by *Joseph Abboud*, at the Joseph Abboud Store, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212. **Tie** by *Canali USA*, at James Clothiers, 7101 Democracy Blvd., Bethesda, MD, 301-365-2606. **Sunglasses** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bergdorf Goodman-Men, 754 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. Page 124: **Suit and shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Loutie, 1775 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-265-2299. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at the Joseph Abboud Store, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Watch** by *Bulova*, for store locations, 800-A-BULOVA. Page 125: **Suit** by *Donna Karan*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at select Bloomingdales stores. **Tie** by *SEL*, at Knot Shops, 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-944-7121. (This tie was created without the participation or approval of Keith Haring or his estate.) **Shoes** by *Impulse by Steeplegate*, for store locations, 800-645-8305. Page 126: **Suit** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 44 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-281-7200. **Shirt and tie** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 199 Boylston St., Chestnut Hill, MA, 617-964-0600. Page 127: **Shirts:** By *Geoffrey Beene*, for information, 212-541-5200. By *JA II by Joseph Abboud*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000. By *Canali USA*, at Boyd's, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 215-564-9000. By *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at Dino's, 601 Race St., Cincinnati, 513-421-5692. **Cuff links** by *Robert Lee Morris*, at Robert Lee Morris, 456 W. Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-593-3388. Page 128: **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at the Joseph Abboud Store, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212. Page 129: **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein stores. Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. Page 130: **Sports jacket** by *Canali USA*, at Syd Jerome, 2 N. La Salle St., Chicago, 312-346-0333. **Trousers** by *Canali USA*, at Sam Cavato, 265 Plaza Frontenac, St. Louis, 314-997-1100. **Shirt** by *Jhane Barnes*, to order, 212-382-0961. **Tie** by *Vestimenta*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Sports jacket, vest, trousers and shirt** by *Michael Kors*, at Silhouette/Hugo Boss, 1517 Wisconsin Ave. NW, Washington, D.C., 202-338-0120. Page 131: **Sports jacket and trousers** by *Hugo Boss*, at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Polo shirt** by *C. P. Company*, at C. P. Retail Shops, 175 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-260-1990.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 177: **SporTrax**, for information, 800-776-7846.

WE HEAT UP WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

PLAYBOY At Night

Sexy Lingerie V

Eleven of Playboy's luscious Playmates take you on the most erotic journey yet in this fifth installment in our red-hot series!

inside Out 4

Ten all-new tales of haunting passion and obsession will arouse and tantalize your every sense like never before.

playboy after dark

Get wild, get funky, and join the party every week with host Hugh M. Hefner and a roster of celebrated guests.

All month long, be sure to tune in to these exclusive Playboy cable programs—and so much more!

April on Playboy.

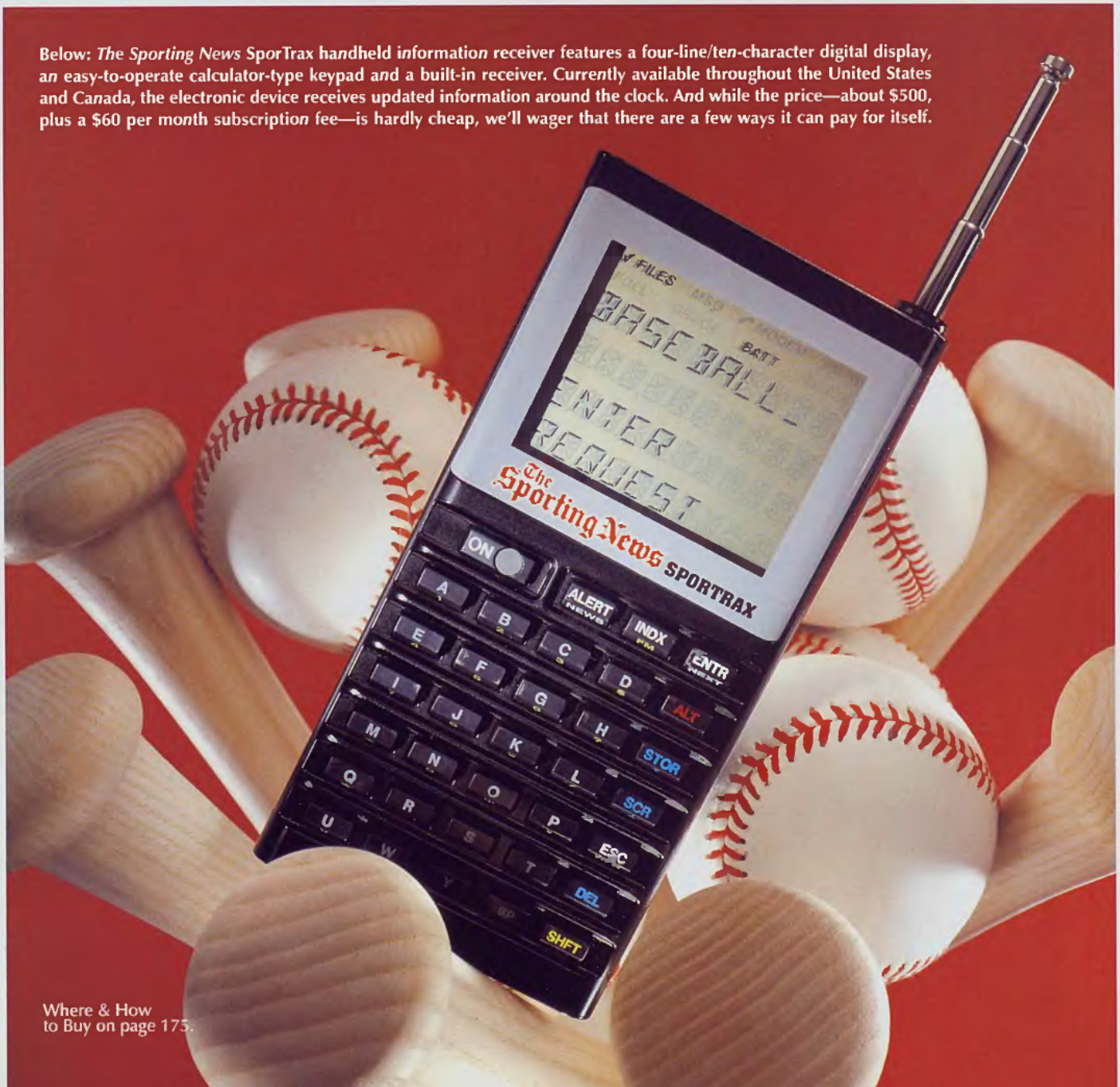
Call your local cable operator to order.

© 1993 Playboy Entertainment Group, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

BIG LEAGUE ELECTRONICS

Want to know if Nolan Ryan's fastball is still hummin'? Then get your mitts on a new portable information receiver called SporTrax. Available from *The Sporting News*, this device offers up-to-the-minute reports via satellite and FM sideband on all major professional sports, as well as college football and basketball. All you do is choose a category from the index, say American League baseball, and in seconds you'll receive a grandstand's worth of information on recent games and those in progress. Player and team statistics, scores, odds, injury reports and weather conditions are available, and are revised on a 24-hour-a-day basis. You can even program SporTrax to provide routine updates on a hot list of your favorite teams.

STEVE CONWAY



Below: *The Sporting News* SporTrax handheld information receiver features a four-line/ten-character digital display, an easy-to-operate calculator-type keypad and a built-in receiver. Currently available throughout the United States and Canada, the electronic device receives updated information around the clock. And while the price—about $500, plus a $60 per month subscription fee—is hardly cheap, we'll wager that there are a few ways it can pay for itself.

Where & How to Buy on page 175.

Hitting All the Right Notes

Both TLC and KRIS KROSS celebrate platinum debut LPs—*Oooooooohhh . . . On the TLC Tip* and *Totally Krossed Out*—and new albums this year. With touring, TV, even a movie in the works, they're really jammin'.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

The Sweet Smell of Success

Actress and model DENISE AMES worked in *At Point Blank* and *The Last Boy Scout*, appeared on TV in *Baywatch* and *The Ben Stiller Show* and was featured in a poster for Coors and in numerous calendars. Send flowers.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

DANA FINEMAN/SYGMA

The New World Order

NATASHA ALEXANDROVNA has an American record deal. Check out her LP *Russian Revolution*, then keep an eye out for her Western film debut, *Taxi Dancer*. *Na zdoróvie.*

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Suzanne Gets a Leg Up on the Competition

SUZANNE SKY SOLARI has feature credits in *Murder, She Wrote*, *Night Court* and *Columbo* and in the movie *Mr. Baseball*. She's also modeled lingerie for Frederick's of Hollywood. For Suzanne, the sky is limitless.

A Bunch of Cutups

British rockers DAISY CHAINSAW's first full-length LP, *Eleventeen*, is a play on numerology. Eleven stands for peace and creativity, eleventeen for confusion. For a little creative confusion, check them out.

PAUL NATKIN PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Campbell's Hot and Cool

Supermodel NAOMI CAMPBELL is gorgeous and has all the right moves. Did you see her in Michael Jackson's video *In the Closet*? We hear a record deal is in the works.

© STILLS/RETNA LTD.

Monique's Unique

B-movie actress MONIQUE GABRIELLE inspires her fair share of attention—from TV tabloids to the Movie Channel. In her latest movie, *Fear of a Black Hat*, a rap spoof of *This Is Spinal Tap*, Monique plays a nun. Our advice: Get thee to a nunnery.

JOHN CORFIELD

FULL OF BEANS

Want to spend the night with something soft and cuddly that's about 5'6"? Sorry, Meg Ryan is already spoken for. As your second choice, consider the Sleeping Bean, a hot-dog-shaped down-filled pillow that cushions your contours where a mattress can't. It also provides relief for sacroiliac dysfunctions and tight hamstrings—in case you've just run in a marathon. Beans come in three sizes: 5½' ($79), 4½' ($65) and 3½' ($52); all prices are postpaid. A call to the Chicago manufacturer, Human Bean, at 800-342-BEAN will get you the particulars on prices and colors for Bean slipcovers. Hypoallergenic Beans are available, too.

FINDING THE LOST CITY

Travelers are rediscovering southern Africa now that apartheid is on the way out, and one of the newest destinations via South African Airways is the Palace of the Lost City at Sun City in Bophuthatswana. The creation of resort mogul Sol Kerzner, the Lost City is a fantasy water park and luxury hotel that resembles something Walt Disney might have created if he had had a great white hunter for a brother. The exterior of the Palace is dominated by soaring towers decorated with wildlife carvings. And there's a nightly "volcanic eruption" when a bridge leading to the water park shakes, rattles and gushes steam. Kerzner is noted for his attention to detail, and that tradition isn't lost on the Lost City's rooms and restaurants. For more info, have your travel agent contact the South African Tourism Board at 212-838-8841.

SEAGRAM AND THE COCKTAIL

The Seagram Museum, 57 Erb Street West, Waterloo, Ontario, has begun an extended exhibit dedicated to the Art of the Cocktail. Along with a display of 100 cocktail shakers, visitors will view Prohibition memorabilia, a party scene from the movie *The Thin Man*, a replica of a Sixties rec-room bar and more. Call 519-885-1857 for the hours and days the exhibit is open. Admission is free.

THE WHORING TWENTIES

Back in the Twenties, whorehouse piano music was something of an art form. If you'd like to hear *Sweet Georgia Brown* and other ditties played by vintage pianists Ralph Sutton and Jay McShann in whorehouse style, order *Last of the Whorehouse Piano Players* on compact disc. The price: $19.95, postpaid, by calling 800-528-2582. In France, the album won the Grand Prix du Disque de Jazz.

RISING BOND MARKET

Forty years ago, the first James Bond novel, *Casino Royale*, was published, and the author, Ian Fleming, went on to write many other Bond novels and eight short stories before his death in 1964. Now, a nonprofit foundation has been formed that's dedicated to archiving the works of Fleming. Its first project is a magazine, *Goldeneye*, published three times annually, and you can subscribe for $15 a year sent to the Ian Fleming Foundation, P.O. Box 6897, Santa Barbara, California 91360.

KELLY JACKSON

THE ONLY BASEBALL JACKET YOU'LL EVER NEED

Weatherwise, April is the cruelest month for going to the ballpark, but Columbia Sportswear has created the Base-A-Boo parka with a wind- and water-resistant outer shell and a zip-out fleece lining that doubles as a lightweight jacket. To date, only the New York Yankees, Chicago White Sox, Colorado Rockies, Atlanta Braves and Minnesota Twins are represented. The price: $155. Call 503-MA-BOYLE for store locations.

CLIFFHANGER NOTES

In the Fifties, Republic Pictures released black-and-white serials for theaters with such heart-stopping titles as *Panther Girl of the Kongo*. These and other 12- to 15-episode nail-biters—including Clyde Beatty's *Darkest Africa*—are available on laser disc from video stores in a Cliffhanger Serials series for about $39 to $59. (Videocassettes are priced at $30.) Most include the original theatrical trailer, and some laser discs also feature a special narration audio track.

TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW

To raise your consciousness, a company called Vanishing Acts has created a line of ceramic coffee mugs emblazoned with the name and image of the gray whale, the giant panda or other endangered species. When the cup is filled with a hot beverage, the image of the species gradually disappears, only to reappear as you empty the mug. Notes on the cup's opposite side tell about the species. The price: $10 each, postpaid, by calling 404-394-8963.

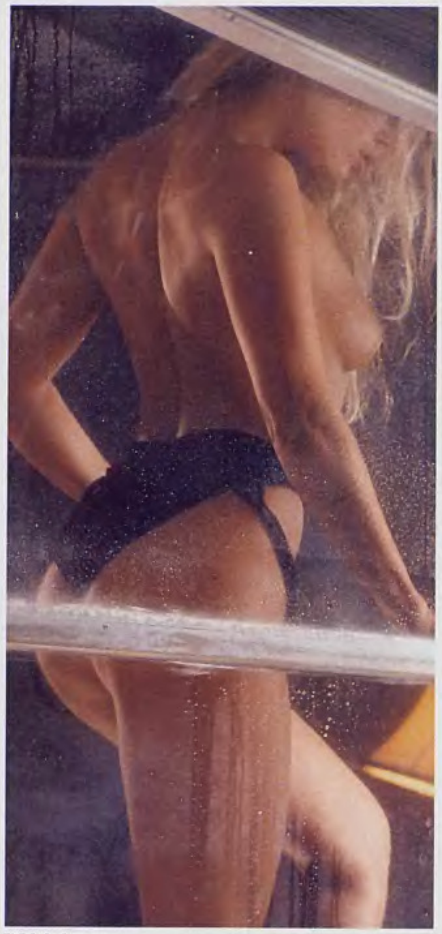
ABBE SEIMETT

HOP TO SCOTCH

Single-malt Scotches continue to grow in popularity, and to help you tell the difference between Glenlivet and Glenmorangie there's *Single-Malt Whiskies of Scotland: For the Discriminating Imbiber*. James F. Harris and Mark H. Waymack, two professors of philosophy who have spent as much time with Laphroaig as they have with logic, are the authors. Price: $26.95 hardcover; $12.95 paperback.

JOHN SCHAELLER

NEXT MONTH



ELECTRIC ELKE

KILLER KELLER

UNUSUAL TIES

DIAN'S ENCORE

KELLER'S THERAPY—J. P. KELLER, HIT MAN EXTRAORDINAIRE, GOES TO A SHRINK WHO HAS HIS OWN PROBLEMS: A TROUBLESOME EX-WIFE, TO NAME ONE. BUT KELLER IS LOOKING FOR ANSWERS, NOT WORK. OR IS HE?—FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

ADRIAN LYNE—A PLAYBOY PROFILE OF THE DIRECTOR OF *9½ WEEKS* AND *FATAL ATTRACTION*, WHO DISCUSSES THE FILMS' MEMORABLE EROTIC SCENES AND PREVIEWS HIS UPCOMING *INDECENT EXPOSURE*—BY **MICHAEL ANGELI**

CHARLES CERAMI, RENOWNED ECONOMIST, DELIVERS THE WORD ON UNEMPLOYMENT: THERE'S A JOB CRISIS, AND DOWNSIZING WILL CONTINUE. BUT CERAMI PROPOSES A PLAN THAT JUST MIGHT WORK—IF WE DON'T WAIT TOO LONG

THE 1993 BASEBALL PREVIEW—OUR TENACIOUS SOOTHSAYER CUTS THROUGH THE GLOOM AND DOOM TO PICK THIS SEASON'S WINNERS—THAT IS, IF THERE IS A SEASON—BY **KEVIN COOK**

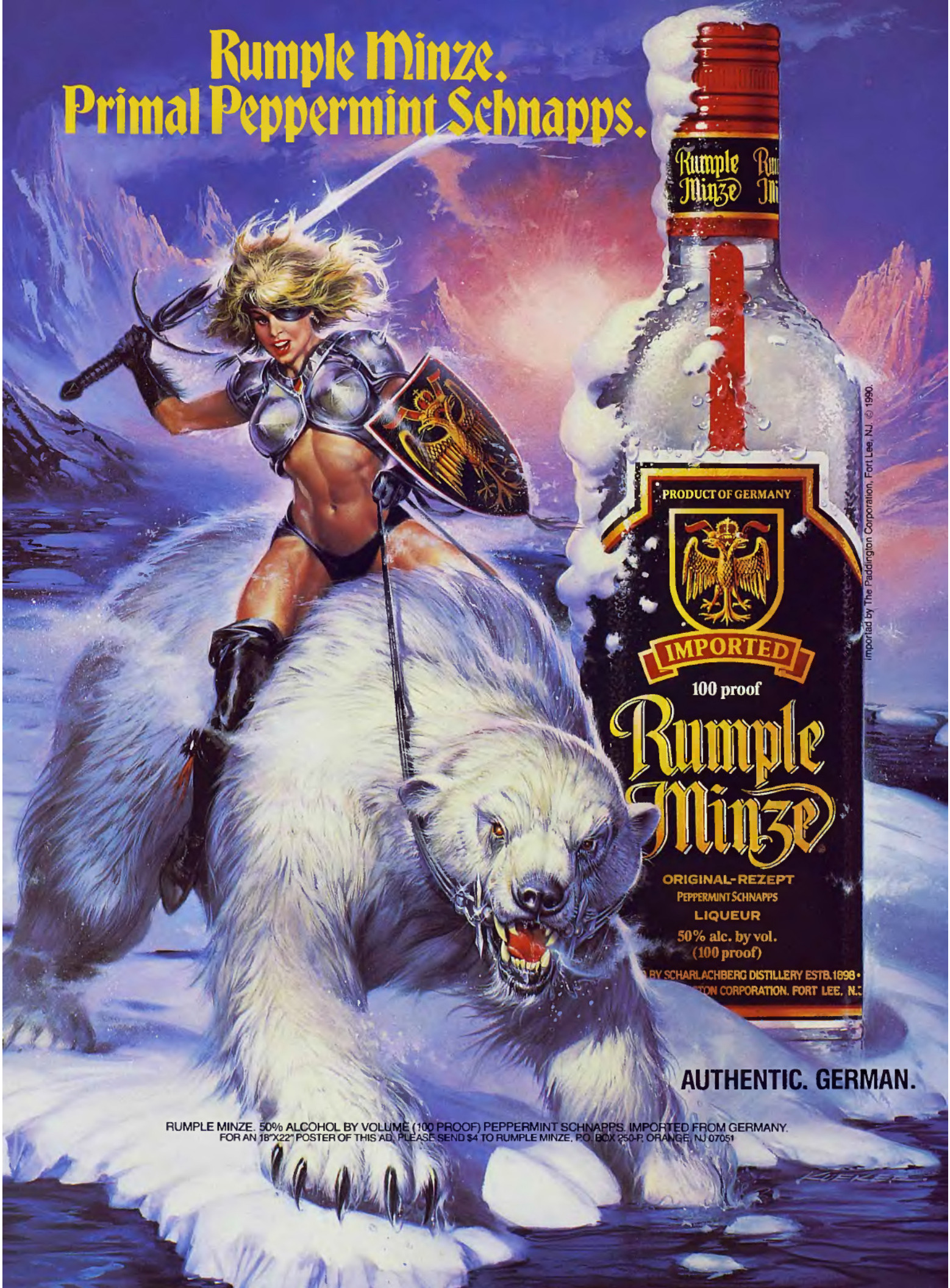
CHARLES BARKLEY, THE MOST NOTORIOUS REBOUNDER IN THE WEST, TALKS TO *WASHINGTON POST* SPORTSWRITER **TOM BOSWELL** ABOUT FAME, THE MEDIA AND HIS NEVER-BEEN-MR.-NICE-GUY REPUTATION IN A RAUCOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

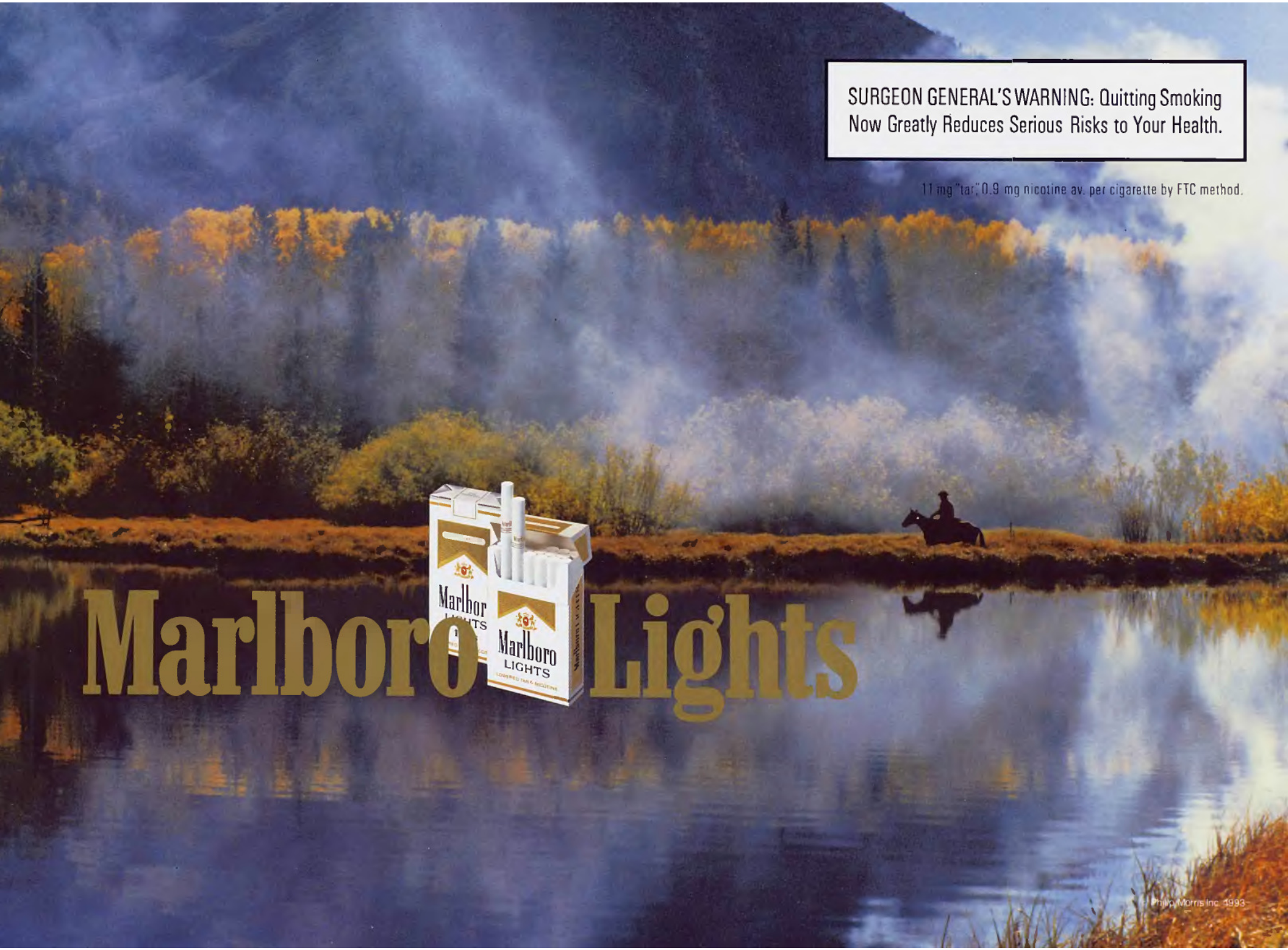
GIORGIO ARMANI, THE PICTURE OF ELEGANCE, DROPS HIS RESERVE TO TALK WITH **WARREN KALBACKER** ABOUT HIS FASHION PASSION IN A FINELY TAILORED 20 QUESTIONS

MANLY PURSUITS—THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO FAKING CONVERSATION ABOUT THE CHEST-THUMPING SPORTS OF THE NINETIES, FROM ROCK-CLIMBING TO MOUNTAIN BIKING TO CAVING—ADVICE FROM **DENIS BOYLES**

DIAN PARKINSON—COME ON DOWN AND GET AN ENCORE EYEFUL OF THE *PRICE IS RIGHT* STUNNER. HER SECOND SIZZLING PICTORIAL HITS THE JACKPOT

PLUS: PLAYMATE **ELKE JEINSEN;** VERY UNUSUAL VINTAGE TIES; THOSE POPULAR SMALL-BATCH BOURBONS; ELECTRONIC MESSAGE PADS; AND A NEW FEATURE ON THE BEST PLUG-IN TOYS


Rumple Minze.
Primal Peppermint Schnapps.
Rumple Minze
PRODUCT OF GERMANY
IMPORTED
100 proof
Rumple Minze
ORIGINAL-REZEPT
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
LIQUEUR
50% alc. by vol.
(100 proof)
BY SCHARLACHBERG DISTILLERY ESTB.1898
CORPORATION, FORT LEE, N.J.
Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ. © 1990.
AUTHENTIC. GERMAN.
RUMPLE MINZE. 50% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (100 PROOF) PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY.
FOR AN 18"X22" POSTER OF THIS AD, PLEASE SEND $4 TO RUMPLE MINZE, P.O. BOX 250-P, ORANGE, NJ 07051


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Marlboro Lights
Marlboro
LIGHTS
© Philip Morris Inc. 1993